

# Cold Wind Through Georgia

Dave Dudley

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...