

# Cartel "Georgia"

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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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