

# Chop, Chop, Chop

Alice Cooper

Some people call me the Creeper  
'Cuz they don't know my name or face  
I got 'em running in circles  
Because a homicidal genius never leaves a trace  
I'm a lonely hunter  
City full of game  
Walkin' in the neon lights

Chop, chop, chop, engine of destruction  
Chop, chop, chop, a perfect killing machine  
Chop, chop, chop, it's symbiotic function  
Chop, chop, chop, I keep the city so clean  
Chop, chop, chop

Some people call me the Ripper  
Stole my motus operandi from the movie screen  
she's just a celluloid stripper  
Just another bloody player in my splatter-filled dream  
Women on the streets  
Want money when we meet  
I take them for a little ride

Chop, chop, chop, engine of destruction  
Chop, chop, chop, a perfect killing machine  
Chop, chop, chop, it's symbiotic function  
Chop, chop, chop, I keep the city so clean  
Chop, chop, chop

She was standing on the corner  
With her bright red lips  
Her face was so white and pale (so pale)  
She had a black leather skirt  
That was tight to her hips  
And an anklette with a name  
It spelled M A R Y..... Gail  
Gail  
Gail