

# Cherry (London 30-May-2007)

## 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

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