

# Dead Kennedys, The Prey

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 your 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 for your face  
And I strike