

Atlanta Rhythm Section, Georgia Rhythm

Livin' out of a suitcase
Sleepin' in hotel rooms
Rental cars and airport bars
And dog day afternoons
My occupation is a picker
And music is my game
Sometimes it makes me crazy
But I would not change a thing
So lay down a back beat
Crank up your trusty Gibson
Let's give it everything we got just one more time
Lovin' the life we're livin'
Playin' that Georgia rhythm
Nothin' else ever made me feel so fine
Four o'clock in the morning
Waitin' for a plane
We passed around the bottle, Lord
And we don't feel no pain
Life out here on the highway
Has its ups and downs
But last night the Georgia rhythm
Tore up another town
So lay down a back beat
Crank up your trusty Gibson, it's alright
Let's give it everything we got just one more time
One more time
Lovin' the life we're livin'
Playin' that Georgia rhythm
Nothin' else ever made me feel this fine, yeah
Alright
Rising above the madness
Homeward bound again
To normal ways and lazy days
And old familiar friends
Some conversation with my lady
Some love long overdue
God knows I hate to leave her
But I got a job to do
So lay down a back beat
Crank up your trusty Gibson, son
Let's give it everything we got just one more time
Lovin' the life we're livin'
Playin' that Georgia rhythm
Makin' music, movin' on down the line
One more time
Lay down a back beat
Crank up your trusty Gibson
Let's give it everything we got just one more time, one more time
Lovin' the life we're livin'
Playin' that Georgia rhythm
Nothin' else ever made me feel this fine
Give it everything we got just one more time