

# Alice Cooper, Chop Chop Chop

Some people call me the creeper  
Cuz they dont know my name or face  
I got em running in circles  
Because a homicidal genius never leaves a trace  
Im 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 - its 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  
Shes 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 - Im an engine of destruction  
Chop, chop, chop - a perfect killing machine  
Chop, chop, chop - its a 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 so tight to her hips  
And an anklet with a name