

Samsons "Nice Girl"

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Prowling 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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