

# Tom Waits, Georgia Lee

Cold was the night, and hard was the ground  
They found her in a small grove of trees  
Lonesome was the place where Georgia was found  
She's too young to be out  
On the street.

Why wasn't God watching?  
Why wasn't God listening?  
Why wasn't God there for  
Georgia Lee?

Ida said she couldn't keep Georgia  
From dropping out of school  
I was doing the best that I could  
But she kept runnin away from this world  
These children are so hard to raise good

Why wasn't God watching?  
Why wasn't God listening?  
Why wasn't God there for  
Georgia Lee?

Close your eyes and count to ten  
I will go and hide but then  
Be sure to find me. I want you to find me  
And we'll play all over  
We will play all over again

There's a toad in the witch grass  
There's a crow in the corn  
Wild flowers on a cross by the road  
And somewhere a baby is crying  
For her mom  
As the hills turn from green back  
To gold

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