

# Cartel, Georgia

There's something about the Georgia summer afternoons  
When the sun goes down, and the air gets cool  
And it's home to me, it's, home to me

And I've been missing that place too much it seems  
Gave up any home just to find my dreams  
And it's weighing on me, it's, weighing on me

Hey now, it's weighing on me

But I'm only just one second short of calling this my aim  
If I gave you something different, would you call it the same?  
But I'm only just one person, who am I to disagree?  
If I gave you simple reasons, would you still be questioning me?

I climbed a mountain simply looking for advice  
All I found were children playing innocent and nice  
And everyone was peaceful, and everyone polite  
No one to whisper dreams, once thought to be a part of life

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I found a poor man once, he was the age of 53  
He spoke about the government, and the thought of being free  
What good does us reason, if we fail to see?  
What good does us freedom, if we fail to be free?