

# So into You (Re-Recorded)

## Atlanta Rhythm Section

Livin' out of a suitcase  
Sleepin' in hotel rooms  
Rental cars and airport bars  
And dog day afternoons.  
My occupation is a picker  
And music is my game.  
Sometimes it makes me crazy  
But I would not change a thing.[Chorus:]  
So...lay down a back beat  
Crank up your trusty Gibson  
Let's give it everything we got just one more time.  
Lisin' the life we're livin'  
Playin' that Georgia rhythm.Nothin' else ever made me feel so fine.  
Four o'clock in the morning  
Waitin' for a plane.  
We passed around the bottle, Lord,  
And we don't feel no pain.  
Life out here on the highway  
Has its ups and downs.  
But last night the Georgia rhythm  
Tore up another town.[Chorus]Rising above the madness  
Homeward bound again.  
To crazy ways and lazy days  
And old familiar friends.  
Some conversation with my lady  
Some love long overdue.  
God knows I hate to leave her  
But I got a job to do.  
So lay down a back beat  
Crank up your trusty Gibson...son.  
Let's give it everything we got just one more time,  
Lisin' the life we're livin'  
Playin' that Georgia rhythm.  
Makin' music, movin' on down the line...  
One more time...[Chorus]

Songwriters

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