

# Georgia In a Jug

Blake Shelton

Mason jars on the dresser  
Filled with quaters and dollars  
Savin' 'em for our trip around the world  
But, now you've changed your tune  
There'll be no honemoon  
So tonight I'm going there without you, girl I'm going down to Mexico in a glass of Tequilla  
Going down to Puerto Rico in a bottle of Rum  
Going out to Honolulu in a Mai Tai mug  
Then, I'm coming back home to Georgie in a jug.  
We'll never ride that bus to Mexico City, it's a pity  
We'll never sail our ship into Ol' 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 the jar  
Tonight I'll buy my ticket, down at the corner bar  
I'm going down to Mexico in a glass of Tequilla  
Going down to Puerto Rico in a bottle of Rum  
Going out to Honolulu in a Mai Tai mug  
Then, I'm coming back home to Georgie in a jug Then, I'm coming back home to Georgie in a  
jug...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>