

Alice Cooper

"Trash"

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It ain't the way you crawl across the Cathouse floor
It ain't the way you curse me when you slam the
bedroom door
It ain't the way you sweat me for a handful of easy cash
It's just the way you love me when you turn to trash,
trash, yeah

It's not the way you dress when you socialize, oh, those
eyes
It ain't the diamond rock or that Rolls you drive
Oh, you can walk the streets with all your uptown flash,
such flash
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trash, oh,
you're such trash

I love the way you look, you're such high class tramp
It's not the way you touch me when you, ooh, yeah
You're daddy's dream, you're a peach in cream and
you're ripe at last
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trash, trash,
yeah, yow, trash

Come on, Momma
Let me climb on board

I love the way you look, you're such high class tramp, I
love the tramp
It's not the way you touch me when you, you make me
understand
You're daddy's dream, you're a peach in cream and
you're finally ripe at last
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trash

You know you're mad at who, you know you're mad and
wild
Come on down here with that Penthouse smile
Baby, you ain't down 'long as you can get
To be driven hard and put away wet

Oh, what you want, what you want, what you want, I got
it
Oh, what you want, what you want, what you want, I got

it

Hey baby, what's your name?

Aah, she's trash

Aha

Street trash

How low can you go?

Low

My low was like a lollipop

Would you lick it?

I think you can get to the chewing dinner

Oh yeah

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