

Alice Cooper, Jackknife Johnny

(Alice Cooper / Bernie Taupin / Dick Wagner)

From his army confessions of his military days
You still carry the shrapnel you're shell-shocked and dazed
Dear Johnny have you lost your way
Or like denim and leather are you faded and frayed

Institute lackies with hot bourbon breath
White coats and needles Johnny like to scare you to death
Dear Johnny do you feel your best
When you're strung out at night on your morphine and meth

Jackknife Johnny you're a floor moppin' flunkie
Tool of a dagger's drawn world
Jackknife Johnny them old vets gotta hate you
For bringing home that V.C. girl
Jackknife Johnny welcome to our world

From the tone deaf hearing of the draft board game
You were washing cars down in Dallas when the holocaust came
Dear Johnny your excuse was lame
All your friends sleep in boxes while you sleep in chains

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