

## 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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