

Sweet Child Of The Reaperbahn

Blue Cheer

Oooh, sweet, sweet child
Yeah, whoa, oooh!

You know the game and you learn it well
Strapped for your time and your long blond hair
Make your bet, lay it down
You never, ever put you to the ground.

I know I'll see you down on Herman street
That's probably where you're gonna cut your meat
You meet some people that are most of 'em men
With a little luck honey, you might find a friend.

Yow!
Sweet, sweet child
Ooh yeah!

You know the way, you ride the jam
Give your money to some rich man
Just remember when it's all said and done
I'm here sweet child of the Reaperbahn.

I see the girls walking right on the street
The hungry eyes and the men I meet
I see them looking right through the flash
That kind of love don't last.

Oooh, sweet, sweet child!

(Oh, come here, baby.
Won't you put on these high heels,
try this garter belt on,
hey that butcher bra looks real good on you baby, ha ha yeah)

Ooooh, Sweet, sweet child
You look so good!

Ooh, you know the game and you learn it well
Strapped for your time and your long black hair
Make your bet, lay it down
You'll never, throw give you to the ground.

I know I'll see you down on Herman street
That's probably where you're gonna cut your tea
You meet some people that are most of 'em men
With a little luck honey, you might find a friend.

Oh, sweet, sweet child of the Reaperbahn.