Dance Yourself To Death

Alice Cooper

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh, my liberated parents
Theyre going out tonight
They read the happiest magazines
Theyve loosened their up tightsDads wearing real tight Levis
And some Gucci tennis shoes
Hes got a T-shirt custom made for him
Sayin Give Me Pot Not BoozeI 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 hellThey go and dance themselves to deathMoms hairs all green and dirty
She wears a high tech Devo suit
She changed her name to Xerox
She hides Quaaludes in her bootsOh, me, Im real embarrassed
When I hear the things they do
They kinda compromise my social position
My coolitivity is suffering tooI 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 hellThey go and dance themselves to deathAh dance, real hardI 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 hellThey go and dance themselves to deathCome on momma, come on daddy
Come on skinny, come on fatty
Shake it Martha, shake it Larry
Shake it Mr. CoronaryYou gotta dance, dance
Come on and dance, dance
Gotta dance till you're outta breath

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