

## Jackknife Johnny

Alice Cooper

From his army confessions of his military days  
You still carry the shrapnel; you're shell-shocked and dazed  
Dear Johnny, have you lost your way?  
Or like denim and leather, are you faded and frayed?

Institute lackies with hot bourbon breath  
White coats and needles, Johnny, like to scare you to death  
Dear Johnny, do you feel your best  
When you're strung out at night on your morphine and meth?

Jackknife Johnny, you're a floor moppin' flunkie  
Tool of a dagger's drawn world  
Jackknife Johnny, them old vets gotta hate you  
For bringing home that V.C. girl  
Jackknife Johnny, welcome to our world

From the tone deaf hearing of the draft board game  
You were washing cars down in Dallas when the holocaust came  
Dear Johnny, your excuse was lame  
All your friends sleep in boxes while you sleep in chains

Jackknife Johnny, you're a bad jungle monkey  
Tool of a dagger's drawn world  
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