

Wind-Up Toy

Alice Cooper

Voices come from down the hall
In my room all painted white
I have my bat and rubber ball
I like to sleep with them at night

But now I'm all smiles
The good little shots must be winning
Yes, they crank my dial
My motor is stalled but my wheels are still spinning

Daddy won't discuss me
What a state I must be
Mommy couldn't stand living with a wind-up toy

All my friends live on the floor
Tiny legs and tiny eyes
They're free to crawl under the door
And, and someday soon so will I

But now I'm all smiles
These good little shots must be working
I'm so happy now
Look, my fingers don't shake and my head isn't jerking

Daddy won't discuss me
What a pain I must be
Mommy couldn't stand having such a wound-up boy

Doctors want to check me
Poke me and dissect me
What do they expect?
Feelings from a wound-up toy?
I don't think so
I'm just a wound-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy

I'm lost in a nightmare
Shiny white halls
Drawing rats on the wall
Solitary confinement
Chained in a cell
Got my own private Hell

Preacher crucifies me
Warden wants to fry me
I was never young
Never just a little boy

Daddy won't discuss me
What a pain I must be
Mama couldn't stand having such a wound-up boy
I'm just a wind-up toy
I'm a wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy
I'm just a wind-up toy