## Alice Cooper, Blue Turk

Blue hot I'm lazy You know it I'm ready for the second show Amazing Thing growing Just waitin for the juice to flow

But you're so very picturesque You're so very cold Tastes like roses on your breath But graveyards on your soul

I'm hurting
I'm wanting
I'm aching for another go
You're squirming wet, baby
Nothing bad comin' very slow
And it's burning holes in me

You're so very picturesque You're so very cold It tastes like roses on your breath But graveyards on your soul

Whoa... Mmmm

One spastic explosion
Two pressure cookers go insane
It makes me act crazy
I shiver, but I love this game

You're so very ordinary You're so very lame Tastes like whiskey on your lips And earthworms rule your brain