

## **Christie McCarthy**

### **"Backroads of Georgia"**

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On the way back from Hartsfield, these country roads  
aint my home  
Two bluebirds landed in my lane just as I felt the  
carnage like a bomb  
And looking back in my mirror from this heaving life  
taker of lead  
One bluebird tried with all its heart to raise the other  
from the dead  
And on and on in my head

Im a rose in the desert, bleed me till I dry  
Im a bird on the backroads of Georgia watching the  
trucks fly

You never know what a choice is until its too late  
A subtle hand in the mind of your plans and baby dont  
leave it up to fate  
You gotta make it all happen, every second, every soul  
And everything I ever thought I knew is changing with  
this road  
On and on so it goes

Im a rose in the desert, bleed me till I dry  
Im a bird on the backroads of Georgia watching the  
trucks fly

My love youre too far out of reach, I want you safe and  
next to me  
I wish I could hold you inside and keep you deprived of  
all that which I worry

Now Im on my way to anywhere but you cant go back  
from where you came  
So as I drive Im aware of all the closing distance of this  
terrain  
And I'll drive till the Maker calls my name

Im a rose in the desert, bleed me till I dry  
Im a bird on the backroads of Georgia watching the  
trucks fly

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