

Crazy Little Child

Alice Cooper

Crazy little child
Never got to see
All the pretty things in life
Had him put away
Nothing they could say
Could ever make the pieces fit

Aw well, Daddy-o was rich
Mama was a bitch
Living wasn't easy in between
Behind his silent scream
Jackson in his teens
Was planning his escape

He was a crazy little child
New Orleans Alley playground
Grimy faced
He watched the hookers cry
Winos were his friends
And when he talked to them
They said, "Jackson, boy, they'll get you by and by"

Depression settin' in
Desp'rate, cool and quick
Jackson learned the ropes out on the street
Little candy stores
Just pickin' locks and doors
Was practice for a two bit petty thief

So Jackson went to Ritz
And ev'ryone was hip
Ritz ran all the rackets there in town
If you need another boy
A trigger or a blade
Well, I'm the slickest cat around

Yeah, Ritz gave him the eye
Once over, then he smiled
"Yeah, I've got something here in mind
If you meet me here at two
I think you'll like the view
Of that long green when you crack that safe tonight"

He was a crazy little child
New Orleans Alley playground
And grimy faced
He watched the hookers cry, whoo
Winos were his friends
And when he talked to them
They said, "Jackson, boy, they'll get you by and by," that's right

Well, I'll wait for you outside
And I'll be your ears and your eyes
And boy, you just slip in there and bring out all that loot
But Ritz was taken by surprise
Couple of unspectin' guys
And they left poor Jackson inside

Questions there were few
In fact there were none
When those Sheriff's bullets start to fly
Lay dying on the floor
With a smokin' forty four
He said, "I must admit the winos were right"

Crazy little child
Never got to see
All the pretty things in life
We buried him today
Nothing we could say
Could ever make the pieces fit

Yeah, I must admit the winos were right
Oh, I must admit the winos were right
Yes, his last words were
I must admit the winos we-ere ri-ight