

# 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 feel Hey 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 alone They 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 man Hey 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 alone We'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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