

# 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...