

# Lock me up

## Ron Spielman Trio

Alice Cooper, you have been accused  
Of mass mental cruelty  
How do you plead guilty?  
Don't wanna be clean  
Don't wanna be nice  
The whip's gonna crack  
My leather is black and so are my eyes  
I'm gonna be rough  
I'm gonna be mean  
I'm here to the end, my sick little friend  
I'm back in your dreams  
You can take my head and cut it off  
But you ain't gonna change my mind  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Cover your eyes or cover your head  
You'll never know what hit you 'til you're covered in red  
Screaming bloody murder 'til the barricades bend  
Sweatin' in the fog 'til the end  
It's gotta be loud  
I want it to roar  
I want it to blow everyone at the show  
Right off of the floor  
  
I'm in for the kill  
I'm back with a rage  
I want them to write the paper each night  
How I bloodied the stage  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, lock me up or shut up  
Cover your eyes or cover your head  
You'll never know what hit you 'til you're covered in red  
Screaming bloody murder 'til the barricades bend  
Sweatin' in the lights 'til the end

If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, real sick

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