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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