

# Alice Cooper

## "Tag, You're It"

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Let's assume  
That he's the groom  
And he's been waiting  
To consummate all night  
And you're the bride  
You're locked tight  
Inside the bathroom  
And you're overcome with fright

Now here's the chiller  
He's the killer  
You've discovered  
You're trapped, alone, you're scared  
We cut to you, we move in close  
You're catatonic  
You get a close up there

And in this shot  
Here's what we got  
He breaks the door down  
And tears your nightgown lace  
You see a can, it's aerosol  
You grab the hair spray  
And light it in his face

There's a very hungry man in the cellar  
Oh, waiting  
Or is he in the attic closet  
Waiting

Debbie? I like this game. Debbie?  
Debbie? Debbie? Debbie?

He blindly grabs you  
Tries to stab you  
But you're quicker  
You over act right here  
You see a cat, a ball of yarn

A knitting needle  
His vision's still not clear  
He's stumbling 'round

Don't make a sound  
And then he grabs you  
"Hide and seek, my dear?"  
He shifts his glance  
You see your chance  
You grab the needle and you  
You plunge it in his ear

There's a very hungry man in the cellar  
Oh, waiting  
Or is he in the attic closet  
Waiting

There's a very hungry man in the cellar  
Oh, waiting  
Or is he in the attic closet  
Waiting

And just like the scene  
In "Halloween"  
You think it's all over  
And you're gazing into space  
But you got to make sure  
You hear something, you start to turn  
And you're standing there frozen  
Staring him face to face  
And he looks at you and says  
"Tag, you're it, Sweetie  
Bye, Debbie. Debbie, Debbie, Debbie.  
Goodbye, Debbie..."

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