

# 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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