

Amy Winehouse, Cherry

Her name is Cherry, we just met
But already she knows me better than you
She understands me
After eighteen years
And you still don't see me
Like you ought to do
Maybe we could talk 'bout things
If you was made of wood and strings
While I love her every sound
I dunno how to tune you down
You're so thick and my patience thin
So I got me a new best friend
With a pickup that puts you to shame
And Cherry is her name

And when I'm lonely, Cherry's there
And she plays along while I sing out my blues
I could be crying and you don't care
You won't call me back
You're stubborn as a mule
Maybe we could talk 'bout things
If you was made of wood and strings
You might think I've gone too far
I'm talking 'bout my new guitar