Tag, You're It

Alice Cooper

Let's assume that he's the groom
And he's been waiting to consummate all night
And you're the bride, you're locked tight
Inside the bathroom and you're overcome with frightNow here's the chiller, he's the killer
You've discovered you're trapped, alone, you're scared
We cut to you, we move in close
You're catatonic, you get a close up thereAnd in this shot, here's what we got
He breaks the door down and tears your nightgown lace
You see a can, it's Aerosol
You grab the hair spray and light it in his faceThere's a very hungry man in the cellar, waiting
Or is he in the attic closet, waiting?{Debbie? I like this game, Debbie?
Debbie, Debbie, Debbie?}He blindly grabs you, tries to stab you
But you're quicker, you over act right here
You see a cat, a ball of yarn
A knitting needle, his vision's still not clearHe's stumbling 'round, don't make a sound
And then he grabs you, "Hide and seek, my dear?"
He shifts his glance, you see your chance
You grab the needle and you, you plunge it in his earThere's a very hungry man in the cellar, waiting
Or is he in the attic closet, waiting?
There's a very hungry man in the cellar, waiting
Or is he in the attic closet, waiting?And just like the scene in 'Halloween'
You think it's all over and you're gazing into space
But you got to make sure, you hear something, you start to turn
And you're standing there frozen, staring him face to faceAnd he looks at you and says
"Tag, you're it, sweetie
Bye, Debbie, Debbie"

Songwriters
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