

# Lock Me Up

Alice Cooper

Alice Cooper  
You have been accused of mass mental cruelty  
How do you plead?  
Guilty!

Don't want to be clean  
Don't want to be nice  
The whip's gonna crack  
My leather is black and so are my eyes  
I'm gonna be rough  
I'm gonna be mean  
I'm here 'til the end, my sick little friend  
I'm back in your dreams  
You can take my head and cut it off  
But you ain't gonna change my mind

If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh

Cover your eyes or cover your head  
You'll never know what hit you til you're covered in red  
Screaming bloody murder 'til the barricades bend  
Sweatin' in the fog til the end

It's gotta be loud  
I want it to roar  
I want it to blow everyone at the show off of the floor  
I'm in for the kill  
I'm back with a rage  
I want them to write in the paper each night how I bloodied the stage

Oh, If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, lock me up or shut up  
No no no no, no...

Cover your eyes or cover your head  
You'll never know what hit you 'til you're covered in red  
Screaming bloody murder 'til the barricades bend  
Sweatin' in the lights 'til the end

If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh - I want to be hot  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh - I want to be cool  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh - I want to be sick  
If you don't like it you can lock me up  
Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh - ah, real sick