

AC/DC, Soul Stripper

AC-DC

'74 Jailbreak

Soul Stripper

Well I met her in the garden
Underneath that old apple tree
Sitting with a handful of flowers
Looking as cool as can be
We talked away a couple of hours
Then she laid her hand on my lap
Oh I thought I got to be dreaming
I didn't know I fell in her trap

Then she made me say things I didn't want to say
Then she made me play games I didn't want to play
She was a soul stripper, yeah
She took my heart
She was a soul stripper, ooh
And tore me apart

She started moving nice and easy
Slowly getting near to my spine
Killing off each last little feeling
Ooh everyone she could find
And when she had me hollow and naked, yeah
That's when she put me down
Pulled out a knife and flashed it before me
Stuck it in and turned it around

Then she made me say things I didn't want to say, you know
Then she made me play games I didn't want to play
She was a soul stripper, yeah
Ooh she took my heart
Ooh was a soul stripper
Tore me apart

Soul stripper, soul stripper
You're a soul stripper
Soul stripper, soul stripper
Soul stripper
Took out my heart
And tore it apart

Aah you're a soul stripper
Soul stripper, soul stripper