

J. Armen "Til Georgia"

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heard my calling knowing well my time had come
the choices we make are still full of mistakes
now nothing can be done
for which sins committed I deserve this rotten luck
with my heart on my sleeve I was summoned to leave
with no hope of coming back

how long 'til Georgia
it's been a long and weary ride
how long 'til I may
lay to rest my troubled mind

maybe shortly nasty winds will settle down
the sky in my view is the wrong shade of blue

and I cannot live it down
one more foreign sunrise I'll be right back home to
you
I've survived the terrain scorching sun and the rains
in this place they brought me to

ever wishful yet I never had a chance
for what needs to be done I am second to none
but it's all at my expense
spin the bottle stop it while it's pointing west
I've been everywhere but my mind's always there
I don't care for all the rest

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