

Yakuza Girls

Cold Chisel

Well, it's the last call at the fag end
Of the wrong bar at the bad end
Of the wrong side of a dog town
On a one way road that takes you down
From a shit creek, and back again
The doors swing open and they all come in
From the arse end of a sick world
A bus load of Yakuza girls

Yakuza girls, chicks of doom
Fanning out to cover the room
Smokin' Luckys, climbin' the bar
Drinkin' saki from an old fruit jar

Yakuza girls, 12 o'clock high
Fishnets all the way to Hawaii
Playin' karaoke and singin along
With the key word of a lock'n'loll song

Well, ya get to see 'em all comin' through this place
Every household name then forgotten face
Every fucked up, low down, pintucked, rewound
Siliconed, pillsucker has been that ever found
Jesus in the bottom of a bottle, Yeah
I reckon I'd seen it all but I swear
I never seen this much potential romance
Since Lovelace Watkins split his pants

Yakuza girls, climbin' the walls
Chewin' on gun and grabbin' my balls
And tellin' me to cough, and seein' how far
They can pole dance off the end of the bar

Yakuza girls, doin' the dog
With a yo-yo in and outta the bog
Who's that haulin' on a rubber glove
Yakuza girls, lookin' for love