

# 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, yeah  
It'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 trash  
I 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, trash  
Come on, Momma  
Let me climb on board  
I 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 trash  
You 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 wet  
Oh, what you want, what you want, what you want, I got it  
Oh, what you want, what you want, what you want, I got it  
Hey 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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