

Peaches

Tyler Ward

I got my peaches out in Georgia
I get my weed from California
I took my chick up to the North, yeah
I get my light right from the source, yeah

And I say, oh
The way I breathe you in
It's the texture of your skin
I want to wrap my arms around you, babe, and never let you go
And I say, oh
There's nothing like your touch
It's the way you lift me up
And I'll be right here with you till the end

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You ain't sure yet
But I'm for ya
And all I could want
And all I could wish for
Nights alone that we miss more
And days we save as souvenirs
There's no time I wanna make more time
And give you my whole life
I left my girl, I'm in Mallorca
Hate to leave her, call it torture
Remember when I couldn't hold her
Left her baggage, call me over

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