

# Man With the Golden Gun

Alice Cooper

Aw, when you touch there, honey  
Makes my blood perspire  
You got my body flaming  
Like a California fire  
Pulsing, pounding, pushing  
No longer in control  
Heatwave in my brain  
Smolder in my soul You got me workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
I've been playing all night long  
Time I was gettin' home  
But I've got no place to get Spontaneous combustion  
Scientific fact  
But your approach to friction  
An unnatural act  
Bells I hear ain't fire drills  
I hope you understand  
It's a bona fide five alarmer  
Melting in my hand You got me workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
I've been playing all night long  
Time I was gettin' home  
But I've got no place to get Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
Yeah, yeah I've been playing all night long  
'Bout time I was gettin' home  
But I've, oh...Dante's famed inferno  
Was a trip to hell and back  
But you, and a bottle, in a cheap hotel  
Screams pyromaniac  
Bandages came off today  
Really feeling sick  
The hardest part's explainin'  
All those blisters on my nose! Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
I've been playing all night long  
Time I was gettin' home

But I've got no place to get Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat I've been playing all night long  
'Bout time I was gettin' home  
But I've, oh... Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat  
Workin' up a sweat

Songwriters

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