

The Presidents of the United States of America, F

Movin' to the country
Gunna eat a lot of peaches
I'm movin' to the country
Gunna eat me a lot of peaches
I'm movin' to the country
Gunna eat a lot of peaches
Movin' to the country
I'm gunna eat a lot of peaches

Peaches come from a can
They were put there by a man
In a factory downtown

If I had my little way
I'd eat peaches every day
Sun soakin' bulges in the shade

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I took a little nap where the roots all twist
Squished a rotten peach in my fist
Dreamed about you woman

I poked my finger down inside
Make a little room for an ant to hide
Nature's candy in my hand or a can or a pie

Millions of peaches
Peaches for me
Millions of peaches
Peaches for free
Millions of peaches
Peaches for me
Millions of peaches
Peaches for free
Look out

Millions of peaches
Peaches for me
Millions of peaches
Peaches for free
Millions of peaches
Peaches for me
Millions of peaches
Peaches for free
Look out