

Lauren Alaina "Georgia Peaches"

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Way beyond the city lights
Lies a cowboy's paradise.
Honeysuckle on the vine.
Growin' up on southern time.

Love to dance and we love to flirt.
Ain't afraid of a little dirt.
We ain't late for Sunday church.
Momma raised us not to curse.

Our shorts a little shorter 'cause the sun's a little hotter.
Sippin' lemonade while we're playin' in the water.

CHORUS:

Oh woah woah oh woah woah.
Ain't nothin' sweeter than us Georgia peaches.
Oh woah woah oh woah.
There's a reason why the boys pick the Georgia
peaches.

We grow where the grass is green.
We got home grown in our jeans.

We love country everything.
From Alan Jackson to Aldean.

Our drawl will drive you crazy when we wink and call
you baby.
You don't stand a chance once you've seen a southern
lady.

CHORUS

Oh, Aint nothin' sweeter
It don't matter where you're from.
Come on in and have some fun.
We're gonna treat you like you're one of us, yeah.

Oh woah woah oh woah woah.
Ain't nothin' sweeter than Georgia peaches.
Oh woah woah oh woah.
There's a reason why the boys pick.

(repeat)

Ain't nothin' sweeter.

Ain't nothin' sweeter.

Ain't nothin' sweeter than Georgia peaches.

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