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 soulYou 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 getSpontaneous 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 handYou 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 getWorkin' up a sweat
Workin' up a sweat
Workin' up a sweat
Workin' up a sweat
Yeah, yeahI'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 getWorkin' up a sweat
Workin' up a sweat
Workin' up a sweat
Workin' up a sweatI'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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