

# Teenage Frankenstein

Alice Cooper

I'm the kid on the block  
With my head made of rock  
And I ain't got nobody  
I'm the state of the art  
Got a brain a la carte  
I make the babies cry I ain't one of the crowd  
I ain't one of the guys  
They just avoid me  
They run and they hide  
Are my colors too bright?  
Are my eyes set too wide? I spend my whole life  
Burning, turning I'm a teenage Frankenstein  
The local freak with the twisted mind  
I'm a teenage Frankenstein  
These ain't my hands  
And these legs ain't mine Got a synthetic face  
Got some scars and a brace  
My hands are rough and bloody  
I walk into the night  
Women faint at the sight  
I ain't no cutie-pie I can't walk in the day  
I must walk in the night  
Stay in the shadows  
Stay out of the light  
Are my shoulders too wide?  
Is my head screwed on tight? I spend my whole life  
Burning, turning I'm a teenage Frankenstein  
The local freak with the twisted mind  
I'm a teenage Frankenstein  
These ain't my arms  
And these legs ain't mine, no I ain't one of the crowd  
I ain't one of the guys  
They just avoid me  
They run and they hide  
Are my colors too bright?  
Are my eyes set too wide? I spend my whole life  
Burning, turning I'm a teenage Frankenstein  
The local freak with the twisted mind  
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These ain't my hands  
And these legs ain't mine I'm a teenage Frankenstein  
The local freak with the twisted mind  
I'm a teenage Frankenstein  
These ain't my arms  
And these legs ain't mine  
I'm a teenage Frankenstein

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