

## Tulsa

Elle King

Before I woke up this mornin', I done knew where he went  
He hid the keys to my car, smoked my last cigarette  
Well, that good-for-nothin' mothertruckin' son of a gun  
I don't need to know her name 'cause I can tell which one

He went back to Tulsa  
Put some miles on that adios Tacoma  
And I ain't talkin' Oklahoma  
'Cause it ain't what you think  
But if you spell it back-to-front, you gonna know what I mean

Bet he's thinkin' that I'm cryin', couldn't be more wrong  
He done got his ass kicked out, he did it all on his own  
I took every last bit and threw it out in the grass  
He can pick up his shit if he ever comes back

He went back to Tulsa  
Put some miles on that adios Tacoma  
And I ain't talkin' Oklahoma  
'Cause it ain't what you think  
But if you spell it back-to-front, you gonna know what I mean  
He went back to Tulsa

Hun, you done me a favor and I ain't angry with you  
Babe, there's millions of Tulsa's and you'll be singin' this so  
on  
I hate to break it to ya, but you're 'bout to find out  
He's a real POS and he's your problem now

He went back to Tulsa (Where'd he go?)  
Put some miles on that adios Tacoma  
You know that I ain't talkin' Oklahoma  
'Cause it ain't what you think  
But if you spell it back-to-front, you gonna know what I mean  
He went back to Tulsa  
Put some miles on that adios Tacoma  
And I ain't talkin' Oklahoma  
'Cause it ain't what you think  
But if you spell it back-to-front, you gonna know what I mean  
He went back to Tulsa (Woo, woo)