

Streetwalker

140bpm (pattern 22)

Verse 1

They're standing at the station waiting for respectable men.
At the end of the day, by the office or factory

Bm G Bm G A Bm
Bm G Bm G A Bm

Girls who sell their body, nobody knows for how much.
Cindy has been living in the city with other girls in a club.

Bm G Bm G A Bm
Bm G Bm G A Bm

Chorus 1

Oooh, they call her a streetwalker.
Cindy has been living for a shot.
Oooh, she sleeps down in the gutter.
Her body's touched by every man.
Touched by every dirty old... man.

D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm

Verse 2

The police is searching for Cindy, her parents really fear for her life.
But Cindy lives her own life, prostitution is her fate.

Bm G Bm G A Bm
Bm G Bm G A Bm

And now Cindy is dead, the people said she dug her own grave.
On her tombstone has been written: 'This society was her death'

Bm G Bm G A Bm
Bm G Bm G A Bm

Chorus 2

Oooh, they call her a streetwalker.
Cindy has been living for a shot.
Oooh, she sleeps down in the gutter.
Her body's touched by every man.
Touched by every dirty old... man.

D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm

Solo

Bm G Bm G A Bm
(x4)

Chorus 3

They call her a streetwalker.
Cindy has been living for a shot.
Oooh, she sleeps down in the gutter.
Her body's touched by every man.
Touched by every dirty old... man.

D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm
D A Bm