

# Alice Cooper, Blue Turk

Blue hot  
I'm lazy  
You know it  
I'm ready for the second show  
Amazing  
Thing growing  
Just waitin for the juice to flow

But you're so very picturesque  
You're so very cold  
Tastes like roses on your breath  
But graveyards on your soul

I'm hurting  
I'm wanting  
I'm aching for another go  
You're squirming wet, baby  
Nothing bad comin' very slow  
And it's burning holes in me

You're so very picturesque  
You're so very cold  
It tastes like roses on your breath  
But graveyards on your soul

Whoa...  
Mmmm

One spastic explosion  
Two pressure cookers go insane  
It makes me act crazy  
I shiver, but I love this game

You're so very ordinary  
You're so very lame  
Tastes like whiskey on your lips  
And earthworms rule your brain