

# Georgia Brown

## G. Love & Special Sauce

Way down south in Georgia  
Close to Augusta GA  
Down where the peach trees grow  
Where Elvis Presley used to stay  
On the Friday night  
When the sun was low  
And the house was warm and bright  
I'd pick up that guitar and start play  
And everything's alright  
Talkin' 'bout...Hey, hey, hey  
Hey Georgia  
Hey, hey, hey  
Hey GeorgiaWe would dance to the music  
Get that 6 string way  
And everybody in the house was gettin' along  
Oh on serenade  
You never seen somebody  
So sweet and dirty all in one  
I've never seen the peaches kiss  
So ripe, that's what I want  
Talkin' 'bout...[Chorus: ]Everybody's talkin' 'boutGoing down, going down  
Going down, Miss Georgia BrownWell Georgia Brown was a dreamer  
Oh what a pity  
So she jumped on a Greyhound bus  
And headed straight for New York City  
The big city was rough and tough  
It almost beat her down  
She got the gig, she rocked the crowd  
She's the talk of the town  
Now we're singing 'bout...[Chorus: ] Everybody sing aboutGoing down, going down  
Going down, Miss Georgia BrownHey, hey, Georgia  
Do you still remember me  
I've been sitting on the front porch  
Just waiting to see  
Your big old bus comes rollin'  
Right around the bend  
You need to jump right out  
Into my arms  
We can play that funk again

We sing[Chorus: ]Georgia Brown  
Georgia Brown  
Come home to meGoing down, going down  
Going down, Miss Georgia Brown  
Going down, going down  
Going down, Miss Georgia Brown

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