

Swing Low, Sweet Cheerio

Alice Cooper

Forget, remember nothing flees
The force came from the flame
I pass along the path inside
My light shinning always

We'll get there first, a name cried out
And looked back on the way
Recall falling down, a lot of time was spent that way

But this story staring me had already begun
'Cause I had some vision in my sight
On the journey to be one

Help me, help, please, help me, please
The screaming starts again
The trick, I find something hid
You look, you find, I win

While working, while the play was on
The play was alright then
Think thoughts, big thoughts
Take off and go home, back next week again

Right then, my story ended
And a new one had begun
'Cause I had some vision in my sight
On the journey to be one