

Road Rats

Alice Cooper

We work this band 'cause they make it rock
But we're the guys that make it roll
We move the drums, and amps, and junk
Road rats: we're a pack
And the road's our home

On the road half my young man's life
I spend a lot of time
Ain't got no bread to show for it

Road rats
All the cash spent on whites and wine

We're the men behind the man
We're the backbone muscle clan
We do a thousand one night stands
If the stars can make it
If the band can shake it
Well, if those guys can take it
We can
Yeah

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