Chop, Chop, Chop

Alice Cooper

Some people call me the Creeper
'Cause they don't know my name or face
I got 'em running in circles
Because a homicidal genius never leaves a trace
I'm a lonely hunter
City full of game
Walkin' in the neon lights[Chorus:]
Chop, chop, chop, engine of destruction
Chop, chop, chop, a perfect killing machine
Chop, chop, chop, it's a symbiotic function
Chop, chop, chop, I keep the city so clean
Chop, chop, chopSome people call me the Ripper
Stole my modus operandi from the movie screen
She's just a celluloid stripper
Just another bloody player in my splatter-filled dream
Women on the streets
Want money when we meet
I take them for a little ride[Chorus]

Songwriters
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