

Lock Me Up

Alice Cooper

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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