

Yakuza Girls

Cold Chisel

Well, its the last call at the fag end
Of the wrong bar at the bad end
Of the wrong side of a dog town
On a one way road that takes you down
>From a shit creek, and back again
The doors swing open and they all come in
>From the arse end of a sick world
A bus load of Yakuza girls
Yakuza girls, chicks of doom
Fanning out to cover the room
Smokin' Luckys, climbin the bar
Drinkin' saki from an old fruit jar
Yakuza girls, 12 o'clock high
Fishnets all the way to Hawaii
Playin' karioke and singin' along
With the key words of a lock'n'loll song
Well, ya get to see 'em all comin' through this place
Every household name then forgotten face
Every fucked up, low down, pin tucked, rewind
Siliconed, pillsucker has been that ever found
Jesus in the bottom of a bottle, Yeah
I reckon I'd seen it all, but I swear
I never seen this much potential romance since
Lovelace Watkins split his pants
Yakuza girls, climbin' the walls
Chewin' on gum, grabbin' my balls
And tellin' me to cough, seein' how far
They can pole dance off the end of the bar
Yakuza girls, doin' the dog
With a yo-yo in and outa the bog
Who's that haulin' on a rubber glove
Yakuza girls, lookin' for love.

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