

# Undressed to Kill

## Jethro Tull

Working on the late shift  
First drink of the day  
Pull a chair up to the table  
Have to look the other way  
What kind of place am I in  
And who's this over here?  
Shaking through the silver bubbles  
Climbing through my beer  
Won't let it move me  
But I can't sit still  
Could you meet the eyes of a working girl  
Undressed to kill?  
Staring through the smoke haze  
Plaid shirts in the night  
Well, I'm making sure that everything  
Is zipped up tight  
Who's that jumping on the table  
Putting tonic in my gin?  
Brushing silken dollars  
On her cold white skin  
Won't let it move me  
But I can't sit still  
Could you meet the eyes of a working girl  
Undressed to kill?  
She could have been sweet seventeen  
There again, well, so could I  
There was a tear drop sparkle  
On the inside of her thigh  
Going to fetch myself a cold beer  
I've got to get a grip  
Find some place to touch down  
Find a landing strip  
Won't let it move me  
But I can't sit still  
Can you meet the eyes of a working girl  
All undressed to kill? Yeah  
Who's that jumping on the table  
Putting tonic in my gin?  
Brushing silken dollars  
On her cold white skin  
Won't let it move me  
But I can't sit still  
Can you meet the eyes of a working girl  
All undressed to kill?  
Last one out is a cold duck  
Paddling down the road  
I wait outside, my motor running  
Got a warm dream to unload  
Can I face her in the sunshine  
In the harsh real light of day?  
She walks out with recognition in her eyes

I look away Won't let it move me  
But I can't sit still  
Couldn't meet the eyes of a working girl  
Undressed to kill Undressed to kill

Songwriters

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