

# 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 night But 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 spinning Daddy won't discuss me  
What a state I must be?  
Mommy couldn't stand  
Living with a wind-up toy All 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 I But 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 boy Doctors 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 toy I'm lost in a nightmare, shiny white halls  
Drawing rats on the wall  
Solitary confinement, chained in a cell  
Got my own private hell Preacher crucifies me  
Warden wants to fry me  
I was never young  
Never just a little boy Daddy 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 toy I'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, that's 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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