

Cock Sparrer, Sunday Stripper

She came from, well, in Garden City
'fore she moved into my town
She was stone cold broke but her legs were pretty
And her hair looked mean as she let her hair down
She followed in her mother's footsteps
To make a little cash on the side
Invested in a well-made cat suit
Showed all the boys she had nothing to hide

[Chorus:]

She's just a Sunday stripper
At the bar on the corner
She's a g-string tripper
But I'm in love with her
I get dressed every Sunday morning
Get my hair back nice and clean
I take a slow walk down to the bar she works
And I try to find me a front row seat
I sit there quietly drinking
I never have to wait too long
Before she's up there in spotlight satin
And the beer gets too low

[Chorus]

I picture her putting on her make-up
Deciding what to wear
I can see her hand pulling up her stockings
Painted nails riding through her hair
And as I sit believing
She goes in just for me
The others watch but I don't care
She's mine for all the world to see