

Alice Cooper, Chop Chop Chop

Some people call me the creeper
Cuz they dont know my name or face
I got em running in circles
Because a homicidal genius never leaves a trace
Im a lonely hunter
City full of game
Walkin in the neon lights
Chop, chop, chop - engine of destruction
Chop, chop, chop - a perfect killing machine
Chop, chop, chop - its a symbiotic function
Chop, chop, chop - I keep the city so clean
Chop, chop, chop
Some people call me the Ripper
Stole my modus operandi from the movie screen
Shes just a celluloid stripper
Just another bloody player in my splatter-filled dream
Women on the streets
Want money when we meet
I take them for a little ride
Chop, chop, chop - Im an engine of destruction
Chop, chop, chop - a perfect killing machine
Chop, chop, chop - its a symbiotic function
Chop, chop, chop - I keep the city so clean
Chop, chop, chop
She was standing on the corner
With her bright red lips
Her face was so white and pale
So pale
She had a black leather skirt
That was so tight to her hips
And an anklet with a name