

# Soul Stripper

[AC/DC](#)

Well, I met her in the garden  
Underneath that old apple tree  
Sitting with a handful of flowers  
Looking as cool as can be  
We talked away a couple of hours  
Then she laid her hand on my lap  
Oh, I thought I got to be dreaming  
I didn't know I fell in her trapChorus:  
Then she made me say things I didn't want to say  
Then she made me play games I didn't want to play  
She was a soul stripper, she took my heart  
Soul stripper, and tore me apartShe started moving nice and easy  
Slowly getting into my spine  
Killing off each nice little feeling  
Ooooh, every one she could find  
And when she had me hollow and naked  
That's when she put me down  
Pulled out a knife and flashed it before me  
Stuck it in and turned it aroundChorus

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