

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Georgia on a Fast Train-

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On a rainy Monday mornin',
That's the day that I was born,
in that ol' share croppin', one room country shack.
They say my Mammy left me,
the same day that she hed me,
Said she hit the road and never once looked back.

Wal, an' I just thought I'd mention,
My Grandma's old age pension,
Is the reason why I'm standin' here today.
I got all my country learnin',
Milkin' and a churnin',
Pickin' cotton, raisin' hell, and bailin' hay.

I been to Georgia on a fast train, honey,
I wasn't born no yesterday,
I got a good Christian raisin',
And an eighth grade education,
Ain't no need of you a treatin' me this-away.

Well my sweet Caroline-a,
I don't think I'll ever find,
An other woman put together like you are.
With yor wiggle in yor walkin',
An' yor BIG city talkin',
Your brand new, shiny, Plymoth, rag-top car.

Well its hurry up and wait,
In this world of give and take,
It seems like hastin' makes for waste every time.
An I declare to my soul,
That when I hear those angels role,
You better know I'm gonna get my share of mine.

RG