Your Own Worst Enemy

Alice Cooper

You're your own worst enemy
You're a walking catastrophe
You get up every morning
On the wrong side of the bed
You butter your hand instead of your bread
Drink enough coffee to wake up the dead
You're doing 85 and the light is turning red
The judge took your license and forbid you to drive
And your heart is pumping bacon
And you're barely alive
You're your own worst enemy
You're a walking catastrophe
You're at war with yourself and nobody else
You're a danger, you're a danger

You trip on your shoelace and fall on your face
Your hair is a mess, your clothes are disgrace
Your stocks went south and your girlfriend is gay
Your dog ate your cat and that was your good day
You're your own worst enemy
You're a walking catastrophe
You're at war with yourself and nobody else
You're a danger
You're your own worst enemy
You're a walking catastrophe
You're at war with yourself and nobody else
You're a danger
You're a danger to every stranger
You're a mess, yes, yes

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