

# Burt Bacharach, 24 Hours From Tulsa

Dearest darling,  
I had to write to say that I won't be home anymore.  
'Cause something happened to me  
While I was driving home, and I'm not the same anymore.  
Oh, I was only twenty four hours from Tulsa,  
Ah, only one day away from your arms.  
I saw a welcoming light  
And stopped to rest for the night.  
And that is  
When I saw her  
As I pulled in outside of a small motel, she was there.  
And so I walked up to her,  
Asked where I could get something to eat and she showed me where  
Oh, I was only twenty four hours from Tulsa,  
Ah, only one day away from your arms.  
She took me to the cafe,  
I asked her if she would stay.  
She said: O.K.

Oh, I was only twenty four hours from Tulsa,  
Ah, only one day away from your arms.  
A jukebox started to play,  
And night turned into day,  
As we were  
Dancing closely,  
All of a sudden I lost control as I held her charms.  
And I caressed her, kissed her,  
Told her I'd die before I would let her out of my arms.  
Oh, I was only twenty four hours from Tulsa,  
Ah, only one day away from your arms.  
I hate to do this to you,  
But I love somebody new.  
What can I do?  
And I can never, never, never go home again.