Georgia Rhythm

Atlanta Rhythm Section

Livin' out of a suitcase
Sleepin' in hotel rooms
Rental cars and airport bars
And dog day afternoonsMy occupation is a picker
And music is my game
Sometimes it makes me crazy
But I would not change a thingSo 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 fineFour o'clock in the morning
Waitin' for a plane
We passed around the bottle, Lord
And we don't feel no painLife out here on the highway
Has its ups and downs
But last night the Georgia rhythm
Tore up another townSo 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, yeahAlrightRising above the madness
Homeward bound again
To normal ways and lazy days
And old familiar friendsSome conversation with my lady
Some love long overdue
God knows I hate to leave her
But I got a job to doSo 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 timeLay 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 fineGive it everything we got just one more time

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