

# Alice Cooper, Public Animal Number 9

Me and G.B.  
We ain't never gonna confess  
We cheated at the math test  
We carved some dirty words in our desk  
Well now it's time for recess  
Old man waitin by the monkey bars  
Tradin all his ball cards  
And they promised him a gold star  
And they told him he could go far

Hey Mr. Bluelegs  
Where are you takin me?  
I'm like a lifer  
In the state penitentiary  
If I keep my nose clean  
I won't get my eyes shined  
But I'm proud to be  
Public Animal Number Nine

License plates are runnin  
Out of my ears  
I'd give a month of cigarettes  
For just a couple of lousy beers  
Or even a bottle of  
Real cheap wi-hine  
But that's the price you pay to be  
Public Animal Number Nine, Number Nine

Hey Mrs. Cranston  
Where are you takin me?  
I feel like a lifer  
In the state penitentiary  
She wanted an Einstein  
But she got a Frankenstein  
Yeah, I'm proud to be  
Public Animal Number Niiiiirrrrgh

Public Animal Number Nine  
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