Bad Place Alone

Alice Cooper

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm a creature of the street
And I rip off all the money
I was kicked in the teeth
Shoved face first through a window
I got a gangland name
And a teardrop tattooed eye
They call me Little Caesar in the brotherhood of crime
I know about the pain
Dyin' in an alley with an
Air-conditioned brain
I know, it's for real
Flatlined in an ambulance
Without a pulse to feelHey blood brother, you're one of our own
You're as sharp as a razor
And as hard as a stone
Hey blood brother, you're bad to the bone
You're a natural killer
In a bad place aloneThey call me Smoky Joe
And I'm as thin as a coroner's needle
I got a pocket full of rocks
Man, I shake like a cold chihuahua
I got a runny nose
And a road map on my arm
I blew my gig pokin' 'round the gallery
With someone else's rig
I know, I understand
I watch my body hauled off
By the local garbage manHey blood brother, you're one of our own
You're as sharp as a razor
And as hard as a stone
Hey blood brother, you're bad to the bone
You're a natural killer

In a bad place aloneWe're cool, we're cold
We're stiff, we're tagged
We're slabbed, we're croaked
We're whacked, we're cracked
We're smoked and cured and
Slammed and slurred and
Sliced and diced and put on ice
Cooked and stewed and badly brewed
And splattered once or twice

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