

Alan Jackson, Tropical Depression

I thought some time in the sun
Would help me get over you
But I could tell from day one
This is a place meant for two

Now here I sit on the beach
Watching the tide ebb and flow
I booked my room for a week
But now I'm ready to go

I'm in a tropical depression
I've got the blue water blues
Can't shake this loving you obsession
Can't stand this sand in my shoes
This forgetting you vacation
Is just a fool's holiday
If I can't get over you
This tropical depression is gonna
Blow me away

This should be paradise
Heaven down by the sea
Without you here by my side
It feels like hell to me

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