

Alice Cooper, Pessimystic

Don't need a crystal ball
For me to see clearly
No astrology or Tarot cards
Watching CNN
And holding my breath
To face the day
Scares me to death

I'm pessimystic
I'm so fatalistic
I'm pessimystic
I don't believe a thing
I'm pessimystic
I'm so nihilistic
I'm pessimystic
For what tomorrow brings

I can't hear a word you say
So shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up
I like being sick this way
So shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up

Everybody's mind is badly infected
Everybody feeds the parasite
Everything is dark so why not accept it?
Everything is far more black than white

I'm pessimystic
I'm so fatalistic
I'm pessimystic
I don't believe a thing
I'm pessimystic
I'm so pissed-off-istic
I'm pessimystic
Of what tomorrow brings

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Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up
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