

Waylon Jennings, Georgia

GEORGIA
WRITER CHARLIE DANIELS

Lamps in the windows burnin' bright, over in Santa Fe tonight
Full moon shining down along the border
But the ground is hard and the night is black
Over here by the railroad track
And I wish to the Lord that I was back in Georgia

Blue water in the Indian sun,
Calling me when the day is done
Mama, mama pray for your son

All of my life I've been told
That the LA streets was paved with gold
Fame and fortune waiting to reward ya
But it didn't take long to understand
California ain't the promised land
But at least a man's a man in Georgia

Blue skies in the mornin' there
And there's green trees and breathin' air
Rockabye in my easy chair

Well it seems every river in the Georgia moonlight
Flowing up where folks are free
The sun comes up through the lonely pine trees
Over 'round the Kingsland ridge
I maybe here but my mind is still
About 90 miles north of Jacksonville

Well I may not make it, it's a long, long road
But mama I've paid all the debts I owe
And if I don't you know they gonna find me tryin'
They took my songs and they took my soul
They made me hard and they made me old
Hell I just been born, but I feel just like I'm dying

(refrain)