Alice Cooper, Crazy Little Child

Crazy little child Never got to see All the pretty things in life Ahd him put away And nothing they could say Could ever make the pieces fit

Oh well, daddy-o was rich Mama was a bitch Living wasn't easy in between Behind the silent screen Jackson in his teens Was planning his escape

He was a crazy little child He rooled inside the playground And grimy faced He watched the others cry Winos were his friends And when he talked to them They said, "Jackson, boy They'll get you by and by"

Depression set in
Desperate, cool and quick
Jackson learned the ropes
Out on the street
Little candy stores
Just pickin' locks and doors
Just practice
For a two bit future thief

So Jackson went to Ritz And everyone was hip Ritz ran all the rackers There in town