

Peaches

Your Smith

Break open the flood gates
Cuz I'm getting us the fuck out, mhm
We ain't two kids in day care
They can sit and scream while they watch us walk out

How's that sound to you, these fools can eat themselves in half
While you and I laugh
We'll get half way to Carolina I got enough gas

Old tables of produce and tobacco leaves
Scorched farmland and peaches turn to evergreens
I turn to the side to blow the smoke away
I can't help but crying when I see your face

Hey, you must be tired from years of just surviving
So lay your head back
I'd say as I turned up the radio and I ripped open a fresh pack

Old tables of produce and tobacco leaves
Scorched farmland and peaches turn to evergreen
The road rolls out endless over all the sand
The wind blows the embers back into my hand

We'll get that state line somewhere behind us
Yeah I'll make sure of that
I'll get us to Carolina, yeah I'll get us home at last

Old tables of produce and tobacco leaves
Scorched farmland and peaches turn to evergreen
The road rolls out endless over all the sand
The wind blows the embers back into my hand

I turn to the side to blow the smoke away
I can't help but crying when I see your face
I can't help but crying when I see your face
(Ba-ba-ba-da-da, yeah)
(Ba-ba-ba-da-da, yeah)
(Ba-ba-ba-da-da, yeah)
(Ba-ba-ba-da-da, yeah)