

Georgia Rae

John Hiatt

I know a girl mess with your mind
She'll come to you in the summer sometime
She'll talk about things you don't understand
You better stick to the matters at hand
Before the whole damn thing unwinds She is beautiful, she is small
She don't wanna play basketball
But there's no tellin' what she might do
Before her doin' days are through
But right now she can't even crawl Georgia Rae, okay, Georgia Rae
Georgia Rae, maybe what'd I say, Georgia Rae
Come on, Georgia Rae Your mother and I, we did this act
In some hotel 'bout nine moths back
Now, it is love that brings you here
A love that will not disappear
Georgia, honey, you can count on that Georgia Rae, okay, Georgia Rae
Georgia Rae, maybe what'd I say, Georgia Rae We were tired, should've been sleepin'
But like a fire somethin' went creepin', creepin', creepin' And your brother and sister don't understand
How your tiny feet and your tiny hands
Could carry the weight of a thousand earths
Into our little universe
But, Georgia, we all think it's grand Georgia Rae, okay, Georgia Rae
Georgia Rae, maybe what'd I say, Georgia Rae Georgia Rae, okay, Georgia Rae
Georgia Rae, maybe what'd I say, Georgia Rae
Come on, Georgia Rae Luck, it was you, child
You look like your mama

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