

Going to Tampa

Ry Cooder

Goodbye my honey, farewell my baby
Don't look for me around convention time
I'm bound for Tampa, in the great state of Florida
To see some distinguished friends of mine

Mitt and Rick and the pitbulls, the jolly ride and step
forth
To the highest bidder each will guarantee
I'd give all my money sir if Palin calls me honey
And shakes the pizzas on my tree

'Cause I'm goin' to Tampa in the morning
Got my credentials in my overalls
But I can't take you with me little darling
I'm going down to get my ashes hauled

Well here's a proposition to entertain a motion
Bring back Willie Horton to us now
We'll spook the congregation and petrify the nation
And blame the folks from Mexico somehow

And let me introduce a man who all know well
He can play a very important role
State rights is his game, Jim Crow is his name
And Jim's our little ace in the hole

'Cause I'm goin' to Tampa in the morning
Saints of latter days will heed the call
We'll shout hallelujah in the evening
I'm going down to get my ashes hauled

Well the int- woman told the tea party man
Gonna make love to you with a gun in my hand
That tea party man said, 'that's all right
Got a smoking bomb under my pillow at night

Well we're all going to Tampa in the morning
Honey will you miss me when I'm gone
Now hope you pack my old bed sheet
I'm going down to get my ashes hauled

Yes, I'm goin' to Tampa in the morning
Honey will you miss me when I'm gone
Now hope you pack my old bed sheet
'Cause I'm going down to get my ashes hauled