

## Cold Chisel

### "Suicide Sal"

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Suicide Sal was a hellava gal and not bad for a fella  
Six feet two, her hair bright blue and no one had the  
heart to tell her  
That she showed no taste with the makeup on her face  
jokin' cause [?]  
Six feet two, army boots, silicone tits and balls to boot.

Sally was a drag, you had to be afraid  
Could've been up for a [?]  
Only 22, and nothing you can do  
A man trapped in a blue rinse cage

Well her big mistake was  
Trying to break some  
Fun down in the corner  
We had the waitress on the table  
She was keen and able  
For a private show we corner  
Just a pretty little thing with a waist so thin  
Her knickers down around her knees  
When up runs Sal with a drink in her hand  
Chucked it all over our pretty little dream

Sally was a drag, you had to be afraid  
Could've been up for a [?]  
Only 22, and nothing you can do  
A man trapped in a blue rinse cage

Suicide Sal was a hellava gal  
And not bad for a fella  
Six feet two  
Her hair bright blue  
And no one had the heart to tell her  
That she showed no taste  
With the makeup on her face  
Jokin' cause [?]  
Six feet two  
Army boots  
Silicone tits and balls to boot

Sally was a drag, you had to be afraid

Could've been up for a [?]  
Only 22, and nothing you can do  
A man trapped in a blue rinse cage

He's trapped in a blue rinse cage  
He's trapped in a blue rinse cage  
He's trapped in a blue rinse cage  
He's trapped in a blue rinse cage  
He's trapped in a blue rinse cage  
He's trapped in a blue rinse cage  
He's trapped in a blue rinse cage  
Well he's trapped!

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