

Tombstone, Baby

Peaches

Tombstone, baby, and I'm ready to roll
highspeed lovin' and I never get old
necessary kisses when it's cold outside
come on baby, come on baby
Buried alive

Coffee wit' your cream and I'm stirrin' it up
Half my french toast, baby gimme some burn
if you wanna get up, then I say tough luck
that's the only way we wake the morning erupt

Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

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