

# Atlanta

Ron Pope

Yeah, I watch the storm clouds roll,  
Past the lighthouse and the shore,  
Beyond the breakers they do go,  
And where they'll end up I don't know.

And when the weather finally breaks,  
I wanna feel the sun upon my face,  
Although many things will change,  
That is one which stays the same.

All the tears I've cried,  
If I can make it there, I'll see you on the other side.  
Oh, I never learn,  
'Cause I'm a thousand miles from Atlanta,  
Beneath a thousand pounds of hurt.

In this desert where I sleep,  
We wait for rain like it's make believe,  
Where I'm from the Earth she bleeds,  
Dark red clay beneath my feet.

And if I'm forced to travel on,  
And end up farther from my home,  
To live forever here alone,  
Well, I don't think I'll last too long.

All the tears I've cried,  
If I can make it there, I'll see you on the other side.  
Oh, I never learn,  
'Cause I'm a thousand miles from Atlanta,  
Beneath a thousand pounds of hurt.

Seems this road just does not end,  
And I am dead to all my friends,  
If I could compromise or bend,  
Perhaps I might be born again.

And as I wait for shooting stars,  
On a night that's painful dark,  
We fall asleep in moving cars,  
When I wake up, I won't care where we are.

All the tears I've cried,  
If I can make it there, I'll see you on the other side.  
Oh, I never learn,  
'Cause I'm a thousand miles from Atlanta,  
Beneath a thousand pounds of hurt.