Stripper

Terry Callier

A dark and crowded room
Warm beer that's stale
Nobody seems to care, there's more for sale
She walks on the stage
Strokes her hips, shakes her mane
Her sweet cheap perfume, reminds them that
She's why they came

Oh she's the stripper, she'll strip your soul
Oh she's the stripper, she'll eat you whole

Assembled in Mexico, dark Spanish eyes
She'll tell you where to go, if you get wise
She's your fantasy, but she won't go too far
Oh she has to be, in league with the guy at the bar

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