

# Alice Cooper, Gail

A tree has grown on the spot  
Where her body did rest  
Blood seeped in the soil  
From the knife in her chest  
The bugs serve time in her skeletal jail  
I wonder how the bugs remember Gail  
What a lovely young girl  
Everybody would say  
You can still hear her laugh  
In the shadows on a cold winter's day  
A dog dug up a bone and wagged it's tail  
I wonder how that I'll remember Gail  
The bugs serve time in her skeletal jail  
I wonder how the bugs remember Gail