

Joe Nichols, Talk Me Out Of Tampa

Eighty dollars round trip,
Any where you fly,
Well that sounds like a winner.
But before I book the flight
They talk me out of Tampa.
Well tell me 'bout New Orleans,
Just when is that Mardi Gras,
Well then how 'bout Chicago,
Is it still cold there now or not,
Talk me out of Tampa.
I mean surely there's a hurricane,
Due to hit there any day,
Won't they close the beaches
And the airport
Well maybe it's still way too hot,
Or did I hear somewhere you stopped
Flyin' into that part of the country
You can think of somethin' can't ya,
Just talk me out of Tampa
Between that first right at Busch Gardens
And room eight bay side motel
There's no way around the memories
Don't let me do this to myself
Talk me out of Tampa
I just wind up at her front door,
She's still livin' there I bet,
Oh but what if she's not there alone
There goes what pride I've got left.
Talk me out of Tampa. (please)
I mean surely there's a hurricane,
Due to hit there any day,
Won't they close the beaches
And the airport.
Well maybe it's still way too hot
Or did I hear somewhere you stopped
Flyin' into that part of the country
You can think of somethin' can't ya,
Just talk me out of Tampa
Put me some where,
Nowhere even close
To where I feel when my heart broke,
Exactly six months ago this weekend.
I just need to get away,
Without your help mam i'm afraid,
It wouldn't be aget away at all.
You can make up somethin' can't ya.
Just talk me out of Tampa.
Eighty dollars round-trip
Any where you fly...