

# Samson, Nice Girl

Prawling round with beady eyes  
Mister undercover  
Late night brawls, street lights call  
He don't need a lover

Misunderstood by womanhood  
Mortgage is a millstone  
Think of lies and alibis to cover up at home

Are you alright girl, for tonight girl  
Just give a little. I'll give a lot  
Are you a nice girl, Just-the-type girl  
You've got the drug and I need a shot

Seedy hotels, crooked motels  
Short-time letch, a special  
Twilight-life as a ten minute wife  
All so artificial

Rejected maligned by all mankind  
Hypocritical bullshit  
Tell me who's rich, Now who's the bitch  
Keep that red light lit

When the men come to town  
When they're looking in the bars  
and they're crawling in the cars  
and they lay they're money down

When the men come to play  
When their business day was done and they're looking for some fun  
You take their money and you blow them away