

# Somewhere down in Georgia

Mon Rovíá

Old ghosts still walk along  
Cotton fields turned parking lots  
Steel and stone can't hide these stains  
History still grows in the cracks when it rains

Paint over the past, build it high  
It'll never fall under magnolia leaves  
I felt their pain, she told me all  
These embers still remember  
Somewhere down in Georgia  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh

Don't let the sun go down on me  
Bearing up a violent history  
Red, red blood down every street  
They won't look, look to see

That curse still on Mississippi  
Till still smiling from Tallahatchie  
Countries full of crows and tin men  
Who want love without a heart in them  
Times are like the walls of Jericho  
Raise your voice, it might begin to go  
I'm ten toes with many at the ready  
And as it comes, stay steady  
Take this night away  
The devil's here, he's trying to stay

Oh, you better run, mmm  
Oh, you better run before the bad man comes, mmm  
Before the bad man comes  
Oh, you better run before the bad man comes  
Oh, you better run before the bad man comes