

Apples, Peaches

Joy Again

I like her hair when it's pulled back
Her lips when she talks back
When she looks me in the eye
I feel like I'm about to cry
Like when she says that she hates that 'cause I already knew th
at

She's the apple of my eye
She don't even have to try
She don't even have to try
She don't even have to try

Her dad calls her "Peaches"
She leaves all the boys speechless
When she goes walking by
I feel like I'm about to die
I mean, I'm practically worthless
So, at least on the surface

She's the apple of my eye
She don't even have to try
She don't even have to try
She don't even have to try

She don't even have to try
She don't even have to try
She don't even have to try
She don't even have to try