

Jethro Tull

"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? Yeah

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
Can you meet the eyes of a working girl
All undressed to kill?

Last one out is a cold duck
Paddling 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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