High C Cherrie

John Mellencamp

She's one of those Sunday afternoon walkers
Who searches down the rich dick
So here comes, speak this way, baby
Ain't no tongue, some kinda a trickSo shake that kick, ooh, shake that kick
Shavin' your underarms
I got my eyes on your [Incomprehensible]
If I could just get your hands on my ballsHello High C Cherrie
Would you bring it on over here
I got a big jet black Cadillac
Parked out back in the rearI'd give you twenty-five heathens
To serve you a six pack of Rollin' Thunder Beer
Say ain't that enough, Cherrie
To stick it in youMy, my, the girl with rolls
That's the way talk
(High C)
You must admit you're heaven sent
For big boys [Incomprehensible]Hey I'm on the corner taken [Incomprehensible]
Hey baby, I can hold my own
(Cherrie)
Meet me on C Street, baby
Hey, little girl, you want an ice cream coneHello, High C Cherrie
Shake that trash over here
I got a big jet black Cadillac
It's parked out back in the rearI'd give you twenty-five heathens
To serve you a six pack of Rollin' Thunder Beer
Say ain't that enough, Cherrie
To stick it in youHey, baby, are you with escort
Are you really on your way home
(Cherrie)
Would you make it with a poor schoolboy
Would you let this dog throw you his boneI don't mean to be pushy
But I know I'd shove you down on the ground
(Hell ya)
How can a sane man
Adjust to havin' you aroundHello, High C Cherrie
Shake that trash over here
I got a big jet black Cadillac
It's parked out back in the rearI'd give you twenty-five heathens
To serve you a six pack of Rollin' Thunder Beer

Say ain't that enough, Cherrie
To stick it in youHello, High C Cherrie
Would you bring it on over here
I got a big jet black Cadillac
Crashed out back in the rearI'll give you twenty-five heathens
To serve you a six pack of Rollin' Thunder Beer
Say ain't that enough, Cherrie
Hey, is that enough, CherrieOh, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, Cherrie

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