

# Death Trip To Tulsa

Mark Lanegan

High, high, high  
Away up in the sun,  
Waiting for you doctor  
Are you gonna come?  
My, my, my  
Rolling in the sound  
Thinking 'bout you baby  
Are you gonna drown?

Went up to the station  
Found a horror scene  
Fell into the strangest  
Lonely, lonely dream

The lord made me a poor man  
The lord made me a thief  
A thousand miles of midnight  
To shine beyond belief  
It's my last trip to the corner  
Now how am I gonna breathe?  
A child upon his wasteland  
The teeth of the disease

Went out on location  
Found a horror scene  
Fell into the strangest  
Lonely, lonely dream

High, high, high  
Away up in the air  
I look for you baby  
But you ain't never there  
Death trip to Tulsa  
You know I might suffer some  
Waiting for you doctor  
Are you gonna come?

Went down to the nation  
Found a horror scene  
Fell into the strangest  
Lonely, lonely dream  
Lonely, lonely

High, high, high  
Away up in the sun  
Away up in the sun  
Away up in the sun  
Away up in the sun