

# Alice Cooper, Disgraceland

I wanna tell you a story  
It happened long ago  
About a redneck boy  
Down from tupelo  
I got the slick black hair  
I played a rock guitar  
I liked to shake my hips, man  
Then i went too far

He ate his weight in country ham,  
Killed on pills and woke in disgraceland  
Dis-Grace-Land  
Dis-Grace-Land  
Dis-Grace-Land

I had a lot of girls  
I had a lot of guns  
When they found me dead  
The whole world was stunned  
Went to the pearly gates  
Said, "I'm the hippest thing"  
And Peter said "Well son,  
We already got ourselves a king"

He lived on southern deep-fried spam,  
Killed on pills and woke in disgraceland  
Dis-Grace-Land  
Dis-Grace-Land  
Dis-Grace-Land

He finished his short life,  
Sweaty and bloated and stoned  
(A-Hey-Hey)  
He ruled his domain and he died on the throne  
No "Yes-Men", no colonel, he went...  
...all alone...

(Hey, man, that looks like me down there on the floor)

I heard the devil cry  
Real loud and clear  
"You were the big man, there  
You're just a sideman here  
Well, I know your face  
And I've heard your name  
Looks like heaven's loss  
Is gonna be my gain"  
(I've got plans for you, man)

He ate his weight in country ham  
Killed on pills and woke in disgraceland  
Dis-Grace-Land  
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Dis-Grace-Land  
Dis-Grace-Land  
Dis-Grace-Land

Well, I woke up, right here  
In dis-grace-land

Thank ya. Thank ya very much