

## **Jimmie Dale Gilmore** **"Georgia Rose"**

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Dusty roads and winter time,  
Tonight I'm thinking of the town  
And the one I left behind  
To do this rambling 'round.  
Tonight I'm drinking while I'm thinking  
Until the beer joints close  
And I'm thinking of someone  
I called my Georgia Rose.

It's on dusty streets we walked  
And talked of things to be  
And she never laughed or mocked  
My wanting to be free Tonight I'm free  
to walk these streets  
While the wind cuts through my clothes.  
And I'm free to dream forever  
About my Georgia Rose.

So come to my dreams  
Sweet as a flower  
Blooming among the pines

Georgia Rose  
Still my desire  
Once you could have been mine.

Sometimes a man makes certain choices  
And they lead his heart somewhere  
Sometimes he follows certain voices  
And he don't seem to care.  
Oh how I love that little town  
Down on the Eastern coast  
And I love that pretty girl  
I called my Georgia Rose.

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