

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