

Pretty Things, Atlanta

Early morning, pack my bags
Atlanta airport driver please
Lockheed tristar, runway four
Don't you know I hate to leave.

Lazy acres, five slow days
That georgia farm gave me release
Tequila sunrise lay me down
As the warm winds comb the trees.

But you know I'll return
For atlanta I burn
Atlanta you're my home
All my life, all my days.

I like atlanta, stayed there awhile
Kind of place that I could call home
I like atlanta stayed there awhile
Kind of place that I could call home.

Down at richards, cactus fly
We jammed together all night long
Southern people have a real good time
Grab your stuff and come along.

But you know I'll return
For atlanta I burn
Atlanta you're my home
All my life, all my days.

I like atlanta, stayed there awhile
Kind of place that I could call home
I like atlanta, stayed there awhile
Kind of place that I could call home.

L. a. n. t. a. atlanta
Living in atlanta.