

**Joe Nichols****"Take Me Out of Tampa"**

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Eighty dollars round trip, anywhere you fly  
Well, that sounds like a winner, but before I book the flight  
flight  
Hey, talk me out of Tampa  
Well, tell me 'bout New Orleans, just when is that Mardi  
Gras?  
Well, then how about Chicago?  
Is it 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 that close the beaches and the airport?  
Or 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 ride at Busch Gardens  
And room eight, Bayside Motel  
There's no way around the memories  
Don't let me do this to myself  
Talk me out of Tampa  
I'd just wind up at her front door  
She's still living there, I bet  
Oh, but what if she's not there alone  
There goes what pride that 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 that close the beaches and the airport?  
Or 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 somewhere, 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, ma'am, I'm afraid  
It wouldn't be a getaway at all  
You can make up somethin' can't ya?  
Just talk me out of Tampa.

Eight dollars round trip, anywhere you fly...

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