

Dave Dudley, Through Hell And Half Of Georgia

Down in Macon Georgia there's a woman waitin' for my six foot frame
I got her picture in my mind as I head down the turnpike out of main
I'd better think of something else or I might stick my rifle through the floor
I'll go through hell and half of Georgia till I hold her in my arms once more
Now I don't mean no disrespect to the states I travel through all the time
I just get awful anxious till I put myself back on that Georgia line
Roadsigns they all look the same until I see those Macon City lights
I been through hell and half of Georgia but she'll make it worth my life tonight
[guitar]

I coast down through grapevine a glass of it they call a load of wine
I know I oughta sleep some but baby's hot and heavy on my mind
Don't need no help to get me back and I won't lose no time along the way
That old Jimmy understands that if we're runnin' late there'll be the devil to pay
Took on the fuel in Nashville and Chattanooga's what the last sign said
My hardest drivin's over and the half of Georgia's lyin' straight ahead
I've breezed straight to Atlanta and only have a few more miles to go
I've gone through hell and half of Georgia now I can count the minutes till I'm home
Ah look at all them pretty Macon City lights
And I'm thinkin' about that pretty Macon chicks whose gonna make my night tonight
And the second thing I'm gonna do is shut off my rig easy big guy