

## Amy Winehouse "Cherry"

Visit "[Cherry](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Her name is Cherry.  
We've just met,  
but already she knows me better than you.  
She understands me, after 18 years,  
but 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 don't know how to turn you down,  
and you're so thick and my pages are thin,  
So I got me a new best friend  
With a pick-up that puts you to shame,

and Cherry is her name.  
And when I'm lone-ly  
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.  
May-be 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.

Visit [Amy Winehouse](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.