

# Gail

Alice Cooper

A tree has grown on the spot  
Where her body did rest  
Blood seeped in the soil  
From the knife in her chest

The bugs serve time in her skeletal jail  
I wonder how the bugs remember Gail

Oh, what a lovely young girl  
Everybody would say  
You can still hear her laugh  
In the shadows on a cold winter day

A dog dug up a bone and wagged his tail  
I wonder how the dog.. remembers Gail

The bugs serve time in her skeletal jail  
I wonder how that I'll remember Gail