

# High C Cherrie

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

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 ...