Changing Arranging

Alice Cooper

I'm changing, arranging
Things I never thought I'd move before
I'm changing, arranging
To your personality I asked for it beforeI need a soul who'll never say what I feel
Just fearing that I will accept the ideal
I look up high and I swear all I see
It's a carbon copy image of meI'm dying hard trying
Baby, baby, for the rest of my life
I'm trying and I'm dying
Maybe, maybe he's trying to be my lifeI've got a never ending battle inside
Just trying to rectify my personal pride
I swear I don't know what it's got over me
But I know it doesn't wanna be free

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