

Georgia Clay

Josh Kelley

Ain't it funny how some things take you back?
And the here and now just fades to black
When I pull that blue tarp off of that time machine
Man, it hits me

Seventeen years old running on dumb luck
Spent the whole damn summer
Living in that truck
Them old tires still covered in that mud
Like it sticks with me, in my blood

When life was nothing more than living for the night
Just trying to steal a kiss on a tailgate of that ride
Good old days don't wash away
Just like that Georgia Clay

Only one of my friends with a Fake I.D.
It made the hometown celebrity
Used to put her in park in a vacant lot
And I still can't believe we never got caught

When life was nothing more than living for the night
Just trying to steal a kiss on a tailgate of that ride
Good old days don't wash away
Just like that Georgia clay

All over everything, every last memory
Man it's all coming back to me...

Ain't it funny how some things take you back?

When life was nothing more than living for the night
Just trying to steal a kiss on a tailgate of that ride
Good old days don't wash away
Man, some things they just don't change
Just like that Georgia clay

All over everything, every last memory,
It's all coming back to me