

# Cherries Underground

Júníus Meyvant

Let it slide down to cherries underground  
Faraway from home

Let it bright up my daddy's lack of sound  
Right down to the bone

Love I know  
Love I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

Love I know  
Love I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

Let it dry up the strain inside my cup  
I don't like the foam  
Let it fire up the rain, but not too much  
I ain't made out of stone

Love I know  
Love I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

Lord I know  
Now I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

In front of me

In front of me

Let it walk with the smallest of them talls  
You don't like to be alone

Let it talk to the coolest of them all  
She don't like to be alone

Lord I know  
Love I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

Love I know  
Now I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

Love I know  
Love I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

Love I know

Love I need  
It lying on the lot  
In front of me

In front of me  
In front of me  
In front of me  
In front of me