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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