

Presidents of the United States of America, The "Peaches"

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Movin' to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches,
Movin' to the country, gonna eat me a lot of peaches,
Movin' to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches,
Movin' to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches.

Peaches come from a can,
They were put there by a man,
In A Factory down town,

And if I had my little way, I'd eat peaches everyday,
Sun soakin' bulges in the shade.

Movin to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches,
Movin to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches,
Movin to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches,
Movin to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches.

I took a little nap where the roots all twist,
Squished a rotten peach in my fist,
And 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 can, or 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!
(repeat till fade)

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