Alice Cooper, Former Lee Warmer

In an upstairs room, under lock and key It's my brother, Former Lee All the mops and brooms keep him company Misconceived of the family

Former Lee Warmer pulls up the covers to hide in his wrinkled bed No dreams go in, no dreams go out of the hole in his wrinkled head

Former Lee Warmer When I hear him play in his twisted key That's the way he calls to me On a silver tray, I keep the master key In every way, he depends on me

Former Lee Warmer, an old smoking jacket - holes in his satin sleeves Candle lit puddles, arthritic fingers, yellow stained ivory keys

In an upstairs room under lock and key It's my brother, Former Lee And after all these years, I've never heard him speak I wonder what he thinks of me

Former Lee Warmer peeks out the window When he feels really brave Former Lee Warmer waves at his father Out in the family grave

He's flesh and blood to me I love him brotherly But, I don't want to be Former Lee