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 songsAnd 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 nightIt'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 wallWe're not stupid or dumb
We're the lunatic fringe
Who rusted the hinge
On Uncle Sam's daughters and sonsGood old boys and girls
Congregating, waiting in another world
With roller coaster brains
Imagine, playing with trainsGood old boys and girls
Congregating, waiting in some other world
We're all crazy, we're all crazy
We're all crazyLizzy Borden took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacksAnd don't think we're trying to be bad
All the innocent crime
Seemed alright at the time
Not necessarily mad, not necessarily madWe watch every day for the bus
And the driver would say
That's where lunatics stay
I wonder if he's talking about usIt's not like we're vicious or gone, no
We just dug up the graves
Where your relatives lay
In old forest lawnAnd 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 moreGood old boys and girls
Congregating, waiting in another world
With roller coaster brains
Imagine, digging up gravesGood old boys and girls
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