

# Rufus Wainwright, Tulsa

You taste of potato chips in the morning  
Your face has the Marlon Brando club calling  
And who would have thought that I'd owe it all to Tulsa?  
And that fat guy with the green shirt that we both signed together  
Once he hears the song, won't live it down forever

Your suit was the whitest thing since you-know-who  
I fear that that savior I mentioned may be you  
And who would have thought that I'd owe it all to Tulsa?  
And that poor girl who waited in the rain for hours to meet me (not you, baby!)  
Once she hears that song, won't live it down completely

And I owe it all to Tulsa, Oklahoma  
This is just a reminder of the antique shop that I want to go back to and visit when it's open  
In Tulsa, Oklahoma  
Just in case you don't appreciate this song about you!