# Georgia

## Cartel

There?s something about the Georgia summer afternoons
When the sun goes down and the air gets cool
And it's home to me, oh, it's home to me
And I've been missing that place too much it seems
Gave up any home just to find my dreams
And it's weighing on me, oh, it's weighing on me
Hey now, it's weighing on me
But I'm only just one second short of calling this my end
If I gave you something different, would you call it the same?
But I'm only just one person, who am I to disagree?
If I gave you simple reasons, would you still be questioning me?
I climbed a mountain simply looking for advice
But all I found were children playing innocent and nice
And everyone was peaceful and everyone polite
No one to whisper dreams, what?s thought to be a part of life
But I?m only just one second short of calling this my end
If I gave you something different, would you call it the same?
But I?m only just one person, who am I to disagree?
If I gave you simple reasons, would you still be questioning me?
I found a poor man once, he was the age of fifty-three
He spoke about the government and the thought of being free
What good does us reason if we fail to see?
What good does us freedom if we fail to be free?

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