

Alice Cooper, The Song That Didn't Rhyme

Wrote a song, it was wrong from it's very first conception
Seemed I struggled on every line
It wasn't fast, wasn't pretty, wasn't serious or witty
The song that didn't rhyme

The band couldn't wing it, the singer couldn't sing it
The drummer's always out of time
The DJ's were offended, my union card suspended
Billboard declared it a crime

The melody blows in a key that no one can find
The lyrics don't flow but I can't get it out of my mind
A three minute waste of your time
On a song that didn't rhyme

It was bland, it was boring, all the groupies they were snoring
The first time we played it live
All the record guys got fired, the president retired
But somehow the song survived

The melody blows in a key that no one can find
The lyrics don't flow but I can't get it out of my mind
The melody blows in a key that no one can find
The lyrics don't flow but I can't get it out of my mind
A three minute waste of your time
No redeeming value of any kind
But thanks for the twelve ninety nine
On a song that didn't rhyme