

Cherry

Paul Kelly

Cherry

In the middle of the back seat
as we're cruising on down the street
to set the night on fire

Cherry

She gives him some of her precious time
but she knows just where to draw the line
She's a mistress of desire

Slow night

Slow night

Slow night on fire

He is young

but old enough to know better

She says it doesn't matter

as she takes him high

The dream gets bad

begins to split at the seams

Oh - he spills her beans

they start to spread like fire

Slow night

Slow night

Slow night on fire

Cherry

you know there ain't no second tries

yeah you gotta have a thousand eyes

to keep from going under

Cherry

everybody wants to deal with you

everybody comes to kneel to you

they're trying to steal your thunder

Slow night

Slow night

Slow night on fire