

# Alice Cooper, It's The Little Things

You can burn my house  
You can cut my hair  
You can make me wrestle naked  
With a grizzly bear

You can poison my cat  
Baby I don't care  
But if you talk in the movies  
I'll kill you right there

It's the little things  
It's just the little things  
Aw it's the little things  
It's just the little things  
Yeah it's the little things  
That drive me wild

I'm like a mad dog  
I'm on a short leash  
I'm on a tight rope  
Hanging by a thread

I'm on some thin ice  
You push me too far  
Welcome to my nightmare  
No more Mr. Nice Guy

You can steal my car  
And drive it into the lake  
You can stick me in the oven  
And put it on bake

You could throw a big brick  
Through my window pane  
But if I ever hear you ask me  
How I got my name

It's the little things  
It's just the little things  
Aw it's the little things  
It's just the little things  
Yeah it's the little things  
That drive me wild

I'm like a mad dog  
I'm on a short leash  
I'm on a tight rope  
Hanging by a thread

I'm on some thin ice  
You push me too far  
Welcome to my nightmare  
No more Mr. Nice Guy

I've done it all  
I mean I been everywhere  
I've been beaten  
I been stabbed  
I been hung  
I been burried alive  
And I can deal with that  
But its the little things

It's the little things

It's just the little things  
Yeah it's the little things  
Just the little things  
Aw just the little things  
That drive me wild

I'm like a mad dog  
I'm on a short leash  
I'm on a tight rope  
Hanging by a thread

I'm on some thin ice  
You push me too far  
I'm just a psycho  
Pathic psycho pathic

I'm like a mad dog  
I'm on a short leash  
I'm on a tight rope  
Hanging by a thread

I'm on some thin ice  
You push me too far  
Welcome to my nightmare  
No more Mr. Nice Guy

It's the little things  
Aw it's the little things  
It's just the little things