

AC/DC "Soul Stepper"

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Well, I met her in the garden,
Underneath that old apple tree,
Sitting with a handful of flowers,
Looking as cool as can be.
We talked away a couple of hours,
Then she laid her hand on my lap,
Oh, I thought I got to be dreaming,
I didn't know I fell in her trap.

Then she made me say things I didn't want to say,
Then she made me play games I didn't want to play.
She was a Soul Stripper, she took my heart,
Soul Stripper, she took my heart,

Soul Stripper, and tore me apart.

She started moving nice and easy,
Slowly getting into my spine,
Killing off this nice little feeling,
Ooooh, everyone she could find.
And when she had me hollow and naked,
That's when she put me down,
Pulled out a knife and flashed it before me,
Stuck it in and turned it around.

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