

# Tell Me Something Bad About Tulsa

George Strait

Love is so beautiful  
When everything is fine  
But when it is like hers and mine  
It lives and dies at least  
Ten Thousand  
Times

Tell me something bad about Tulsa  
How those old oil wells  
Smell in the wind  
Tell me something bad about Tulsa  
So I won't have to go back  
Believing I belong there  
Again

Eyes as blue as Tulsa skis  
I kept getting lost in when I met her  
Hair like Oklahoma sand  
I could run my hands through forever  
But all good things must end  
All rivers have to bend  
I keep runnin' out  
But she keeps pullin' me back in

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