

# Alice Cooper, Dance Yourself To Death

My liberated parents  
They are gonin' out tonight  
They read the hippest magazines  
They've loosened their uptights  
Dad's wearin' real tight Levis  
And some Gucci Tennis shoes  
He's got a T-shirt custom made for him  
Saying "Give me pot not booze"

I get a kiss good-bye  
I get all numb and high  
From all the smoke left on their breath  
I smile and wish them well  
Then I pray like hell  
They go and dance themselves to death

Mom's hair's all green and dirty  
She wears a high tech Devo Suit  
She changed her name to Xerox  
She hides Quaaludes in her boots  
Oh, me, I'm all real embarrassed  
When I hear the things they do  
They kinda compromise my social position  
And my cool-ativity is suffering too!

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I get all numb and high  
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I smile and wish them well  
Then I pray like hell  
They go and dance themselves to death

Ahh dance, real hard

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Come on momma  
Come on daddy  
Come on skinny  
Come on fatty  
Shake it Martha  
Shake it Larry  
Shake it Mr. Coronary  
You gotta dance dance  
Come on and dance dance  
Dance til you're outta breath