

Cherry Top

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country. Black Alt Americana,. Prose.



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Cherry Top

sweet sugar pop hits me like a rain drop

loves me in the moon light-

morning comes don't you stop now.

the taste of a Candy Cane on my seventh Christmas day-

Girl, you're the Cherry top on my bowl of Ice Cream.

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yeah my Girls' six feet tall sleeps in the Kitchen with her

Legs in the Hall... shes my good thing.

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They say we never tried tell them they lie

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cooler than a waterfall quench me till I start to fall

like Autumn of a New year, tears matter now

least of all

warmer than the Morning Sun dog day are here and gone

memories are all that's left now

Â

got a girl that's six feet tall sleeps in the kitchen

with her Legs in the Hall... shes my good thing

They say we never tried tell them they lie.

<http://youtu.be/oQh-7ztJ6wM>

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