

## 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!