

# Alice Cooper, Pain [Flush The Fashion Version]

I'm hidden in the scream when the virgin dies  
And I'm the ache in the belly when your baby cries  
And I'm the burnin' sensation when the convict fries  
I'm pain  
I'm your pain  
Unspeakable pain  
I'm your private pain  
And I'm the compound fracture in the twisted car  
And I'm the lines on the face of the tramp at the bar  
And I'm the reds by the bed of the suicide star  
You know me, I'm pain  
I'm your pain  
Your own private pain  
Unfathomable pain  
And it's a compliment to me  
To hear you screamin' through the night  
All night, tonight  
I'm the holes in your arm when you're feeling the shakes  
And I'm the lump on your head when you step on the rake  
And I'm the loudest one laughing at the saddest wake  
Yes I'm pain  
I'm just pain  
Dear old pain  
You need your pain  
And I'm the loudest one laughing at the saddest wake  
I'm the salt in the sweat on the cuts of the slaves  
I was the wound in the side while Jesus prayed  
I was the filthiest word at the vandalized grave  
Yes, pain  
Don't you love me pain?  
I love my pain  
I'm your pain  
It's a compliment to me  
To feel you screamin' through the night  
All night, tonight