

Yakuza Girls (The Last Wave of Summer)

Cold Chisel

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
Lovellace 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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