

# Georgia, Georgia

Elliott Smith

Georgia, Georgia, it's been many miles  
Since I've seen your fallen smile  
Close up and personal  
Your arsenal of excuses, you never told her  
When you walked out on the Savannah shoulder  
With your veins all full of beer  
Thinking, well, at least now everything is clear  
But oh man, what a plan, suicide  
It's just not that much different from my own affair  
Oh, wincing, cussing and crying  
How about if you tell me something new  
Tell me what will make you happy?  
Oh you, so deserve to be  
There were protests and contests  
And attitudes to cop, I want it all to stop  
Three weeks ago, you were all grace and charm  
Now I know it was just a false alarm  
Georgia, Georgia, I can't understand your sickness  
You have no forgiveness, no attention left to pay  
Quiet way you leave and just forget it all  
Just takes my breath away  
How's that supposed to make me feel?  
Yeah, well, how am I supposed to feel?

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