

Corey Smith

"Dahlonega"

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Headed into the hills again
Thursday, north Georgia bound
About forty three miles to my destination
A little goldrush college town
In the Blue Ridge Mountains, on the horizon
Here I come
Smokin' like a freight train
Passin' time racin' the sun
When I pass that city limit sign
I'm feelin' fine, oh Dahlonega
Seems everybody knows my name
Man, it really blows my mind
Cause I've never been one of those popular guys
Was always the quiet kind
And never a local football star celebrity
None of the cool girls ever seem to notice me
Oh, but now I hear 'em sing along
I feel at home in Dahlonega
Dahlonega
I feel like I've struck gold, I've struck gold around here
Bury my heart and call it home

Midnight is closin' time
Last call for alcohol
And I watch everybody stumble away
I hear Highway 60 call
It's back to the real world
Nine to five, payin' the bills
Back to the routines
Fillin' my flask and poppin' pills
When I cross that Lumpkin county line
I'll be cryin', I'll be cryin', I'll be cryin'
Dahlongega, Dahlongega

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