

Georgia Rose

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

Dusty roads and winter time,
Tonight I'm thinking of the town
And the one I left behind
To do this rambling 'round.
Tonight I'm drinking while I'm thinking
Until the beer joints close
And I'm thinking of someone
I called my Georgia Rose.

It's on dusty streets we walked
And talked of things to be
And she never laughed or mocked
My wanting to be free Tonight I'm free
to walk these streets
While the wind cuts through my clothes.
And I'm free to dream forever
About my Georgia Rose.

So come to my dreams
Sweet as a flower
Blooming among the pines
Georgia Rose
Still my desire
Once you could have been mine.

Sometimes a man makes certain choices
And they lead his heart somewhere
Sometimes he follows certain voices
And he don't seem to care.
Oh how I love that little town
Down on the Eastern coast
And I love that pretty girl
I called my Georgia Rose.