Alice Cooper, Scarlet And Sheba

Scarlet wants to hold me, wearing just a red-veiled hat Sheba's in the shadows waiting for her turn at bat In the parlour where the lights are low A vulture sister act, I watch their show They're trying to kill me, want to pick my bones Methodically, erotically

I just want your body, Sheba I don't want your brain Scarlet gets what's left of my remains I just want your body, Sheba You lock me up in chains Scarlet, she can referee the game

Scarlet likes to scold me, showers me with all her love Sheba's in a bad mood, sharpening her black fur glove With blood and honey attitude They'll never know my gratitude I'm crossed with longitude and latitude Upon my back... with a crack

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