

## Airborne Toxic Event, The "A Letter To Georgia"

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Georgia,

How can I explain to you the picture of this avenue?  
The rain falls on the street outside my window on this  
Thursday afternoon.  
I sit alone inside these sinful walls I've lived inside.  
So many lies have lived and died; none so much as the  
one I lived with you.  
I see you on the highway a thousand miles away.  
Rain falls through your hair and cheeks.  
Tears and mascara streaks.  
Your face reflected in the glass.  
Lines in the pavement go past just like the lines around  
your eyes that held away to an endless sad goodbye.

Everybody that I know said I should've just let you go.  
You run from everything, you see.  
Hurt the ones you love like me.  
But here I sit and picture you with fingers worn your  
shirts on, too.  
Your heart's so big and broke in two.  
Your mind drifting through all you knew.

Afraid to love; afraid to lose;  
Afraid to start; afraid to choose;  
Afraid to live; afraid to die;  
Afraid to let these days go sail by;  
Afraid to change or stay the same;  
Afraid to lose yourself again;

Afraid of the truth that love could cause you so much  
pain.

I know.

I felt it, too.  
Sweetheart, I wish it wasn't true.

