

Georgia in a Jug

Johnny Paycheck

Mason jars on the dresser filled with dollars and quarters
Savin' em' for our trip around the world
But now that you changed your tune, there'll be no honeymoon
So tonight I'm going there without you girl

I'm going down to Mexico, in a glass of tequila
Going down to Puerto Rico, in a bottle of rum
Going out to Honolulu, in a Mai Tai mug
And I'm coming back home to Georgia, in a jug

We'll never ride that bus to Mexico City, that's a pity
We'll never sail our ship into old San Juan
You'll never walk with me, on the beach at Waikiki
And we'll never share that brick suburban home

Today I'm taking that money out of that jar
Tonight I'm buying my ticket, at the corner bar

I'm going down to Mexico, in a glass of tequila
Going down to Puerto Rico, in a bottle of rum
Going out to Honolulu, in a Mai Tai mug
And I'm coming back home to Georgia, in a jug

Yes, I'm coming back home to Georgia, in a jug...