

My Little Georgia Rose

Travis Tritt

Now come and listen to my story
Story that I know is true
'Bout a rose that blooms in Georgia
With hair of gold and a heart so true

Way down in the Blue Ridge Mountains
Way down where the tall pines grow
There's my sweetheart of the mountain
She's my little Georgia rose

Her mother left her with another
A carefree life she had planned
Maybe now she's a lady
One her mother could not stand.

Way down in the Blue Ridge Mountains
Way down where the tall pines grow
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We often sang old songs together
I watched her do her little part
She'd smile at me and I would tell her
That she was my own sweetheart

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