

Alice Cooper, Tag, You're It

Let's assume
That he's the groom
And he's been waiting
To consummate all night
And you're the bride
You're locked tight
Inside the bathroom
And you're overcome with freight

Now here's the chiller
He's the killer
You've discovered
You're trapped, alone, you're scared
We cut to you, we move in close
You're catatonic
You get a close up there

And in this shot
Here's what we got
He breaks the door down
And tears your nightgown lace
You see a can, it's aerosol
You grab the hair spray
And light it in his face

There's a very hungry man in the cellar
Oh, waiting
Or is he in the attic closet
Waiting

Debbie? I like this game. Debbie?
Debbie? Debbie? Debbie?

He blindly grabs you
Tries to stab you
But you're quicker
You over act right here
You see a cat, a ball of yarn
A knitting needle
His vision's still not clear
He's stumbling 'round
Don't make a sound
And then he grabs you
"Hide and seek, my dear?"
He shifts his glance
You see your chance
You grab the needle and you
You plunge it in his ear

There's a very hungry man in the cellar
Oh, waiting
Or is he in the attic closet
Waiting

There's a very hungry man in the cellar
Oh, waiting
Or is he in the attic closet
Waiting

And just like the scene
In 'Halloween'
You think it's all over
And you're gazing into space
But you got to make sure

You hear something, you start to turn
And you're standing there frozen
Staring him face to face
And he looks at you and says
"Tag, you're it, Sweetie
Bye, Debbie
Debbie, Debbie, Debbie
Goodbye, Debbie..."