

Alice Cooper "Changing, Arranging"

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I'm changing, arranging
Things I never thought I'd move before
I'm changing, arranging
To your personality I asked for it before

I need a soul who'll never say what I feel
Just fearing that I will accept the ideal
I look up high and I swear all I see
It's a carbon copy image of me
I'm dying hard trying
Baby, baby, for the rest of my life
I'm trying and I'm dying
Maybe, maybe he's trying to be my life

I've got a never ending battle inside
Just trying to rectify my personal pride
I swear I don't know what it's got over me
But I know it doesn't wanna be free

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