

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?