## Alice Cooper, Chop, Chop, Chop

Some people call me the Creeper

'Cause they don't know my name or face

I got 'em running in circles

Because a homicidal genius never leaves a trace

I'm a lonely hunter

City full of game

Walkin' in the neon lights

Chop, chop, engine of destruction

Chop, chop, a perfect killing machine

Chop, chop, chop, it's a symbiotic function

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

She's 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, I'm an engine of destruction

Chop, chop, a perfect killing machine

Chop, chop, chop, it's symbiotic function

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 tight to her hips

And an anklet with a name

It spelled M A R Y Gail

Gail, Gail, Gail