

Tacoma

Garth Brooks

I'm leaving
Words fall out my mouth
And onto the floor
I'm needing
To pack up my bags and walk right out the door

This is goodbye
I'll roll the windows down
My old Chevrolet
Don't know where I'm going
I just know I can't stay

Might make it to Memphis
But that ain't far enough
I speed down the highway to Tulsa, Mizzoula
So fast that the hurt can't catch up
I'm burning your memory
One mile at a time
All the way to Tacoma
By then I hope you're out of my mind

I'm thinking
With a truck stop song and a cold cup of coffee
I'm drinking
Yeah I'm hurting like hell
But honey how could I not be
You make me
Oh the joke and the fool
The last one to know so I'm gonna put
Mountains and deserts and rivers between us
Go as far as I can go

Might make it to Memphis
But that ain't far enough
I speed down the highway to Tulsa, Mizzoula
So fast that the hurt can't catch up
I'm burning your memory
One mile at a time
All the way to Tacoma
By then I hope you're out of my mind

Might be some tears in Topeka
A couple of sleepless nights in Cheyenne
And the time I miss you
I'll hit the gas as fast as I can

Might make it to Memphis
The Kansas City line
All the way to Tacoma
By then I hope you're out of my mind
All the way to Tacoma
By then I hope you're out of my mind