

Alice Cooper

"Teenage Frankenstein"

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I'm the kid on the block
With my head made of rock
And I ain't got nobody
I'm the state of the art
Got a brain a la carte
I make the babies cry

I ain't one of the crowd
I ain't one of the guys
They just avoid me
They run and they hide
Are my colors too bright?
Are my eyes set too wide?

I spend my whole life
Burning, turning

I'm a teenage Frankenstein
The local freak with the twisted mind
I'm a teenage Frankenstein
These ain't my hands
And these legs ain't mine

Got a synthetic face
Got some scars and a brace
My hands are rough and bloody
I walk into the night
Women faint at the sight
I ain't no cutie-pie

I can't walk in the day
I must walk in the night
Stay in the shadows
Stay out of the light
Are my shoulders too wide?
Is my head screwed on tight?

I spend my whole life
Burning, turning

I'm a teenage Frankenstein
The local freak with the twisted mind

I'm a teenage Frankenstein
These ain't my arms
And these legs ain't mine, no

I ain't one of the crowd
I ain't one of the guys
They just avoid me
They run and they hide
Are my colors too bright?
Are my eyes set too wide?

I spend my whole life
Burning, turning

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