

Alice Cooper, Teenage Lament ' 74

[From "Muscle Of Love" Album (1973)]

What a drag it is
These gold lame jeans
Is this the coolest way
To get through your teens
Well, I cut my hair
With a rib that it was in
I looked like a rooster
Than was drowned and raised again
What are you gonna do
I tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna leave today
I ran into my room
And I fell down on my knees
Well, I thought that fifteen
Was gonna be a breeze
I picked up my guitar
To blast away the clouds
But somebody in the next room yield
"You gotta turn that damn thing down!"
What are you gonna do
I tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get away
Well, I'm gonna cry all day
And I know trouble
Is brewin' out there
But I can hardly care
They fight all night
About his private secretary
Lipstick stain, blond hair
What are you gonna do
I tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you run away
I'm gonna leave today
But even I
Don't know what I'm gonna do
Don't know what I'm gonna do
What are you gonna do
I tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you run away
Well, I'm gonna leave today
What are you gonna do
I tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get away
Well, I'd rather cry all day
What are you gonna do, gonna do, gonna do...