

Alice Cooper "Teenage Lament '75"

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What a drag it is, these gold lame' jeans
Is this the coolest way to get through 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
I'm gonna get away
I'm gonna leave today

Well, 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 away the clouds
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
I got to get away
I'm gonna leave today

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

What are you gonna do?
Tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get 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

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

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

What are you gonna do?
Gonna do, gonna do
Uh, I don't know

What are you gonna do?
Gonna do, gonna do
I might go right down to Cabo

What are you gonna do?
Gonna do, gonna do
I, I, I don't know
What are you gonna do?
Gonna do, gonna do
I might take myself to Cabo

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