

Mellencamp John Cougar

"High C Cherrie"

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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 enough, Cherrie

Hey is that enough, Cherrie

Oh hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, Cherrie .

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