Former Lee Warmer

Alice Cooper

In an upstairs room, under lock and key
It's my brother, Former Lee
All the mops and brooms keep him company
Misconceived of the familyFormer Lee Warmer pulls up the covers
To hide in his wrinkled bed
No dreams go in, no dreams go out
Of the hole in his wrinkled head
Former Lee WarmerWhen I hear him play in his twisted key
That's the way he calls to me
On a silver tray, I keep the master key
In every way, he depends on meFormer Lee Warmer, an old smoking jacket
Holes in his satin sleeves
Candle lit puddles, arthritic fingers
Yellow stained ivory keysIn an upstairs room under lock and key
It's my brother, Former Lee
And after all these years, I've never heard him speak
I wonder what he thinks of meFormer Lee Warmer peeks out the window
When he feels really brave
Former Lee Warmer waves at his father
Out in the family graveHe's flesh and blood to me
I, I love him brotherly
But, I don't want to be Former Lee

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