Jackknife Johnny

Alice Cooper

From his army confessions of his military days
You still carry the shrapnel you're shell-shocked and dazed
Dear Johnny, have you just lost your way
Or like denim and leather are you faded and frayed?
Institute lackies with hot bourbon breath
White coats and needles Johnny like to scare you to death
Dear Johnny, do you feel your best
When you're strung out at night on your morphine and meth?
Jackknife Johnny, you're a floor moppin' flunkie
Tool of a dagger's drawn world
Jackknife Johnny, them old vets gotta hate you
For bringing home that V.C. girl
Jackknife Johnny, welcome to our world
From the tone deaf hearing of the draft board game
You were washing cars down in Dallas when the holocaust came
Dear Johnny, your excuse was lame
All your friends sleep in boxes while you sleep in chains
Jackknife Johnny, you're a bad jungle monkey
Tool of a dagger's drawn world
Jackknife Johnny, them old vets gotta hate you
For bringing home that V.C. girl
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