

Why Georgia

John Mayer

I am driving up
85 in the
Kind of morning that
Lasts all afternoon
I'm just stuck inside the gloom Four more exits to
My apartment but
I am tempted to
Keep the car in drive
And leave it all behind Cuz I wonder sometimes
About the outcome
Of a still verdictless life
Am I living it right
Am I living it right
Am I living it right
Why, why Georgia why? I rent a room and I
Fill the spaces with
Wooden places to
Make it feel like room
But all I feel's alone It might be a quarter life crisis
Or just a stirring in my soul Either way
I wonder sometimes about the outcome
Of a still verdictless life Am I living it right
Am I living it right
Am I living it right
Why, why Georgia why?
So what so I've got a smile on
But its hiding the quiet superstitions in my head
Don't believe me
Don't believe me
When I say I've got it down Everybody is
Just a stranger but
That's the danger in
Going my own way
I guess it's a price I have to pay
Still
"Everything happens
For a reason"
Is no reason not to ask myself If I'm living it right
Am I living it right
Am I living it right Why, tell me why
Why, why Georgia why

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