

Larry Sparks "Georgia Peaches"

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Way down south round Macon Georgia, where the
sweetest peaches grow.
I wondered there to take my chances, Twenty some
odd years ago.

I'll not forget first time I saw her, A vivid picture in my
dreams.
A southern bell in soft white cotton, clinging to her like
a breeze.
(CHORUS)

Nothing's sweet as Georgia peaches, when you pick
them for yourself.
Wait too long there're out of season, They'll be gone to
someone else.

She ask me Boy where do you come from? Are you only
passing through?
I'd like to know what brings you down here, I made her
smile when I said YOU.
A stolen moment too quickly faded, as she pulled away
her hand.
She said I'm sorry it's been taken, promised to another
man.
(REPEAT CHORUS)

Sometimes in dreams that Macon highway, winding
through the lonesome pines.
Takes me back to my favorite memory, Of the Georgia
girl I left behind.
(REPEAT CHORUS)

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