

# Waylon Jennings, Georgia

GEORGIA  
WRITER CHARLIE DANIELS

Lamps in the windows burnin' bright, over in Santa Fe tonight  
Full moon shining down along the border  
But the ground is hard and the night is black  
Over here by the railroad track  
And I wish to the Lord that I was back in Georgia

Blue water in the Indian sun,  
Calling me when the day is done  
Mama, mama pray for your son

All of my life I've been told  
That the LA streets was paved with gold  
Fame and fortune waiting to reward ya  
But it didn't take long to understand  
California ain't the promised land  
But at least a man's a man in Georgia

Blue skies in the mornin' there  
And there's green trees and breathin' air  
Rockabye in my easy chair

Well it seems every river in the Georgia moonlight  
Flowing up where folks are free  
The sun comes up through the lonely pine trees  
Over 'round the Kingsland ridge  
I maybe here but my mind is still  
About 90 miles north of Jacksonville

Well I may not make it, it's a long, long road  
But mama I've paid all the debts I owe  
And if I don't you know they gonna find me tryin'  
They took my songs and they took my soul  
They made me hard and they made me old  
Hell I just been born, but I feel just like I'm dying

(refrain)