

## 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 before  
I 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 me  
I'm dying hard trying  
Baby, baby, for the rest of my life  
I'm trying hard dying

Maybe, maybe he's trying to be my life  
I'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 want to be free