

B.B. King "Cherry Red"

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Run here, pretty mama
Sit down on your daddy's knee
So I can tell everybody
How you've been sending me

Mama, if this is your secret
You better keep it to yourself
Because if you tell me
I might, I might tell somebody else

I like it red, big fat mama
With the meat shakin' on her bone
And every time she walks down the street
Some steely the woman and longs to home
And longs to home

I want you to take me, pretty mama
[Incomprehensible]
I want you to love me, mama
Till my face turns like cherry red

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