

Dance Yourself to Death

[Alice Cooper](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh, my liberated parents
They're going out tonight
They read the happiest magazines
They've loosened their up-tights
Dads wearing real tight Levis
And some Gucci tennis shoes
He's got a T-shirt custom made for him
Sayin' Give Me Pot Not Boozie
I get a kiss goodbye, I get all numb and high
From all the smoke left on their breath
I smile and wish them well then I pray like hell
They go and dance themselves to death
Mom's hairs all green and dirty
She wears a high tech Devo suit
She changed her name to Xerox
She hides Quaaludes in her boots
Oh, me, I'm real embarrassed
When I hear the things they do
They kinda compromise my social position
My coolitivity is suffering too
I get a kiss goodbye, I get all numb and high
From all the smoke left on their breath
I smile and wish them well then I pray like hell
They go and dance themselves to death
Ah dance, real hard
I get a kiss goodbye, I get all numb and high
From all the smoke left on their breath
I smile and wish them well then I pray like hell
They go and dance themselves to death
Come on mamma, come on daddy
Come on skinny, come on fatty
Shake it Martha, shake it Larry
Shake it Mr. Coronary
You gotta dance, dance
Come on and dance, dance
Gotta dance till you're outta breath

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>