

Suicide Sal

Cold Chisel

Suicide Sal was a hellava gal
And not bad for a fella
Six feet two
Her hair bright blue
And no one had the heart to tell her
That she showed no taste
With the makeup on her face
Jokin' cause ..
Six feet two
Army boots
Silicone tits and balls to boot

Sally was a drag, you had to be afraid
 Could've been up for the stage
 Only 22, and nothing you can do
 A man trapped in a blue rinse cage

Well her big mistake was
Trying to break some
Fun down in the corner
We had the waitress on the table
She was keen and able
For a private show we corner
Just a pretty little thing with a waist so thin
Her knickers down around her knees
When up runs Sal with a drink in her hand
Chucked it all over our pretty little dream

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[illegible]

Well he's trapped!