

Johnny Cougar

"High C Cherrie"

Visit "[High C Cherrie](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Written by 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 trick So shake that kick, ooh shake that kick
Shavin' your underarms I got my eyes on your ... If I
could just get your hands on my balls *Hello High C
Cherrie Would you bring it on over here I got a big jet
black Cadillac Parked out back in the rear I'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 you Eww my my the girl with ... rolls That's the way
talk (High C) You must admit you're heaven sent For
big boys ... Hey I'm on the corner taken ... Hey baby, I
can hold my own (Cherrie) Meet me on C Street, baby
Hey little girl, you want an ice cream cone Hello High C
Cherrie Shake that trash over here I got a big jet black
Cadillac Its parked out back in the rear I'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 you Hey 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 bone I
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 around (*Repeat) Hello High C Cherrie
Would you bring it on over here I got a big jet black
Cadillac Crashed out back in the rear I'll give you
twenty five heathens To serve you a six pack of rollin'
thunder beer Say ain't that eno

Visit [Johnny Cougar](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.