

Cherry Red

John Hiatt

I was thinking back to the first time we met
Over plangent chords in a sad vignette
You were waving goodbye in a cherry red corvette
And your lips were too
Cherry red that is, with the sky so blue
It was almost mean and your eyes were too
So blue that is, now I am too
And my heart burns cherry red for you

Now my heart burns cherry red for you
Like a fire of beech wood, the saw don't like it
But you get some cut, one match will strike it
And the embers glow till the wee small hours
When the old seems almost new
That's when my heart burns cherry red for you

It was cherry red with custom flames
At the hot rod show when the Kingsmen came
And that bass guitar, it rattled my frame and it shook you too
The corvette was Big Daddy Roth's design
Get your picture for a dollar and have it signed
First you got yours then I got mine
And my heart burned cherry red for you

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Like a fire of beech wood, the saw don't like it
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That's when my heart burns cherry red
My heart burns cherry red
That's when my heart burns cherry red for you

Now that fake blue sky, it sure looks real
Like you were goin' to California to make a deal
With the God of youth, with the man of steel
Waving toodle-oo

Now if I was young, I might track you down
But this old picture is all I found
Now my bones are shakin', my teeth are ground down
And my heart burns cherry red for you

Now my heart burns cherry red for you
Like a fire of beech wood, the sun don't like it
But you get some cut, one match will strike it
And the embers glow till the wee small hours
When the old seems almost new
That's when my heart burns cherry red
That's when my heart burns cherry red
That's when my heart burns cherry red for you