

Mechanical Bull

Dope Lemon

There's a knife fight going on
So I make my way to the bar
There's a man getting high on the street, talking to girls
So I walk in the sand and pull up a chair
I roll up a smoke and I ask for a beer
As a band strums along at the back of the room
There's a cowgirl riding wild on a mechanical bull
Then I melt to the floor as she walks on in
Hmm, shaking her sugar

She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream

Oh, as she shakes a tambourine
There's few with sugar and spice
Oh, she'll have you on the floor
Dancing through the night
Wanted something smooth
Something sweet to cool us down
That takes away the memories
Buried deep down

I think I'm starting to feel good
I think I'm starting to feel fine
I think I'm starting to feel good
Yes, she's blowing my mind

She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream
She got the peaches and cream