

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...

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