

# Peaches

Words & Music:  
The Presidents Of The USA

F#                    C#                    G#                    C#  
Movin' to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches.  
I'm movin' to the country, I'm gonna eat me a lot of peaches.  
I'm movin' to the country, I'm gonna eat a lot of peaches.  
Movin' to the country, I'm gonna eat a lot of peaches.

E            A                    E                    A                    E  
Peaches come from a can, they were put there by a man

          A                    G#  
In a factory downtown.

E    A                    E                    A                    E  
If I had my little way, I'd eat peaches everyday.

          A                    G#  
Sun-soakin' bulges in the shade.

Movin' to the country, I'm gonna eat a lot of peaches.  
Movin' to the country, I'm gonna eat a lot of peaches.  
I'm movin to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches.  
Movin' to the country, gonna eat a lot of peaches.

I took a little nap where the roots all twist,  
Squished a rotten peach in my fist  
And dreamed about you, woman.  
I poked my finger down inside, makin' a little room for an ant to hide.  
Nature's candy in my hand or can or a pie.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO OVER: C# B A# B

C#                    B                    A#                    B  
Millions of peaches, peaches for me.  
Millions of peaches, peaches for free. *[both lines 2x]*  
Look Out!

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO OVER: C# B A# B

C#                    B                    A#                    B  
Millions of peaches, peaches for me.  
Millions of peaches, peaches for free. *[both lines 2x]*  
Look Out!

