

## Former Lee Warmer

Alice Cooper

In an upstairs room, under lock and key  
It's my brother, Former Lee  
All the mops and brooms keep him company  
Misconceived of the family

Former Lee Warmer pulls up the covers to hide in his wrinkled bed  
No dreams go in, no dreams go out of the hole in his wrinkled head

Former Lee Warmer  
When I hear him play in his twisted key  
That's the way he calls to me  
On a silver tray, I keep the master key  
In every way, he depends on me

Former Lee Warmer; an old smoking jacket, holes in his satin sleeves  
Candle-lit puddles, arthritic fingers, yellow stained ivory keys

In an upstairs room, under lock and key  
It's my brother, Former Lee  
And after all these years, I've never heard him speak  
I wonder what he thinks of me

Former Lee Warmer peeks out the window  
When he feels really brave  
Former Lee Warmer waves at his father  
Out in the family grave

He's flesh and blood to me  
I love him brotherly  
But, I don't want to be Former Lee