WAY DOWN IN MACON, GEORGIA,
I'll Be Makin' Georgia Mine.

Lyric by
THE LOOS BROS.
and
JACK FROST.

Moderato.

Music by
PAUL HEGE
and
F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

I know a girl 'way down in Ma-con, Geor-gia,
Down in that lit-tle town of Ma-con, Geor-gia,
Mind your ge ogr a phy, you'll find it teach-es
That state is fa-mous for its Geor-gia peach-es,

I know she's wait-ing 'neath that south-ern moon,
And soon I'll reach the sweet-est peach I've seen,
I'm al-most cer-tain I'll be with her soon;
Then I'll bo-seech the lit-tle peach I mean

To come a-long the road that leads to sun-shine and that preach-er man,
I had to prom-ise her that I'd come back in-sweet Mag no lia

I want her on-ly, my heart is lone-ly,
And not be jeal ous of an-y fel lows Down in Geor gia land.

Copyright MCMXVII by Frank K. Root & Co.
British Copyright Secured.
CHORUS

I'm on my way to Macon, Georgia, Where skies are always blue, Cause there's a girl in Macon, Georgia, Her name is Georgia,

too. And you can say what you may by the way it's fun-ny, Her name's the same as that state so sun-ny, Fields of cot-ton,

They seem to know I'm not for-get-ten, In that town of Macon, I know she'll un-der-stand, And so this train, once again, I am
talk'in' To the sweetest peach in Georgia land, And when it's snowtime in that nor-thern clime, Just pic-ture me beneath that

bright sun-shine, Way down in Macon, Georgia, I'll be mak-in Georgia mine — I'm on my mne.

Way Down In Macon Georgia.2.