

Georgia Peaches

When Georgia peaches ripen in the sun
The farmers hope they won't be overdone.
But as they're hauled and processed by the ton
Or if they're picked before their time is done,
The flavor won't be right for anyone.

But peaches weren't how this state was begun
With farmers who owned slaves and chose to run
A dismal way of life that wasn't fun,
And caused so many men to come undone.

Eventually true justice was what won
As slavery was finally overrun,
And laws that gave support to everyone
Became more helpful than a loaded gun.
But wisdom, justice and moderation
Provided the spark and motivation
For people to repair what had been done.

As Georgia healed, Atlanta was the one
Top city that was second place to none,
Where mothers would be proud to bring their son
To show them how to never be outdone.



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