

Changing Arranging

Alice Cooper

I'm changing, arranging
Things I never thought I'd move before
I'm changing, arranging

To your personality I asked for it before
I need a soul who'll never say what I feel
Just fearing that I will accept the ideal
I look up high and I swear all I see

It's a carbon copy image of me
I'm dying hard trying
Baby, baby, for the rest of my life
I'm trying hard dying

Maybe, maybe he's trying to be my life
I've got a never ending battle inside
Just trying to rectify my personal pride
I swear I don't know what it's got over me
But I know it doesn't want to be free