

Chop, Chop, Chop

Alice Cooper

Some people call me the Creeper
'Cuz they don't know my name or face
I got 'em running in circles
Because a homicidal genius never leaves a trace
I'm a lonely hunter
City full of game
Walkin' in the neon lights

Chop, chop, chop, engine of destruction
Chop, chop, chop, a perfect killing machine
Chop, chop, chop, it's symbiotic function
Chop, chop, chop, I keep the city so clean
Chop, chop, chop

Some people call me the Ripper
Stole my motus operandi from the movie screen
she's just a celluloid stripper
Just another bloody player in my splatter-filled dream
Women on the streets
Want money when we meet
I take them for a little ride

Chop, chop, chop, engine of destruction
Chop, chop, chop, a perfect killing machine
Chop, chop, chop, it's symbiotic function
Chop, chop, chop, I keep the city so clean
Chop, chop, chop

She was standing on the corner
With her bright red lips
Her face was so white and pale (so pale)
She had a black leather skirt
That was tight to her hips
And an anklette with a name
It spelled M A R Y..... Gail
Gail
Gail