

# Stripper

## Pop Feast

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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written by BONNET, GRAHAM / VAI, STEVE S.  
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