

Alice Cooper, Teenage Frankenstein

I'm the kid on the block
With my head made of rock
And I ain't got nobody
I'm the state of the art
Got a brain a la carte
I make the babies cry
I ain't one of the crowd
I ain't one of the guys
They just avoid me
They run and they hide
Are my colours too bright
Are my eyes set too wide
I spend my whole life
Burning, turning
I'm a teenage Frankenstein
The local freak with the twisted mind
I'm a teenage Frankenstein
These ain't my hands
And these legs ain't mine
Got a synthetic face
Got some scars and a brace
My hands are rough and bloody
I walk into the night
Women faint at the sight
I ain't no cutie-pie
I can't walk in the day
I must walk in the night
Stay in the shadows
Stay out of the light
Are my shoulders too wide
Is my head screwed on tight
I spend my whole life
Burning, turning
I'm a teenage Frankenstein
The local freak with the twisted mind
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These ain't my hands
And these legs ain't mine