

## Tull Jethro

### "Undressed To Kill"

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Working on the late shift -- first drink of the day.  
Pull a chair up to the table, have to look the other way.  
What kind of place am I in? And who's this over here?  
Shaking through the silver bubbles climbing through  
my beer.  
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.  
Could you meet the eyes of a working girl  
undressed to kill?

Staring through the smoke haze -- plaid shirts in the  
night.  
Well, I'm making sure that everything is zipped up  
tight.  
Who's that jumping on the table? Putting tonic in my  
gin?  
Brushing silken dollars on her cold white skin.  
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.  
Could you meet the eyes of a working girl  
undressed to kill?

She could have been sweet seventeen. There again,  
well, so could I.  
There was a tear drop sparkle on the inside of her  
thigh.  
Going to fetch myself a cold beer. I've got to get a grip.  
Find some place to touch down. Find a landing strip.  
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.  
Can you meet the eyes of a working girl  
all undressed to kill?

Last one out is a cold duck. Padding down the road.  
I wait outside, my motor running -- got a warm dream  
to unload.  
Can I face her in the sunshine? In the harsh real light of  
day?  
She walks out with recognition in her eyes -- I look  
away.  
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.  
Couldn't meet the eyes of a working girl  
undressed to kill

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