Georgia Rhythm (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.
Lovin' 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,
Lovin' 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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