

Alice Cooper, Billion Dollar Babies (Live)

Billion dollar babies
Rubber little lady, slicker than a weasel
Grimy as an alley, loves me like no other lover
Billion dollar babies
I got you in a Dimestore, no other little girl
(Could hold me or touch me or feel me like you, baby)
We go dancing nightly in the attic
While the moon is rising in the sky
If I'm too rough, tell me, I'm so scared
Your little head might come off in my hands
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Trillion dollar babies
Zillion dollar babies
Babies
Zillion dollar babies
Million dollar babies
Zillion dollar babies