

Alice Cooper "Teenage Lament '74"

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What a drag it is
These gold lame' jeans
Is this the coolest way
To get though your teens
Well, I cut my hair weird
I read that it was in
I looked like a rooster
That was drowned and raised again

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna leave today

I ran into my room
And I fell down on my knees
Well, I thought that fifteen
Was gonna be a breeze
I picked up my guitar
To blast way the clouds
But somebody in the next room yelled
"You gotta turn that damn thing down"

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna cry all day

And I know trouble is brewing out there
But I can hardly care
They fight all night about his private secretary
Lipstick stain, blonde hair, oh, oh, oh

What are you gonna do

Tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you run away
I'm gonna leave today

But even
I don't know
What I'm gonna do

Don't know what I'm gonna do
No

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you run away
I'm gonna leave today

What are you gonna do
I'll tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get away
Well, I'd rather cry all day

What are you gonna do
What are you
Gonna do
What are you gonna do
Gonna do
Gonna do

What are you gonna do
Gonna do
Gonna do
What are you gonna do
Gonna do
Gonna do

What are you gonna do
Gonna do
Gonna do
What are you gonna do
Gonna do
Gonna do

What are you gonna do
Gonna do
Gonna do
(Alice, Alice, Alice, Alice)
What are you gonna do
Gonna do
Gonna do

What are you gonna do
What are you gonna do

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