

Mayer, John

"Why Georgia"

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I am driving up 85 in the
kind of morning that lasts all afternoon
I'm just stuck inside the gloom
4 more exits to my apartment but
I am tempted to keep the car in drive
and leave it all behind
cause I wonder sometimes
about the outcome
Of a still verdictless life
am I living it right
am I living it right
am I living it right
why, why Georgia, why
I rent a room and I fill the spaces with
wood and places to make it feel like home
but all I feel's alone
it might be a quarter-life crisis
or just the stirring in my soul
either way
I wonder sometimes
about the outcome

of a still verdictless life
am I living it right
am I living it right
am I living it right
why, why Georgia, why
so what so I've got a smile on
It's hiding the quiet superstitions in my head
don't believe me
don't you dare believe me
when I say I've got it down
everybody is just a stranger
but that's the danger in going my own way
I guess it's a price I have to pay
still "everything happens for a reason"
is no reason not to ask yourself if you are
living it right
are you living it right
are you living it right
why, why Georgia, why

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