

# Cold Chisel, Yakuza Girls

Well, its the last call at the fag end  
Of the wrong bar at the bad end  
Of the wrong side of a dog town  
On a one way road that takes you down  
From a shit creek, and back again  
The doors swing open and they all come in  
From the arse end of a sick world  
A bus load of Yakuza girls

Yakuza girls, chicks of doom  
Fanning out to cover the room  
Smokin' Luckys, climbin the bar  
Drinkin' saki from an old fruit jar

Yakuza girls, 12 o'clock high  
Fishnets all the way to Hawaii  
Playin' karioke and singin' along  
With the key words of a lock'n'loll song

Well, ya get to see 'em all comin' through this place  
Every household name then forgotten face  
Every fucked up, low down, pin tucked, rewind  
Siliconed, pillsucker has been that ever found  
Jesus in the bottom of a bottle, Yeah  
I reckon I'd seen it all, but I swear  
I never seen this much potential romance since  
Lovelace Watkins split his pants

Yakuza girls, climbin' the walls  
Chewin' on gum, grabbin' my balls  
And tellin' me to cough, seein' how far  
They can pole dance off the end of the bar

Yakuza girls, doin' the dog  
With a yo-yo in and outa the bog  
Who's that haulin' on a rubber glove  
Yakuza girls, lookin' for love.