

Alice Cooper, Chop, Chop, Chop

Some people call me the Creeper
'Cause they don't know my name or face
I got 'em running in circles
Because a homicidal genius never leaves a trace
I'm a lonely hunter
City full of game
Walkin' in the neon lights
Chop, chop, chop, engine of destruction
Chop, chop, chop, a perfect killing machine
Chop, chop, chop, it's a symbiotic function
Chop, chop, chop, I keep the city so clean
Chop, chop, chop
Some people call me the Ripper
Stole my modus operandi from the movie screen
She's just a celluloid stripper
Just another bloody player in my splatter-filled dream
Women on the streets
Want money when we meet
I take them for a little ride
Chop, chop, chop, I'm an engine of destruction
Chop, chop, chop, a perfect killing machine
Chop, chop, chop, it's symbiotic function
Chop, chop, chop, I keep the city so clean
Chop, chop, chop
She was standing on the corner
With her bright red lips
Her face was so white and pale, so pale
She had a black leather skirt
That was tight to her hips
And an anklet with a name
It spelled M A R Y Gail
Gail, Gail, Gail