Pain

Alice Cooper

I'm hidden in the scream when the virgin dies
And I'm the ache in the belly when your baby cries
And I'm the burnin' sensation when the convict fries
I'm pain
I'm your pain
Unspeakable pain
I'm your private pain
And I'm the compound fracture in the twisted car
And I'm the lines on the face of the tramp at the bar
And I'm the reds by the bed of the suicide star
You know me, I'm pain
I'm your pain
Your own private pain
Unfathomable pain
And it's a compliment to me
To hear you screamin' through the night
All night, tonight
I'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 rake
And I'm the loudest one laughing at the saddest wake
Yes I'm pain
I'm just pain
Dear old pain
You need your pain
And I'm the loudest one laughing at the saddest wake
I'm the salt in the sweat on the cuts of the slaves
I was the wound in the side while Jesus prayed
I was the filthiest word at the vandalized grave
Yes, pain
Don't you love me pain?
I love my pain
I'm your pain
It's a compliment to me
To feel you screamin' through the night
All night, tonight

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