

Passing Through Tulsa

Tom Paxton

Passing thru Tulsa at four in the morning
Crossing the Arkansas one more time
Moon on the river, it's lower than usual
Can't get much lower than this gas gauge of mine
All the lights in Tulsa could not warm my heart now
That is something only you would know
I'm passing thru Tulsa at four in the mornin'
But I've really got nowhere to go
Stoppin' for gas and a bottle of ice tea
I asked the kid if he's new around here
He's up from Dallas; he moved here in eighty
I had a hell of a future that year
Movin' and shakin', I was always in motion
My name in the papers, a man in the know
Now I'm passing thru Tulsa at four in the morning
But I've really got nowhere to go
Sun comin' up in my rear view mirror now
Openin' the wide blue skies
I hope the sun helps me see things clearer now
As mile after meaningless mile roll by
Up in the visor I stash all my photographs
All of them taken a long time ago
You in the swimming pool, you on your bicycle
You on the river at Cape Girardeau
Gone with the Arkansas, swept by the current now
Where you are now only you and God know
Me, I'm passing thru Tulsa at four in the morning
But I've really got nowhere to go
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