The Prey

Dead Kennedys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You're from out of town
I can tell that by your shoes
Flew in for the convention
Gettin' tipsy in a barYou're leavin' pretty late
Gotta get up in the mornin'
Thinkin' she's just too expensive
And you know, you're
Probably
RightThere's no one on the streets
And you can't find your hotel
You walk a little faster
Someone's followin' youThe wallet size bulge
In your double knit butt
Has money for me
And maybe credit cardsYou dart around the next corner
You can't look around
Quick now, fish for the keys for the door
You don't even know where you areYou walk a little faster
I walk a little faster
Sensin' that I sense you
Now there's no escapeI can almost taste your dandruff
As I reach out for your face
And I strike

Lyrics provided by