

Alice Cooper, It's The Little Things

You can burn my house
You can cut my hair
You can make me wrestle naked
With a grizzly bear

You can poison my cat
Baby I don't care
But if you talk in the movies
I'll kill you right there

It's the little things
It's just the little things
Aw it's the little things
It's just the little things
Yeah it's the little things
That drive me wild

I'm like a mad dog
I'm on a short leash
I'm on a tight rope
Hanging by a thread

I'm on some thin ice
You push me too far
Welcome to my nightmare
No more Mr. Nice Guy

You can steal my car
And drive it into the lake
You can stick me in the oven
And put it on bake

You could throw a big brick
Through my window pane
But if I ever hear you ask me
How I got my name

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I've done it all
I mean I been everywhere
I've been beaten
I been stabbed
I been hung
I been burried alive
And I can deal with that
But its the little things

It's the little things

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Yeah it's the little things
Just the little things
Aw just the little things
That drive me wild

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I'm on a short leash
I'm on a tight rope
Hanging by a thread

I'm on some thin ice
You push me too far
I'm just a psycho
Pathic psycho pathic

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I'm on a short leash
I'm on a tight rope
Hanging by a thread

I'm on some thin ice
You push me too far
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