

Hanoi Rocks, Cheyenne

Part I

I don't wanna hurt you, I don't wanna see you cry, I don't wanna hurt you once more
I don't wanna leave now, I don't want no sight for sore eyes
Gone sore of all the tears that we cryed

Part II

Hey, come here with the guitar! Okay?
Recall the times we met - so wild and free
We had our ups and we had our downs
But the sweet sweet rock'n'roll always played on the radio
We grew up and we learned the rules
You gotta fight to win otherwise you'll lose
Oh Cheyenne, you imprisoned me in liberty
Never ever showed me no sympathy
Remember that nite, how you made me cry,
I almost lost my mind
When it appeared that the winner was you and the loser was me
That nite, that endless lonely nite...
I just can't think of you, with another man
Oh Cheyenne, you must understand
So stay right where you are, I'll pick you up anyway, any day around I'll be with you
So you don't have to worry, you don't have to worry, Baby, don't you worry no more
You told me that I'm to sensitive but I didn't ask for sympathy,
All I wanted was to love you softly
With the sweet, sweet rock'n'roll played on the radio
I tried hard to fight my feelings down
I tried to hide 'em inside, tried to push your love away
But you must have seen the fire burn in my eyes - and it's still burning!
It's hard to believe we lived it through, I can't believe we can't relive it
But if you see me walking down the street
Just raise you window to the sweet sweet sound of rock'n'roll
Sweet, Sweet sound of rock'n'roll