Peach

Markus Stockhausen

Uh, oh, here she come
She got them gold hot pants on again
Yeah, man
I wanna talk, but I dunno
She's a Peach
She 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 heart
The kinda girl you wanna teach
She's a Peach
Summertime, 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 head
Her hot pants can't hide her cheeks
She's a Peach
She was pure, every ounce
I was sure when her titties bounced
Every way, she's a winner
Turn a gay preacher to a sinner
No one you want your mama meet
She's a Peach
This 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 ugly
I'd be a fool to think she could love me
This kinda girl's always out of reach
She's a Peach
Peach

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