

Alice Cooper, Trash

It ain't the way you crawl across the Cathouse floor
It ain't the way you curse me when you slam the bedroom door
It ain't the way you sweat me for a handful of easy cash
It's just the way you love me when you turn to trash
Trash

It's not the way you dress when you socialize, oh those eyes
It ain't the diamond rock or that Rolls you drive
You can walk the streets with all your uptown flash
But when you hit the sheets you just turn trash
You're such trash

I love the way you look
You're such high class tramp
It's not the way you touch me when you...
You're daddy's dream, you're a peach in cream
And you're finally ripe at last
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trash
Trash