

Dance Yourself to Death

Alice Cooper

My liberated parents
They are going out tonight
They read the hippest magazines
They've loosened their uptights
Dad's wearing real tight Levis
And some Gucci Tennis shoes
He's got a T-shirt custom made for him
Saying "Give me pot not booze"

I get a kiss good-bye
I get all numb and high
From all the smoke left on their breath
I smile and wish them well
Then I pray like hell
They go and dance themselves to death

Mom's hair's all green and dirty
She wears a high tech Devo Suit
She changed her name to Xerox
She hides Quaaludes in her boots
Oh, me, I'm all real embarrassed
When I hear the things they do
They kinda compromise my social position
And my cool-ativity is suffering too

I get a kiss good-bye
I get all numb and high
From all the smoke left on their breath
I smile and wish them well
Then I pray like hell
They go and dance themselves to death

Ahh dance, real hard

I get a kiss good-bye
I get all numb and high
From all the smoke left on their breath
I smile and wish them well
Then I pray like hell
They go and dance themselves to death

Come on momma
Come on daddy
Come on skinny
Come on fatty
Shake it Martha
Shake it Larry
Shake it Mr. Coronary
You gotta dance dance
Come on and dance dance
Dance til you're outta breath