

Curious Georgia

Bay Faction

And however derogatory
The name may come across
'Cause it's been the subject of most of my stories
And I have no idea how it got so lost

And I'll probably get sick when the cold wind is breaking
Leaving my mom and my dog
And I have no idea how many breaths I was taking
As I was walking through the hall

'Cause I want you to be my Indian summer, my Indian summer
And I'll take you to be my personal thunder when I'm going under
the waves
When I'm going under, when I'm going under the waves

You know, I just realized what I was missing
When I saw everyone in their cliques
Talking and stalking and conversating
About the most remedial shit, about the most remedial shit

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