

Alice Cooper, Lock Me Up

Alice Cooper

You have been accused of mass mental cruelty How do you plead?

Guilty!

Don't wanna be clean

Don't wanna be nice

The whip's gonna crack

My leather is black and so are my eyes

I'm gonna be rough

I'm gonna be mean

I'm here to the end, my sick little friend

I'm back in your dreams

You can take my head and cut it off

But you ain't gonna change my mind

If you don't like it you can lock me up

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh,

If you don't like it you can lock me up

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh,

Cover your eyes or cover your head

You'll never know what hit you 'til your covered in red

Screaming bloody murder 'til the barricades bend

Sweatin' in the fog 'til the end

It's gotta be loud

I want it to roar

I want it to blow everyone at the show right off of the floor

I'm in for the kill

I'm back with a rage

I want them to write in the paper each night how I bloodied the stage

If you don't like it you can lock me up

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh,

If you don't like it you can lock me up

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh,

Lock me up or shut up

Cover your eyes or cover your head

You'll never know what hit you 'til your covered in red

Screaming bloody murder 'til the barricades bend

Sweatin' in the lights 'til the end

If you don't like it you can lock me up

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh,

If you don't like it you can lock me up

I wanna be hot

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh,

If you don't like it you can lock me up

I wanna be cool

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh,

If you don't like it you can lock me up

I wanna be sick

Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh -real sick