

Samson "Nice Girl"

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Prawling round with beady eyes
Mister undercover
Late night brawls, street lights call
He don't need a lover
Misunderstood by womanhood
Mortgage is a millstone
Think of lies and alibis to cover up at home
Are you alright girl, for tonight girl
Just give a little. I'll give a lot
Are you a nice girl, Just-the-type girl
You've got the drug and I need a shot
Seedy hotels, crooked motels
Short-time letch, a special
Twilight-life as a ten minute wife
All so artificial
Rejected maligned by all mankind
Hypocritical bullshit
Tell me who's rich, Now who's the bitch
Keep that red light lit
When the men come to town
When they're looking in the bars
And they're crawling in the cars
And they lay they're money down
When the men come to play
When their business day was done and they're looking
for some fun
You take their money and you blow them away

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