

# Georgia Clay

Josh Kelley

Ain't it funny how some things take you back  
And the here and now just fades to black?  
When I pull that blue tarp off of that time machine  
Man, it hits me Seventeen years old, runnin' on dumb luck  
Spent the whole damn summer livin' in that truck  
Them old tires still covered in all that mud  
Like it sticks with me in my blood When life was nothing more than living for the night  
Just trying to steal a kiss on the tailgate of that ride  
Good old days don't wash away  
Just like that Georgia Clay Only one of my friends with a fake I.D.  
Yeah, it made me the hometown celebrity  
Used to put her in park in a vacant lot  
And I still can't believe we never got caught When life was nothing more than living for the night  
Just trying to steal a kiss on the tailgate of that ride  
Good old days don't wash away  
Just like that Georgia clay All over everything  
Every last memory  
Man, it's all coming back to me Ain't it funny how some things take you back? When life was nothing more than  
living for the night  
Just trying to steal a kiss on the tailgate of that ride  
Good old days don't wash away  
Man, some things they just don't change  
Just like that Georgia clay All over everything  
Every last memory  
It's all coming back to me

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