## Dave Dudley "Cold Wind Through Georgia"

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I met her in Savannah a beauty oh so rare She sparkled like a dewdrop in the morning And I loved her in the springtime the summer and the

Then the wind grew cold in Georgia without warning There's a cold wind a blowing and soon I'll be going I just heard a freight train whistle down the line And it sure sounds mournful but it's not half as lonesome

As a cold cold wind through Georgia pines

On the lonely Georgia hillside I told my love goodbye A muddy grave now holds all that I own And I whispered dear I love you as all the flowers cried And a cold wind through Georgia chilled my bones There's a cold wind a blowing...

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