

# 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