

Alice Cooper, Crazy Little Child

Crazy little child
Never got to see
All the pretty things in life
And him put away
And nothing they could say
Could ever make the pieces fit

Oh well, daddy-o was rich
Mama was a bitch
Living wasn't easy in between
Behind the silent screen
Jackson in his teens
Was planning his escape

He was a crazy little child
He rooled inside the playground
And grimy faced
He watched the others cry
Winos were his friends
And when he talked to them
They said, "Jackson, boy
They'll get you by and by"

Depression set in
Desperate, cool and quick
Jackson learned the ropes
Out on the street
Little candy stores
Just pickin' locks and doors
Just practice
For a two bit future thief

So Jackson went to Ritz
And everyone was hip
Ritz ran all the rackers
There in town