

# Alice Cooper, Trash

It ain't the way you crawl across the Cathouse floor  
It ain't the way you curse me when you slam the bedroom door  
It ain't the way you sweat me for a handful of easy cash  
It's just the way you love me when you turn to trash  
Trash  
It's not the way you dress when you socialize, oh those eyes  
It ain't the diamond rock or that Rolls you drive  
You can walk the streets with all your uptown flash  
But when you hit the sheets you just turn trash  
You're such trash  
I love the way you look  
You're such high class tramp  
It's not the way you touch me when you...  
You're daddy's dream, you're a peach in cream  
And you're finally ripe at last  
But when you hit the sheets you just turn to trash  
Trash