

Honeydogs, Cherub

Lying on cotton sheets, you wish they were silk
If you can't get cream, settle for milk
Everything you touch seems to shatter
Egg shells and newsprint torn and tattered
There's a little boy with an arrow you're so scared of
You shot the cherub

You finally got your sea legs on a sinking ship
Put your whale elephant to sleep, eat your blue chip
There's a little boy with an arrow you're so scared of
You shot the cherub

It's what it is and what it's not
Keep your guard up, get your shots
Take off your rose-colored glasses
Your Sunday school classes are free