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Rod Stewart "Peach"

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Uh, oh, here she come She got them gold hot pants on again Yeah, man I wanna talk, but I dunno She's a Peach

She was dark, she was tan She made me glad to be a man She was young, she was smart Just one glance and she stole my heart

The kinda girl you wanna teach She's a Peach

Summertime, feelin' fine, getting wild All that's on my mind Here she come, dressed in red Get her done, is all that's in my head

Her hot pants can't hide her cheeks She's a Peach

She was pure, every ounce I was sure when her titties bounced Every way, she's a winner Turn a gay preacher to a sinner

No one you want your mama meet She's a Peach

This is a girl plays hard to get I would die if I kissed her I would try, but I'm last on her list She's so cool and I'm so ugly

I'd be a fool to think she could love me This kinda girl's always out of reach She's a Peach Peach

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