

# The Prey

## Dead Kennedys

You're from out of town  
I can tell that by your shoes  
Flew in for the convention  
Gettin' tipsy in a bar You're leavin' pretty late  
Gotta get up in the mornin'  
Thinkin' she's just too expensive  
And you know, you're  
Probably  
Right There's no one on the streets  
And you can't find your hotel  
You walk a little faster  
Someone's followin' you The wallet size bulge  
In your double knit butt  
Has money for me  
And maybe credit cards You 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 are You walk a little faster  
I walk a little faster  
Sensin' that I sense you  
Now there's no escape I can almost taste your dandruff  
As I reach out for your face  
And I strike

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