Wind-Up Toy

Alice Cooper

Voices come from down the hall
In my room, all painted white
I have my bat and rubber ball
I like to sleep with them at nightBut now, I'm all smiles
The good little shots must be winning
Yes, they crank my dial
My motor is stalled but my wheels are still spinningDaddy won't discuss me
What a state I must be?
Mommy couldn't stand
Living with a wind-up toyAll my friends live on the floor
Tiny legs and tiny eyes
They're free to crawl under the door
And, and someday soon, so will IBut now, I'm all smiles
These good little shocks must be workin'
I'm so happy now
Look, my fingers don't shake and my head isn't jerkin'Daddy won't discuss me
What a pain I must be?
Mommy couldn't stand
Having such a wound-up boyDoctors wanna check me
Poke me and dissect me
What do they expect, feelings from a wind up toy?
I don't think so, I'm just a wind-up toy
A wind-up toyI'm lost in a nightmare, shiny white halls
Drawing rats on the wall
Solitary confinement, chained in a cell
Got my own private hellPreacher crucifies me
Warden wants to fry me
I was never young
Never just a little boyDaddy won't discuss me
Oh, what a pain I must be?
Mama couldn't stand
Having such a wound-up boy
I'm just a wind-up toyI'm a wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy
Wind-up toy, wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy
Wind-up toy, wind-up toy

I'm just a wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up, wind-up
Wind-up, wind-up, wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy
Wind-up toy, wind-up toy{You know they come here every night
I see them, don t you see them?
Hmm, thats odd, isn't it?
I'm so tired, I'm winding down
You'll have to go now, it's bed time
Steven}

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