

Georgia Rae

John Hiatt

I know a girl, mess with your mind,
She'll come to you in the summer sometime
She'll talk about things you don't understand,
But you better keep to the matters at hand
Before the whole damn thing unwinds

She is beautiful, she is small
She don't wanna play basketball
There's no tellin' what she might do
Before her doin' days are through
But right now she can't even crawl

Georgia Rae, OK, Georgia Rae
Georgia Rae, what'd I say Georgia Rae

Your mother and I we did this act
In some hotel 'bout nine moths back
Now, it's love that brings you here
A love that will not disappear
Georgia, honey, you can count on that

We were tired, should've been sleepin'
But, like a fire, somethin' came creepin', creepin', creepin'

Your brother and sister don't understand
How your tiny feet and your tiny hands
Could carry the weight of a thousand earths
Into our little universe
But, Georgia, we all think it's grand