

Bill Anderson, Next Time You're in Tulsa

In a barroom in Chicago somewhere after midnight
I'm sitting on a barstool drinking like a fish
And although I just met you I can tell by looking
You're wondering what my problem really is
Next time you're in Tulsa go see Mrs Johnson
And you'll be looking my problem right between the eyes
Next time you're in Tulsa tell her her ex-husband
Loves her still and will until he dies
[steel]
Walk up to her front door ask to see the children
Take them all some candy and a big kiss from their dad
Tell them how I miss them and I'll be down next winter
But not till then cause now I hurt too bad
Next time you're in Tulsa...