

Alice Cooper, Return Of The Spiders

Well, stop.. look, and listen
There are ants that are gathered here
With my hands raised to speak
But you all won't hear
No, you all won't hear
We all won't hear
Let me in your living door
Let me in, knock knock I said, is there
Well, it's me they're reaching in
And I'm coming after you
I'm coming after you
Coming after you

Well, I'm tired - yes I'm weary from my long journey
But I'm not yet all ready to rest
For you can come along with me
We go searching for rest, yes
Come on and search with me
Oh, search with me
Woah, search with me
Come on and search with me
Wo-woah, come on and search with me

Come on and search with me...

(Right, you wanna hear play-back? Yeah. Alright.)