Crazy Little Child

Alice Cooper

Crazy little child never got to see
All the pretty things in life
Had him put away, nothing they could say
Could ever make the pieces fitAw well, Daddy-o was rich, mama was a bitch
Living wasn't easy in between
Behind his silent scream, Jackson in his teens
Was planning his escapeHe was a crazy little child, New Orleans Alley playground
Grimy faced, he watched the hookers cry
Winos were his friends and when he talked to them
They said, "Jackson, boy, they'll get you by and by"Depression settin' in, desperate, cool and quick
Jackson learned the ropes out on the street
Little candy stores, just pickin' locks and doors
Was practice for a two bit petty thiefSo Jackson went to Ritz and everyone was hip
Ritz ran all the rackets there in town
If you need another boy, a trigger or a blade
Well, I'm the slickest cat aroundRitz gave him the eye, once over then he smiled
"Yeah, I've got something here in mind
If you meet me here at two, I think you'll like the view
Of that long green when you crack that safe tonight"He was a crazy little child, New Orleans Alley playground
And grimy faced, he watched the hookers cry, whoo
Winos were his friends and when he talked to them
They said, "Jackson, boy, they'll get you by and by", that's rightWell, I'll wait for you outside and I'll be your ears and your eyes
And boy, you just slip in there and bring out all that loot
But Ritz was taken by surprise, couple of unsuspectin' guys
And they left poor Jackson insideQuestions there were few, in fact there were none
When those Sheriff's bullet start to fly
Lay dying on the floor with a smokin' forty-four
He said, "I must admit the winos were right"Crazy little child, never got to see
All the pretty things in life
We buried him today, nothing we could say
Could ever make the pieces fitYeah, I must admit the winos were right
Oh, I must admit the winos were right
His last words were
I must admit the winos were

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