

# Alice Cooper, Vicious Rumours

You feel the knife stuck in your back  
You feel it twist and you hear it crack  
Can't make a sound for the sudden pain  
You wish your blood were Novocaine

You see the smoke and you feel the flak  
You're burning up and you're turning black  
They say you fell and you hit your head  
Your other bun is Whitenbread

Vicious rumours, paranoiac fears  
Sonic boomers ringing in your ears  
All of this is getting normal now  
You'll never go back to your farming plough  
Vicious rumours

You're right at home back at William's flat  
You heard a sound you turned and shot your cat  
Your hands are shaking, everybody sees  
And there's a rhythm drumming in your knees

You return into a foreign night  
Inside you know something is just not right  
Sometimes you duck when you see your pet  
Canary turned into a Sabre jet

Shocked consumer...you're just an average guy  
Swelling tumor pushing on your eye  
And now you know why all the headaches come  
And why you're getting progressively numb  
Vicious rumours

I've been denied, debriefed, detuned  
Sometimes I howl right at the moon  
My family treats me gradually  
They know my volatility

Vicious rumours, paranoiac fears  
Sonic boomers ringing in your ears  
And now I know why all the headaches come  
And why you're getting progressively numb  
Vicious rumours

Vicious rumours [8x]

Who do you think we are [5x]  
We don't care [2x]