

# Sweet Child Of The Reeperbahn

Blue Cheer

Ooh, sweet, sweet child  
Yeah, whoa, ooh!

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 Reeperbahn.

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.

Ooh, 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)

Oooh, 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 Reeperbahn.