

# Teenage Lament '74

## Alice Cooper

What a drag it is  
These gold lame' jeans  
Is this the coolest way  
To get though your teens  
Well, I cut my hair weird  
I read that it was in  
I looked like a rooster  
That was drowned and raised again  
What are you gonna do  
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 way the clouds  
But somebody in the next room yelled  
"You gotta turn that damn thing down"  
What are you gonna do  
Tell you what I'm gonna do  
Why don't you get away  
I'm gonna cry all day  
And I know trouble is brewing out there  
But I can hardly care  
They fight all night about his private secretary  
Lipstick stain, blonde hair, oh, oh, oh  
What are you gonna do  
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  
No  
What are you gonna do  
Tell you what I'm gonna do  
Why don't you run away  
I'm gonna leave today  
What are you gonna do  
I'll 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  
What are you  
Gonna do

What are you gonna do  
Gonna do  
Gonna doWhat are you gonna do  
Gonna do  
Gonna do  
What are you gonna do  
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Gonna doWhat are you gonna do  
Gonna do  
Gonna do  
What are you gonna do  
Gonna do  
Gonna doWhat are you gonna do  
Gonna do  
Gonna do  
(Alice, Alice, Alice, Alice)  
What are you gonna do  
Gonna do  
Gonna doWhat are you gonna do  
What are you gonna do

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