

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