Georgia, Georgia

Elliott Smith

Georgia, Georgia, it's been many miles
Since I've seen your fallen smile
Close up and personal
Your arsenal of excuses, you never told her
When you walked out on the Savannah shoulder
With your veins all full of beer
Thinking, well, at least now everything is clear
But oh man, what a plan, suicide
It's just not that much different from my own affair
Oh, wincing, cussing and crying
How about if you tell me something new
Tell me what will make you happy?
Oh you, so deserve to be
There were protests and contests
And attitudes to cop, I want it all to stop
Three weeks ago, you were all grace and charm
Now I know it was just a false alarm
Georgia, Georgia, I can't understand your sickness
You have no forgiveness, no attention left to pay
Quiet way you leave and just forget it all
Just takes my breath away
How's that supposed to make me feel?
Yeah, well, how am I supposed to feel?

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