

## **Atlanta Rhythm Section "Georgia Rhythm"**

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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

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

So lay down a back beat  
Crank up your trusty Gibson, it's alright  
Let's give it everything we got just one more time  
One more time  
Lovin' the life we're livin'  
Playin' that Georgia rhythm  
Nothin' else ever made me feel this fine, yeah

Alright

Rising above the madness  
Homeward bound again  
To normal 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

Lay down a back beat  
Crank up your trusty Gibson  
Let's give it everything we got just one more time, one  
more time  
Lovin' the life we're livin'  
Playin' that Georgia rhythm  
Nothin' else ever made me feel this fine

Give it everything we got just one more time

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