Trash

Alice Cooper

It ain't the way you crawl across the Cathouse floor
It ain't the way you curse me when you slam the bedroom door
It ain't the way you sweat me for a handful of easy cash
It's just the way you love me when you turn to trash, trash, yeahIt's not the way you dress when you socialize, oh, those eyes
It ain't the diamond rock or that Rolls you drive
Oh, you can walk the streets with all your uptown flash, such flash
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trash, oh, you're such trashI love the way you look, you're such high class tramp
It's not the way you touch me when you, ooh, yeah
You're daddy's dream, you're a peach in cream and you're ripe at last
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trash, trash, yeah, yow, trashCome on, Momma
Let me climb on boardI love the way you look, you're such high class tramp, I love the tramp
It's not the way you touch me when you, you make me understand
You're daddy's dream, you're a peach in cream and you're finally ripe at last
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trashYou know you're mad at who, you know you're mad and wild
Come on down here with that Penthouse smile
Baby, you ain't down 'long as you can get
To be driven hard and put away wetOh, what you want, what you want, what you want, I got it
Oh, what you want, what you want, what you want, I got itHey baby, what's your name?
Aah, she's trash
Aha
Street trash
How low can you go?
Low
My low was like a lollipop
Would you lick it?
I think you can get to the chewing dinner
Oh yeah

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