

# 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 trap

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, yeah  
She took my heart  
She was a soul stripper, ooh  
And tore me apart

She started moving nice and easy  
Slowly getting near to my spine  
Killing off each last little feeling  
Ooh everyone she could find  
And when she had me hollow and naked, yeah  
That's when she put me down  
Pulled out a knife and flashed it before me  
Stuck it in and turned it around

Then she made me say things I didn't want to say, you know  
Then she made me play games I didn't want to play  
She was a soul stripper, yeah  
Ooh she took my heart  
Ooh was a soul stripper  
Tore me apart

Soul stripper, soul stripper  
You're a soul stripper  
Soul stripper, soul stripper  
Soul stripper  
Took out my heart  
And tore it apart

Aah you're a soul stripper  
Soul stripper, soul stripper