

# Lonely Night In Georgia

Marc Broussard

Stoplights turn into skylines  
And my mind turns to you  
Two hundred miles behind  
Off to this roadside dive  
Wondering how this cup of coffee's gonna see me through  
But this has been our story, some sad song  
Ever since the day, the day you came along

It's a lonely night in Georgia  
And everything I do reminds me of being with you  
It's a lonely night, but I'll be alright  
'Cause I'm comin' on home, comin' on home to you

Skylines turn into stoplights  
Another town, another crowd  
When all the peoples gone home  
I'm left all alone, with nothin' but you to think about

But this has been our story  
I know you've heard it all before  
'Cause every time I come home  
You know I'm right back out that door

The warmth of your body though these tall olden pines  
The sound of your heartbeat brings your skin to mine  
Yours peach kisses ripened by your southern sun smile  
Now my senses are heightened with the last hundred miles