Georgia Clay

Dryve

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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