

Josh Joplin Group

"Georgia Clay"

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Ain't it funny how some things take you back
And the here and now just fades to black
When I pull that blue tarp off of that time machine
Man, it hits me

Seventeen years old runnin' on dumb luck
Spent the whole damn summer livin' in that truck
Them ol' tires still covered in all that mud
Like it sticks with me in my blood

When life was nothin' more than livin' for the night
Just tryin' to steal a kiss on the tailgate of that ride
Good ol' days don't wash away
Just like that Georgia clay

Only one of my friends with a fake I'd
Yeah, it made me the hometown celebrity
Used to put 'er in park in a vacant lot
And I still can't believe we never got caught

When life was nothin' more than livin' for the night
Just tryin' to steal a kiss on the tailgate of that ride
Good ol' days don't wash away
Just like that Georgia clay

All over everything
Every last memory
Man, it's all comin' back to me

Ain't it funny how some things take you back

When life was nothin' more than livin' for the night
Just tryin' to steal a kiss on the tailgate of that ride
Good ol' days don't wash away
That some things, they just don't change
Just like that Georgia clay

All over everything
Every last memory
Man, it's all comin' back to me

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