

## **Three Dog Night "Tulsa Turnaround"**

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Oh, Lord I wish I had never been stoned  
'Cause when I get high I can't leave those women alone  
Omaha sheriff and his boys getting ready to slaughter  
Lookin' for the man who turned on the mayor's  
daughter

Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a thing  
Down in the holler every evenin' you could hear her  
sing, yeah  
You know a funky butt a-showed me the Tulsa  
turnaround  
Stepped on my toes, turned me on and turned me  
down  
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to  
love, you all

Five miles o' road between me and the hounds  
A rosey throat sheriff and his deputies trackin' me  
down  
Wish I was back in Macon takin' it easy  
'Cause when a man's gonna eat fried chicken he's a-  
gonna get a-greasy

Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a thing  
Down in the holler every evenin' you could hear her  
sing, yeah  
You know a funky butt a-showed me the funky  
turnaround  
Stepped on my toes, turned me on and turned me  
down  
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to  
love, you all

Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a thing, yeah  
Down in the holler every evenin' you could hear her  
sing, yeah  
You know a funky butt showed me the Tulsa turnaround  
Stepped on my toes, turned me on then turned me  
down  
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to  
love, you all

Tulsa turnaround  
Turna turna turna turna turna  
Turnaround turnaround  
Turna turnaround, yeah  
Turna turna  
'Cause I hear all my friends doing this

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