

Honeydogs "Cherub"

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Lying on cotton sheets
You wish they were silk
If you can't get cream
Settle for milk

Everything you touch
Seems to shatter
Egg shells and newsprint
Torn and tattered

There's a little boy with an arrow
You're so scared of
You shot the cherub
You shot the cherub

You finally got your [Incomprehensible]
On a sinking ship
Put your wild elephant to sleep
Eat your blue chip

There's a little boy with an arrow
You're so scared of
You shot the cherub
You shot the cherub

It's what it is and what it's not
Keep your guard up, get your shots

Take off your rose colored glasses
Your Sunday school classes are free
How we're screaming at you
Dangling on your knee

There's a little boy with an arrow
You're so scared of
You shot the cherub
You shot the cherub

You shot the cherub
You shot the cherub
You shot the cherub
You shot the cherub

Cherub, cherub

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