

Elms, The

"Black Peach"

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A tight little tee shirt everybody likes
You come from the country to dance away the night
It isn't that your mama wouldn't be proud
It's only that your daddy would never live it down

Almost sweet, black peach

Bold as the daylight, shooting off your mouth
You laugh like a belle but you've never been south
Walking like a cowboy, kissing like a flame
You'll let him in your heart, but he'll never get your name

Almost sweet, black peach

It ain't where you come from, ain't where you been
It ain't who you call when the clouds roll in
You spent all your youth crying, ?More, more, more?
And now you wanna know what living's for?

You'd kill for a good time, shooting from the hip
The boy got fresh and you fattened his lip
You cut all the classes that you never liked
And drove too fast before you even rode a bike

Almost sweet, black peach

It ain't where you come from, ain't where you been
It ain't who you call when the clouds roll in
You spent all your youth crying, ?More, more, more?
And now you wanna know what living's for?

You can't feel the summer all year long
You gotta know the cold to know when it's gone
The only thing brighter than the sun is truth
And only one time were you ever given proof

Almost sweet, black peach
Almost sweet, black peach
Almost sweet, black peach
You're my black peach

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