

Sweet Child of the Reeperbahn

Blue Cheer

(Dickie Peterson & Dieter Saller)

Oooh, sweet, sweet child

Yeah, whoa, oooh! You know the game and you learn it well

Strapped for your time and your long blond hair

Make your bet, lay it down

You never, ever put you to the ground. I know I'll see you down on Herman street

That's probably where you're gonna cut your meat

You meet some people that are most of 'em men

With a little luck honey, you might find a friend. Yow!

Sweet, sweet child

Ooh yeah! You know the way, you ride the jam

Give your money to some rich man

Just remember when it's all said and done

I'm here sweet child of the Reeperbahn. I see the girls walking right on the street

The hungry eyes and the men I meet

I see them looking right through the flash

That kind of love don't last. Oooh, sweet, sweet child! (Oh, come here, baby.

Won't you put on these high heels,

try this garter belt on,

hey that butcher bra looks real good on you baby, ha ha yeah) Ooooh, Sweet, sweet child

You look so good! Ooh, you know the game and you learn it well

Strapped for your time and your long black hair

Make your bet, lay it down

You'll never, throw give you to the ground. I know I'll see you down on Herman street

That's probably where you're gonna cut your tea

You meet some people that are most of 'em men

With a little luck honey, you might find a friend. Oh, sweet, sweet child of the Reeperbahn.

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