

# Undressed to Kill

Jethro Tull

Working on the late shift,  
First drink of the day.  
Pull a chair up to the table,  
Have to look the other way.  
What kind of place am I in?  
And who's this over here?  
Shaking through the silver bubbles  
Climbing through my beer.  
Won't let it move me,  
But I can't sit still.  
Could you meet the eyes  
Of a working girl undressed to kill?

Staring through the smoke haze,  
Plaid shirts in the night.  
Well, I'm making sure that everything  
Is zipped up tight.  
Who's that jumping on the table?  
Putting tonic in my gin?  
Brushing silken dollars  
On her cold white skin.  
Won't let it move me,  
But I can't sit still.  
Could you meet the eyes  
Of a working girl undressed to kill?

She could have been sweet seventeen.  
There again, well, so could I.  
There was a tear drop sparkle  
On the inside of her thigh.  
Going to fetch myself a cold beer.  
I've got to get a grip.  
Find some place to touch down.  
Find a landing strip.  
Won't let it move me,  
But I can't sit still.  
Can you meet the eyes  
Of a working girl all undressed to kill?

Last one out is a cold duck.  
Padding down the road.  
I wait outside, my motor running  
Got a warm dream to unload.  
Can I face her in the sunshine?  
In the harsh real light of day?  
She walks out with recognition  
In her eyes I look away.  
Won't let it move me,  
But I can't sit still.  
Couldn't meet the eyes  
Of a working girl undressed to kill.