

# Inmates (We're All Crazy)

Alice Cooper

It's not like we did something wrong  
We just burned down the church  
While the choir within  
Sang religious songs And it's not like we thought we was right  
We just played with the wheels  
Of a passenger train  
That cracked on the tracks one night It's not like we ain't on the ball  
We just talk to our shrinks  
Huh, they talk to their shrinks  
No wonder, we're up the wall We're not stupid or dumb  
We're the lunatic fringe  
Who rusted the hinge  
On Uncle Sam's daughters and sons Good old boys and girls  
Congregating, waiting in another world  
With roller coaster brains  
Imagine, playing with trains Good old boys and girls  
Congregating, waiting in some other world  
We're all crazy, we're all crazy  
We're all crazy Lizzy Borden took an axe  
And gave her mother forty whacks And don't think we're trying to be bad  
All the innocent crime  
Seemed alright at the time  
Not necessarily mad, not necessarily mad We watch every day for the bus  
And the driver would say  
That's where lunatics stay  
I wonder if he's talking about us It's not like we're vicious or gone, no  
We just dug up the graves  
Where your relatives lay  
In old forest lawn And it's not like we don't know the score  
We're the fragile elite  
They dragged off the street  
I guess they just couldn't take us no more Good old boys and girls  
Congregating, waiting in another world  
With roller coaster brains  
Imagine, digging up graves Good old boys and girls  
Congregating, waiting in some other world  
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