

Alice Cooper, Gail

A tree has grown on the spot
Where her body did rest
Blood seeped in the soil
From the knife in her chest
The bugs serve time in her skeletal jail
I wonder how the bugs remember Gail
What a lovely young girl
Everybody would say
You can still hear her laugh
In the shadows on a cold winter's day
A dog dug up a bone and wagged it's tail
I wonder how that I'll remember Gail
The bugs serve time in her skeletal jail
I wonder how the bugs remember Gail