

## **Cameron Ernst** **"Picking Peaches"**

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I cannot recall my age but I can certainly still taste  
The feeling good of summer, I can't wait to see her  
We'd drive into the country side, the sun was always  
blazing high  
Nothing any better than when I was with her  
Why couldn't it have last forever

Take me back to picking peaches  
Where the winding road goes on and on and on  
Take me back to picking peaches  
Where nothing will grow old and nothing will go bad

What happened to the shady brook and the simplest of  
what it took  
To fill the holes within me so that I could run free  
Now I've got a basket full of everything I can't get ahold  
of  
Where are all the peach trees, I will gladly empty  
My entire load for one of those

Take me back to picking peaches  
Where the winding road goes on and on and on  
Take me back to picking peaches  
Where nothing will grow old and nothing will go bad

I will find my way, will find my way, will find my way  
there  
I will find my way, will find my way, will find my way  
there  
I will find my way, will find my way, will find my way  
there  
I will find my way, will find my way, will find my way  
there

Where I'm at, it's not picking peaches  
But maybe I have learned that life goes on and on and  
on and on and on and on and on and on  
But take me back to picking peaches  
Where the winding road goes on and on and on  
Take me back to picking peaches  
Where nothing will grow old and nothing will go bad  
nothing will go bad

nothing will go bad

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