

# Josh Kelley "Georgia Clay"

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## "Georgia Clay"

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 running on dumb luck  
Spent the whole damn summer  
Living in that truck  
Them old tires still covered in that mud  
Like it sticks with me, in my blood

When life was nothing more than living for the night  
Just trying to steal a kiss on a tailgate of that ride  
Good old days don't wash away  
Just like that Georgia Clay

Only one of my friends with a Fake I.D.  
It made the hometown celebrity  
Used to put her in park in a vacant lot  
And I still can't believe we never got caught

When life was nothing more than living for the night  
Just trying to steal a kiss on a tailgate of that ride  
Good old days don't wash away  
Just like that Georgia clay

All over everything, every last memory  
Man it's all coming back to me...

Ain't it funny how some things take you back?

When life was nothing more than living for the night  
Just trying to steal a kiss on a tailgate of that ride  
Good old days don't wash away  
Man, some things they just don't change  
Just like that Georgia clay

All over everything, every last memory,  
It's all coming back to me

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