

# Wind-Up Toy

Alice Cooper

Voices come from down the hall  
In my room all painted white  
I have my bat and rubber ball  
I like to sleep with them at night

But now I'm all smiles  
The good little shots must be winning  
Yes, they crank my dial  
My motor is stalled but my wheels are still spinning

Daddy won't discuss me  
What a state I must be  
Mommy couldn't stand living with a wind-up toy

All my friends live on the floor  
Tiny legs and tiny eyes  
They're free to crawl under the door  
And, and someday soon so will I

But now I'm all smiles  
These good little shots must be working  
I'm so happy now  
Look, my fingers don't shake and my head isn't jerking

Daddy won't discuss me  
What a pain I must be  
Mommy couldn't stand having such a wound-up boy

Doctors want to check me  
Poke me and dissect me  
What do they expect?  
Feelings from a wound-up toy?  
I don't think so  
I'm just a wound-up toy  
I'm just a wind-up toy

I'm lost in a nightmare  
Shiny white halls  
Drawing rats on the wall  
Solitary confinement  
Chained in a cell  
Got my own private Hell

Preacher crucifies me  
Warden wants to fry me  
I was never young  
Never just a little boy

Daddy won't discuss me  
What a pain I must be  
Mama couldn't stand having such a wound-up boy  
I'm just a wind-up toy  
I'm a wind-up toy  
I'm just a wind-up toy  
I'm just a wind-up toy