AC/DC, Sink The Pink

Put your gear into fire
Lay your bullets on the ground
Turn your head to desire
There's a woman going down
She said she'll rough you up, all the way
And she gonna spit you out, count your days
She says choice is yours, casually
So why don't you do what comes naturally

CHORUS:
Sink the pink, it's all the fashion
Drink the drink, it's old-fashioned
Gimme water, gimme wine
Gonna show you a good time
Sink the pink
Sink the pink

Got a fever runnin' high
Give you wings to make you fly
She school you like a fool
She make you break the rules
She wanna get a shot, hit the spot
Then I'm gonna rack 'em up, get that hot
She said make it good, satisfy
You know that woman got [Dallas | jealous] eyes

REPEAT CHORUS

Solo

REPEAT CHORUS