

Why Georgia

[John Mayer](#)

I am driving up 85 in the kind of morning
That lasts all afternoon, I'm just stuck inside the gloom
Four 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 verdict less life
Am I living it right, am I living it right?
Am I living it right
Why, 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, just a stirrin' in my soul
Either way I wonder sometimes about the outcome of a still verdict less life
Am I living it right, am I living it right?
Am I living it right?
Why, 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, don't believe me when I say I've got it down
Everybody's just a stranger but that's the danger
in going my own way
I guess it's a price I have to pay, still everything happens for a reason
Is no reason not to ask myself if I'm living it right
Am I living it right, am I living it right?
Why tell me, why
Why, why Georgia, why?

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