

Elliott Smith

"Georgia, Georgia"

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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 plan
Suicide
It's just not that much different from my own affair
Always 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
Attitudes to cop
I want it all to stop
Three weeks ago you were all grace and charm
And 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
The 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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