Guilty

Alice Cooper

Just tried to have fun, raised hell and then some
I'm a dirt-talkin', beer drinkin', woman chasin' minister's son
Slap on the make-up and blast out the music
Wake up the neighbors with a roar
Like a teenage heavy metal elephant gunIf you call that guilty, then that's what I am
I'm guilty, I'm guiltyI like driving too fast, love going too far
It seems the law's on my ass
Every time I stick it out of the doorIf you call that guilty, then that's what I am
I'm guilty, I'm guiltyBad boy on a summer night
When the heat makes me mean
And I wanna fight with my pedal to the metal
And I do what I want to do
Bad girls make me feel all right
When it's hot and they start screaming in the nightGolly gee, it's wrong to be so guilty
I'm guilty, guilty, I'm guiltyMy conscience is on vacation in acute degeneration
Willpower has sunk to all-time lowIf you call that guilty, well, I guess I am
I'm guilty, I'm guiltyIf you call that guilty, then that's what I am
I'm guilty, I'm guilty, I'm guilty, I'm guilty
I'm guilty, I'm guilty, I'm guilty, I'm guiltyWell, I'm guilty, yeah, I'm guilty
I don't care, I'm guilty
I think I've been framed anywayThey said I'm guilty, I'm guilty
They're guilty and everyone is guilty

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