

freeway searching

Gregory Alan Isakov

Lord I'm gone my bags are packed my feet are on the floor
Lord I'm gone my bags are packed my feet are on the floor
Going looking for my Georgia rose
She's got me freeway searching for her

Oh, the road is hard I don't know what I'm doing this for
Oh, the road is hard I don't know what I'm doing this for
One minute I was sitting in the sun
Next thing I was flying out the door
Freeway searching for you

And I'm putting on miles, putting on miles
Like it's going out of style
Freeway searching for you

Keep my eyes on the wheel
And away from that roadside casino
Keep my eyes on the wheel
And away from that roadside casino
Oh he'll never know she's looking for me
Oh cash machine freeway searching for you

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Lord I'm gone my bags are packed my feet are on the floor
Going looking for my Georgia rose
She's got me freeway searching for her