

Cherry

Amy Winehouse

Her name is Cherry, we've just met
But already she knows me better than you
She understands me after eighteen years
And you still don't see me like you ought to do
Maybe we could talk 'bout things
If you was made of wood and strings
While I love her every sound
I dunno how to turn you down
And you're so thick and my patience thin
So I got me a new best friend
With a pickup that puts you to shame
And Cherry is her name
And when I'm lonely, Cherry's there
And she plays along while I sing out my blues
I could be crying and you don't care
You won't call me back, you're stubborn as a mule
Maybe we could talk 'bout things
If you was made of wood and strings
You might think I've gone too far
I'm talking 'bout my new guitar

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