

Georgia, it grew in the night when you thought it was
tired,
and how can it always recover and come
and want to whirl you around with your eyes closed,
no matter how you say: I won't go, go.

Georgia, we follow along, it goes pretty far.
You go ahead, I'm going to wait in the car.
Instead of run with my feet when they won't go.
Okay I will, but I don't know. Go,
go

And you would think now hope would be tired, but it's
alright.
You would think now hope would be tired but it's alright
You would think tired, ragged and oil-brown
but it's alright

And I know it seems useless,
I know how it always turns out

Georgia, since everything's possible we will still go,
go.

And you would think now hope would be tired but it's
alright,
it's alright