

# Dahlonge

Corey Smith

Headed into the hills again  
Thursday, north Georgia bound  
About fourty three miles to my destination  
A little goldrush college town  
In the Blue Ridge Mountains, on the horizon  
Here I come  
Smokin' like a freight train  
Passin' time racin' the sun  
When I pass that city limit sign  
I'm feelin' fine, oh Dahlonge Seems everybody knows my name  
Man, it really blows my mind  
Cause I've never been one of those popular guys  
Was always the quiet kind  
And never a local football star celebrity  
None of the cool girls ever seem to notice me  
Oh, but now I hear 'em sing along  
I feel at home in Dahlonge Dahlonge  
I feel like I've struck gold, I've struck gold around here  
Bury my heart and call it home Midnight is closin' time  
Last call for alcohol  
And I watch everybody stumble away  
I hear Highway 60 call  
It's back to the real world  
Nine to five, payin' the bills  
Back to the routines  
Fillin' my flask and poppin' pills  
When I cross that Lumpkin county line  
I'll be cryin', I'll be cryin', I'll be cryin'  
Dahlonge, Dahlonge

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