

# John Mayer, Why Georgia

I am driving up 85 in the  
Kind of morning that lasts all afternoon  
just stuck inside the gloom  
4 more exits to my apartment but  
I am tempted to keep the car in drive  
And leave it all behind

Cause I wonder sometimes  
About the outcome  
Of a still verdictless life

Am I living it right?  
Am I living it right?  
Am I living it right?  
Why Georgia, why?

I rent a room and I fill the spaces with  
Wood in places to make it feel like home  
But all I feel's alone  
It might be a quarter life crisis  
Or just the stirring in my soul

Either way I wonder sometimes  
About the outcome  
Of a still verdictless life

Am I living it right?  
Am I living it right?  
Am I living it right?  
Why Georgia, why?

So what, so I've got a smile on  
But it's hiding the quiet superstitions in my head  
Don't believe me  
When I say I've got it down

Everybody is just a stranger but  
That's the danger in going my own way  
I guess it's the price I have to pay  
Still "everything happens for a reason"  
Is no reason not to ask myself

If I am living it right  
Am I living it right?  
Am I living it right?  
Why Georgia, why?