

G. Love & Special Sauce "Georgia Brown"

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Way down south in Georgia
Close to Augusta GA
Down where the peach trees grow
Where Elvis Presley used to stay
On the Friday night
When the sun was low
And the house was warm and bright
I'd pick up that guitar and start play
And everything's alright
Talkin' 'bout...

Hey, hey, hey
Hey Georgia
Hey, hey, hey
Hey Georgia

We would dance to the music
Get that 6 string way
And everybody in the house was gettin' along
Oh on serenade
You never seen somebody
So sweet and dirty all in one
I've never seen the peaches kiss
So ripe, that's what I want
Talkin' 'bout...

[Chorus:]Everybody's talkin' 'bout

Going down, going down
Going down, Miss Georgia Brown

Well Georgia Brown was a dreamer
Oh what a pity
So she jumped on a Greyhound bus
And headed straight for New York City
The big city was rough and tough
It almost beat her down
She got the gig, she rocked the crowd
She's the talk of the town
Now we're singing 'bout...

[Chorus:] Everybody sing about

Going down, going down
Going down, Miss Georgia Brown

Hey, hey, Georgia
Do you still remember me
I've been sitting on the front porch
Just waiting to see
Your big old bus comes rollin'
Right around the bend
You need to jump right out
Into my arms
We can play that funk again
We sing

[Chorus:]

Georgia Brown
Georgia Brown
Come home to me

Going down, going down
Going down, Miss Georgia Brown
Going down, going down
Going down, Miss Georgia Brown

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