

## Atlanta

## The Pretty Things

Early morning, pack my bags  
Atlanta airport driver please  
Lockheed tristar, runway four  
Don't you know I hate to leave.

Lazy acres, five slow days  
That georgia farm gave me release  
Tequila sunrise lay me down  
As the warm winds comb the trees.

But you know I'll return  
For atlanta I burn  
Atlanta you're my home  
All my life, all my days.

I like atlanta, stayed there awhile  
Kind of place that I could call home  
I like atlanta stayed there awhile  
Kind of place that I could call home.

Down at richards, cactus fly  
We jammed together all night long  
Southern people have a real good time  
Grab your stuff and come along.

But you know I'll return  
For atlanta I burn  
Atlanta you're my home  
All my life, all my days.

I like atlanta, stayed there awhile  
Kind of place that I could call home  
I like atlanta, stayed there awhile  
Kind of place that I could call home.

L. a. n. t. a. atlanta  
Living in atlanta.