

# Dance Yourself To Death

Alice Cooper

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh, my liberated parents  
They're going out tonight  
They read the happiest magazines  
They've loosened their up-tights  
Dads wearing real tight Levis  
And some Gucci tennis shoes  
He's got a T-shirt custom made for him  
Sayin' Give Me Pot Not Boozie  
I get a kiss goodbye, I get all numb and high  
From all the smoke left on their breath  
I smile and wish them well then I pray like hell  
They go and dance themselves to death  
Mom's hairs all green and dirty  
She wears a high tech Devo suit  
She changed her name to Xerox  
She hides Quaaludes in her boots  
Oh, me, I'm real embarrassed  
When I hear the things they do  
They kinda compromise my social position  
My coolitivity is suffering too  
I get a kiss goodbye, I get all numb and high  
From all the smoke left on their breath  
I smile and wish them well then I pray like hell  
They go and dance themselves to death  
Ah dance, real hard  
I get a kiss goodbye, I get all numb and high  
From all the smoke left on their breath  
I smile and wish them well then I pray like hell  
They go and dance themselves to death  
Come on momma, come on daddy  
Come on skinny, come on fatty  
Shake it Martha, shake it Larry  
Shake it Mr. Coronary  
You gotta dance, dance  
Come on and dance, dance  
Gotta dance till you're outta breath

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