

Georgia Pouring

Corey Smith

I received my education, according to the plan,
in a valley full of echoes, in the footsteps of the band.
Along a field of battle, I came to understand,
why so many fought and died here, in the heart of Dixieland.

And I bleed, I bleed, I bleed,
but it's only Georgia pouring out of me.

I salute the colors, loudly I sing the hymn,
and solemnly I bow my head, to honor fallen men.
And when the crowd falls silent, I can hear it loud and clear,
both tragedy and triumph, at once ringing in my ears.

And I bleed, I bleed, I bleed,
but it's only Georgia pouring out of me

Home is nothing we can choose. It's only something we can lose.

Now I march across the mountains, a world away from home.
Though I'd rather be in Athens, all roads lead me to roam.
For the holy war I'm waging, while the lights are going down,
I lift my voice to heaven, so the world will know the sound.

And I bleed, I bleed, I bleed,
I bleed, I bleed, I bleed,
but it's only Georgia pouring, my home in Georgia pouring.
It's only Georgia pouring out of me.