

Kennedys Dead

"The Prey"

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You're from out of town
I can tell that by your shoes
Flew in for the convention
Getting tipsy in a bar
You're leaving pretty late
Gotta get up in the morning
Thinking she's just too expensive
And you know you're...
Probably...
Right
There's no one on the streets
And you can't find your hotel
You walk a little faster
- someone's following you
The wallet-size bulge
In you double-knit butt
Has money for me
And maybe credit cards
You dart around the next corner
You can't look around
Quick now, fish for the keys for the door

You don't even know where you are

You walk a little faster

I walk a little faster

Sensing that I sense you

Now there's no escape

I can almost taste your dandruff

As I reach out for your face

- and I strike

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