

Peach

Rod Stewart

Uh, oh, here she come
She got them gold hot pants on again
Yeah, man
I wanna talk, but I dunno
She's a PeachShe was dark, she was tan
She made me glad to be a man
She was young, she was smart
Just one glance and she stole my heartThe kinda girl you wanna teach
She's a PeachSummertime, feelin' fine, getting wild
All that's on my mind
Here she come, dressed in red
Get her done, is all that's in my headHer hot pants can't hide her cheeks
She's a PeachShe was pure, every ounce
I was sure when her titties bounced
Every way, she's a winner
Turn a gay preacher to a sinnerNo one you want your mama meet
She's a PeachThis is a girl plays hard to get
I would die if I kissed her
I would try, but I'm last on her list
She's so cool and I'm so uglyI'd be a fool to think she could love me
This kinda girl's always out of reach
She's a Peach
Peach

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>