

## Alice Cooper "Sick Things"

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Sick things in cars  
Rotate 'round my stars  
Sick things, my things  
My pets, my things

I love you things I see  
As much as you love me  
You things are heavenly  
When you come worship me

You things are chilled with fright  
For I am out tonight  
You fill me with delight  
You whet my appetite

I eat my things  
What love it brings?  
Come here, my things  
And don't fear my little things

I love you things I see  
As much as you love me  
You things are heavenly  
When you come worship me

You things are thrilled with fright  
For I am out tonight  
You things are paradise  
You whet my appetite

Sick things in cartridge  
Tapes my stars  
Sick things, pretty things  
Play things, my things

I love the things I see  
As much as they love me  
You things are heavenly  
When you come worship me

You things are chilled with fright  
For I am out tonight

You things are paradise  
You whet my appetite

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