

CHERRY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND SALAAM REMI

♩ = 88

Dmaj7 **E⁹**

Her name is Cher-ry. We just met. But al-

Em⁹ **A7** **Dmaj7**

-read-y she knows me bet-ter than you. She un-der-stands me af-ter

E⁹ **Em⁹** **A7** **Dmaj7**

eigh-teen years, and you still don't see me like you ought to do.



May -be we could talk 'bout things if you were made of wood and strings. While I love her ev - 'ry sound, I



don't know how to tune you down. 'Cause you're so thick and my pa - tience is thin, so



I got me a new best friend with a pick - up that puts you to shame. And Cher - ry is her name. And when



I'm lone - ly Cher - ry's there, and she plays a - long while I sing out my

Dmaj7 E9

blues. — I could be cry - ing, — and you don't care. — You won't

Em9 A7 Dmaj7 Em9 A7

call me back you're stub-born as — a — mule. — May - be we could

Dmaj7 Em9 A7 Dmaj7

talk 'bout things if you were made ' of wood and — strings. —

Em9 A7 Dmaj7 Em9 A7 N.C.

You might think I've gone — too — far. — I'm talk - ing — 'bout my new gui - tar. —