

## **Robbie Fulks**

### **"Georgia Hard"**

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She said she was leaving  
So I went to follow  
Blind love and I-55 got me here  
Dirty old salt truck  
In the smog before me  
And dear old Dixie, back in the rear view mirror

Got a third-story walk-up  
With a view of the alley  
A mail room job that isn't all glamour and fun  
The woman I came for  
Is gone to another  
Now my feet are just too planted to run

But there's no Carolina Moon over Chicago  
No bluegrass growin' out in my backyard  
No fields of sugarcane, no soft Virginia rain  
But damn, if this livin' ain't Georgia Hard

Down on Halsted  
The women walk by me  
Like they can tell  
I haven't got a dollar to spare  
So it's into a side street  
For a beer and a sad song  
I guess some things  
Are the same most everywhere

But there's no Carolina Moon over Chicago  
No bluegrass growin' out in my backyard  
No fields of sugarcane, no soft Virginia rain  
But damn, if this livin' ain't Georgia Hard

So please, Mr. Conwell  
Could you except the charges?  
When I told you "A cold day in Maacon", I lied  
And if your pecan trees still need a-shakin'  
I'll be back a-beggin' fast as the grey dog flies

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