Pain

Alice Cooper

I'm hidden in the scream when the virgin dies
And I'm the ache in the belly when your baby criesAnd I'm the burnin' sensation when the convict friesI'm pain
I'm your pain
Unspeakable pain
I'm your private painAnd I'm the compound fracture in the twisted car
And I'm the lines on the face of the tramp at the barAnd I'm the reds by the bed of the suicide starYou know me, I'm pain
I'm your pain
Your own private pain
Unfathomable painAnd it's a compliment to me
To hear you screamin' through the night
All night, tonightI'm the holes in your arm when you're feeling the shakes
And I'm the lump on your head when you step on the rakeAnd I'm the loudest one laughing at the saddest wakeYes I'm pain
I'm just pain
Dear old pain
You need your painAnd I'm the loudest one laughing at the saddest wakeI'm the salt in the sweat on the cuts of the slaves
I was the wound in the side while Jesus prayedI was the filthiest word at the vandalized graveYes, pain
Don't you love me pain?
I love my pain
I'm your painIt's a compliment to me
To feel you screamin' through the night
All night, tonight

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