

That Girl

The Partisans

They've got no limitation
Cuz the colour of the cash is calling
And the girl that they're importing
Has got a number not a name (ain't we all)
In the backstreets there's a sinner
Where the low life keep on falling
And the victim pays the winner
But the price just stays the same

Tonight come on calling again
The highs and lows of living
Get distant by the day
And all because that firl is called
What no one likes to say

She don't see the sunlight anymore
They keep her locked up
Closed behind that door
(gotta keep kicking)

The boys in the bar keep talking
About the prize catch the all made
And the pimp just helps them all say
That she's the only one to blame
In the streets I saw a stranger
She had a lonely look inside
And right behind here was the one
With the aim of his bullet