

Blue Turk

Alice Cooper

I'm lazy, you know it
I'm ready for the second show
Amazin', thing growing
Just waitin' for the juice to flow

But you're so very picturesque
You're so very cold
Tastes like roses on your breath
But graveyards on your soul

I'm hurting, I'm wanting
I'm aching for another go
You're squirming wet, baby
Nothin' bad comin' very slow
And it's burnin' holes in me

You're so very picturesque
You're so very cold
It tastes like roses on your breath
But graveyards on your soul... whoa-oh

One spastic explosion
Two pressure-cookers go insane
It makes me act crazy
I shiver but I love this game

You're so very ordinary
You're so very lame
Tastes like whiskey on your lips
And earthworms rule your brain