

Dave Dudley, Cold Wind Through Georgia

I met her in Savannah a beauty oh so rare
She sparkled like a dewdrop in the morning
And I loved her in the springtime the summer and the fall
Then the wind grew cold in Georgia without warning
There's a cold wind a blowing and soon I'll be going
I just heard a freight train whistle down the line
And it sure sounds mournful but it's not half as lonesome
As a cold cold wind through Georgia pines

On the lonely Georgia hillside I told my love goodbye
A muddy grave now holds all that I own
And I whispered dear I love you as all the flowers cried
And a cold wind through Georgia chilled my bones
There's a cold wind a blowing...