

# 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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