

Alice Cooper, Disgraceland

I wanna tell you a story
It happened long ago
About a redneck boy
Down from tupelo
I got the slick black hair
I played a rock guitar
I liked to shake my hips, man
Then i went too far

He ate his weight in country ham,
Killed on pills and woke in disgraceland
Dis-Grace-Land
Dis-Grace-Land
Dis-Grace-Land

I had a lot of girls
I had a lot of guns
When they found me dead
The whole world was stunned
Went to the pearly gates
Said, "I'm the hippest thing"
And Peter said "Well son,
We already got ourselves a king"

He lived on southern deep-fried spam,
Killed on pills and woke in disgraceland
Dis-Grace-Land
Dis-Grace-Land
Dis-Grace-Land

He finished his short life,
Sweaty and bloated and stoned
(A-Hey-Hey)
He ruled his domain and he died on the throne
No "Yes-Men", no colonel, he went...
...all alone...

(Hey, man, that looks like me down there on the floor)

I heard the devil cry
Real loud and clear
"You were the big man, there
You're just a sideman here
Well, I know your face
And I've heard your name
Looks like heaven's loss
Is gonna be my gain"
(I've got plans for you, man)

He ate his weight in country ham
Killed on pills and woke in disgraceland
Dis-Grace-Land
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Well, I woke up, right here
In dis-grace-land

Thank ya. Thank ya very much