

# Sink The Pink

[Ac/dc](#)

Put your gear into fire  
Lay your bullets on the ground  
Turn your head to desire  
There's a woman going down  
She said she'll rough you up, all the way  
And she gonna spit you out, count your days  
She says choice is yours, casually  
So why don't you do what comes naturally

Chorus:

Sink the pink, it's all the fashion  
Drink the drink, it's old-fashioned  
Gimme water, gimme wine  
Gonna show you a good time  
Sink the pink

Sink the pink  
Got a fever runnin' high  
Give you wings to make you fly  
She school you like a fool  
She make you break the rules  
She wanna get a shot, hit the spot  
Then I'm gonna rack 'em up, get that hot  
She said make it good, satisfy  
You know that woman got [dallas | jealous] eyes  
Repeat chorus  
Solo  
Repeat chorus

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