

## **Alice Cooper** **"Inmates"**

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It's not like we did something wrong  
We just burned down the church  
While the choir within sang religious songs  
And it's not like we thought we was right  
We just played with the wheels of a passenger train  
That cracked on the tracks one night

It's not like we ain't on the ball  
We just talk to our shrinks  
Huh they talk to their shrinks  
No wonder we're up the wall  
We're not stupid or dumb  
We're the lunatic fringe who rusted the hinge  
On Uncle Sam's daughters and sons

Good old boys and girls  
Congregating waiting in another world  
With roller coaster brains  
Imagine playing with trains

Good old boys and girls  
Congregating waiting in some other world  
We're all crazy we're all crazy we're all crazy  
Lizzy Borden took an axe and gave her mother forty  
whacks

And don't think we're trying to be bad

All the innocent crime seemed alright at the time  
Not necessarily mad not necessarily mad  
We watch every day for the bus  
And the driver would say  
"That's where lunatics stay"  
I wonder if he's talking about us

It's not like we're vicious or gone  
We just dug up the graves where your relatives lay  
In old forest lawn  
And it's not like we don't know the score  
We're the fragile elite they dragged off the street  
I guess they just couldn't take us no more

Good old boys and girls  
Congregating waiting in another world  
With roller coaster brains  
Imagine digging up graves

Good old boys and girls  
Congregating waiting in some other world  
We're all crazy we're all crazy we're all crazy we're all  
crazy  
We're all crazy we're all crazy we're all crazy we're all  
crazy  
We're all crazy

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