

Alice Cooper, Changing Arranging

Im changing, arranging
Things I never thought Id move before
Im changing, arranging
To your personality I asked for it before
I need a soul who never say what I feel
Just fearing that I will accept the ideal
I lick the pie and I sweat all I see
Its a carbon copy image of me
Im dying had trying
Baby, baby, for the rest of my life
Im trying had dying
Maybe, maybe hes trying to be my life
Ive got a never ending battle inside
Just trying to rectify my personal pride
I swear I dont know what its got over me
But I know it doesnt want to be free