

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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