

Joe Nichols "Talk Me Out Of Tampa"

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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 Gra,
Well then how bout Chicago,
Is it still cold there now or not,
Talk me out of Tampa.

I mean surly there's a hurricane,
Due to hit there any day,
Wont they close the beaches
And the airport.
Well maybe it's still way to hot,
Or did I hear somewhere you stoped
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 surly there's a hurricane,
Due to hit there any day,
Wont they close the beaches
And the airport.
Well maybe it's still way to hot,
Or did I hear somewhere you stoped
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 Im afraid,
It wouldn't be a get 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...

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