Former Lee Warmer

Alice Cooper

In an upstairs room, under lock and key
It's my brother, Former Lee
All the mops and brooms keep him company
Misconceived of the family

Former Lee Warmer pulls up the covers to hide in his wrinkled b
ed
No dreams go in, no dreams go out of the hole in his wrinkled h
ead

Former Lee Warmer
When I hear him play in his twisted key
That's the way he calls to me
On a silver tray, I keep the master key
In every way, he depends on me

Former Lee Warmer; an old smoking jacket, holes in his satin sl
eeves
Candle-
lit puddles, arthritic fingers, yellow stained ivory keys

In an upstairs room, under lock and key
It's my brother, Former Lee
And after all these years, I've never heard him speak
I wonder what he thinks of me

Former Lee Warmer peeks out the window
When he feels really brave
Former Lee Warmer waves at his father
Out in the family grave

He's flesh and blood to me
I love him brotherly
But, I don't want to be Former Lee

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