

# It's the Little Things

Alice Cooper

You can burn my house, You can cut my hair  
You can make me wrestle naked with a grizzly bear  
You can poison my cat, Baby I don't care  
But if you talk in the movies I'll kill you right there

It's the little things  
It's just the little things  
Aw it's the little things  
It's just the little things  
Yeah it's the little things  
That drive me wild

I'm like a mad dog  
I'm on a short leash  
I'm on a tight rope hanging by a thread  
I'm on some thin ice  
You push me too far  
Welcome to my nightmare  
No more Mr. Nice Guy

You can steal my car aAnd drive it into the lake  
You can stick me in the oven and put it on bake  
You could throw a big brick through my window pane  
But if I ever hear you ask me how I got my name

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I've done it all  
I mean I been everywhere  
I've been beaten  
I been stabbed  
I been hung  
I been burried alive  
And I can deal with that  
But its the little things

It's the little things  
It's just the little things  
Yeah it's the little things  
Just the little things  
Aw it's the little things  
That drive me wild

I'm like a mad dog

I'm on a short leash  
I'm on a tight rope hanging by a thread  
I'm on some thin ice  
You push me too far  
I'm just a psycho  
Pathic psycho pathic

I'm like a mad dog  
I'm on a short leash  
I'm on a tight rope hanging by a thread  
I'm on some thin ice  
You push me too far  
Welcome to my nightmare  
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