ELECTED!

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL, BRUCE, GLEN BUXTON,
DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH

Moderate Four Hard Rock

1. I'm top ground cut of meat,
   I'm your choice; I'm gonna be elected.
   I need to do the dandy in a gold Rolls Royce;
   I'm gonna be elected.
just wanna save ya and don't need a fake:

I wanna be elected.

We're gonna rot to rules they have made:

You and me together, the young and strong:

We're gonna be elected.

I wanna be elected.
never lied to ya, I've always been cool; I wanna be elected.

I helped ya get the vote, and I told ya 'bout schools.

I wanna be elected, elected.
BILLION DOLLAR BABIES

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE
R. REGGIE

Moderately Fast

[Music notation]

Cm

Ab

Billion dollar baby

Rubber little lady, slicker than a weasel, grimy as an alley

got you in the dime store; No other little girl could ever hold you any tighter,
loves me as no other lover.
any tighter than me, baby.

Billion dollar baby
Rubber little monster,
Reckless like a gambler,

baby, I adore you, man or woman livin' couldn't love me like you, baby.
million dollar maybe, foaming like a dog that's been infected by the rabies.
We go dancing nightly in the attic, while the moon is rising in the sky.

If I'm too rough tell me; I'm so scared your little head will come off in my hands.

(to Coda)
Tacet

Cm

Play 3 times

Cm

Ab

D.S. al Coda

Cod: Ab

Repeat and fade

hands.

dollar baby.
Moderately Fast

"Please clean the plate, dear, the Lord above can see,
Militant mothers, Don't you know people are
yarmulkes,

Using pots and pans as their

starving in Korea?

Alcohol and

Molotov milk
ra-zor blades and poi-son and need-les,
bot-tles heaved from high-chairs;
Kin-der-gar-ten peo-ple-
burned birth cer-tif-i-cate pa-per,
They use 'em, they need 'em;
The o-ver in-dul-
ing ma-chines were their chil-
dren. There was-n't a way,
ance from his son-ny the deal-
er, who's pu-blic to the

world but in-volved in high fi-
pance. Sis-
ter's out 'til
mansion at Kressges' and Woolworth, but decadent brains.

five doing bankers' sons' hours, but she owns a maze.

were a work to destroy; Brats in battalion.

rati that's a gift from his father. Stopped at full speed.

ions were ruling the streets, say in the

at a hundred miles per hour, the

generation landslide: closed the gap be-

Colgate invisible shield finally.
Db

Ab

Db

Ab

Gb

Ab

snare drum

Db

1st time repeat 3 times to
2nd time repeat till fade
SICK THINGS

Words and Music by
BOB EZRIN
MICHAEL BRUCE
ALICE COOPER

Slow Dirge

Sick things in cars ro-tate 'round my stars, sick

things, my things, my pets, my things.

I love you

things; I see as much as you love me; you things are heav-en-ly when you come
worship me, you things are chilled with fright, for I am out to-night; you fill me

with delight; you whet my appetite. Spoken: I eat my things

What's love; It brings; Come here. My things; I don't fear my little things. I love you

things. Sick

tite.
I LOVE THE DEAD

Words and Music by
BOB EZRIN
ALICE COOPER

Slow

Spoken lines: I love the dead be - fore they’re cold,
I love the dead be - fore they rise;
their blue - ing flesh for
no fare - wells,

me to hold.
Ca - dav - er eyes up - on me see
no good-byes.
While friends and lov - ers mourn your silly game,

I have other uses for you,
darling.

I love the dead.

repeat and fade

I love the dead.
UNFINISHED SWEET

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE
NEAL SMITH

Moderate Rock

mf

1. Candy everywhere, got chocolate in my hair, aching to get me;

2. I come off the gas, but I’m still seeing spies, aching to get me;

---

Stick-y sweet suck-ers in the Hallow-eeen air,
I can see them all through a pair of glass- y eyes,
aching to get me;圣瓦达斯舞蹈在我的
aching to get me;德塞的将会在我
molars tonight, aching to get me,
mouth tonight, la da da da da,

Gb

aching to get me, get me, oh.
aching to get me, get me, oh.

Fine
Take it to the Doc; guess he ought to know,
la la la la da,

which ones can stay and which ones got ta go,
la la la la da.

He looks in my mouth—and then he starts to gloat;
He says my teeth are O K, but my gums got ta go,
oh, oh.
MARY ANN

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE
ALICE COOPER

Mary Ann, I'm really crazy 'bout you,
Mary Ann, my life was built around you,

'deed I am; I just can't live without you, Mary Ann,
stars and sand; Your eyes were pools of laughter, Mary Ann;

Mary Ann, I thought you were my man.
Moderately

I used to be such a sweet, sweet thing 'til they got a hold of me;

I opened doors for little old ladies, I helped the blind to see.

I got no friends 'cause they read the papers, they can't be seen with me.
And I'm getting real shot down and I'm feeling gettin' mean.

Chorus:

No more Mister Nice Guy, no more Mister Clean,

No more Mister Nice Guy. They say, "He's sick, he's obscene."

D.S. al Coda
My dog bit me on the leg to-day, my cat clawed my eyes.

My ma's been thrown out of the social circle, And Dad has to hide.

I went to church incognito. When everybody rose

The Rev'end Smith, he recognized me, And punched me in the nose. He said,
RAPED AND FREEZIN'

Moderate

1. Finally got a ride, this old broad down from Santa Fe; She was a

2. Felt like I was hit by a diesel or a greyhound bus. She was no

real go-getter; she drawled so sweetly. I think, child,

baby sitter; Get up, my sugar. Never thought

things I'll get better. You'd be a quitter.

We pulled off the highway, I opened the back door; She was greedy;
night black as a widow. I ran through the desert; She was chasin', no time to get

Bible. She said, "I wanna know of you." Hey, I dressed, so I was naked, stranded in Chu-ua-ua.

Bb7

I think I've got a live one; Hey, I think I've got a live one; Hey, I

Bb7

think I've got a live one, yeah, yeah; I think I've got a live one.
Alone, raped and freezing; alone,
cold and sneezing; alone down in Mexico; alone.
Yap-pa yap-pa yap-pa yap-pa yap-pa yap-pa yap-pa.
SCHOOL'S OUT

Strong rock

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Well we got no choice, all the girls and boys mak-in' all

that noise cause they found new toys Oh we

can't sa-lute ya can't find a flag If that don't suit ya that's a drag
School's out for summer,
School's out for - ev - er,
School's been blown out, to spring

piec - es, fe - ver.

No more pencils, no more books, no more
teacher's dirty looks.

Well we got no class and we got no principles,

and we got no innocence.

we can't even think of a word that rhymes.

School's out for
summer,

School's out forever,

Ah, school's been blown to pieces.

No more pencils, no more books,

Out for summer, out till fall,

We might not come

dirty looks.

back at all,

School's out completely.
EIGHTEEN

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH
and GLEN BUXTON

Medium beat

Em C D Em C D

Lines form on my face and hands,
ba-by's brain and an old man's heart,
took eighteen years to get this far.

C D Em C D
I'm in the middle without any plans,
Don't always know what I'm talking about,
I'm a boy and I'm a man,
I'm feels like I'm living in the middle of doubt. 'Cause I'm

Em C D Em C D
Eighteen and I don't know what I want,
Eighteen, I get confused every day,
Eighteen, I just don't know what I want,
Eighteen, I just don't know what to say.

Em C D Am Bm
Eighteen, I got to get away,
Eighteen, I got to get away.
I've got to get out of this place.
(Instrumental)
I'll go running in outer space again.

Lines form on my face and my hands,
lines form on the left and right.

I'm in the middle, the middle of life,
I'm a boy and I'm a man, I'm Eighteen and I

like it.
Yes, I like it,

Well, I
like it, love it, like it, love it. Eight - een, Eight - een.

Eight - een, Eight - een and I like it.
IS IT MY BODY

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL BRUCE, GLEN BUXTON,
DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH

Moderate beat

What have I got that makes you want to love me?

Is it my body? Someone I might be?

Something inside me? You better tell me, tell me,
It's really up to you.
Have you got the time to find out

who I really am?

What does it take
to get inside of your mind?

Give me a break, yea,
And take a
chance for the very first time;
You better tell me,

tell me, it's really up to you;

Have you got the time to find out who I really am,

Repeat till fade
UNDER MY WHEELS

Medium Hard-Rock Beat

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY
BOB EZRIN

The telephone is ringin',
You got me on the run.

I'm drivin' in my car now,
I'm drivin' right up to you, babe,

I guess you couldn't see you, yes.
But you were UNDER MY
WHEELS, hon-ey.
Why don't you let me be.

'Cause when you call me on the tel-e-phone... say-in', "Take me to ____ a

show";

But then I say, "Hon-ey, I just can't go ____ old

lady sends me pack-in' home._______ The tel-e-phone is ring-

I got you UN- DER MY WHEELS._______

Repeat till Fade-out
CAUGHT IN A DREAM

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderate beat

1. Well, I'm
2. I
3. Well, I'm

running thru the world, with a gun in my back,
need a houseboat, I need a plane,
running thru the world, with a gun in my back,

Trying to catch a ride in a Cadillac;
I need a butler and a trip to Spain;
Trying to catch a ride in that Cadillac;

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Thought that I was living but you can’t really tell,
I
Thought that I was living but you can’t ever tell,

Em

Trying to get away from that success smell.
2. I
tell that to myself and I agree.
What I thought was heaven turned out to be hell.

Chorus

I’m caught in a dream, so what?
You don’t know

what I’m going thru;
I’m right in between.
So I’ll,
I'll just play a-long with you.

When you see me with a smile on my face,

Then you know I'm a men-tal case. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

Moderate rock

1. You can be my slave and I'll be a stranger.
2. You can be the devil, you can be the Savior.

I really can't tell by the way of your behavior;

We can be in passion we can be in danger;

I'll take you off the street, put you
under my wings, yeah,
You can pull my leg, oh,
anything,

Yeah,
yeah,
yeah,
yeah.

Yeah,
yeah,
yeah,

To Coda
I don't know what you're play-in'.
Oh the pigs are getting tougher,

Don't even know what you're sayin';
Yeah the things are getting rougher;

leave me alone,
Al-ice speak-in',

I'm gonna go.
(Spoken:) "Suffer"

1. G
2. G D.S. al Coda

yeah.
yeah.

G Coda

yeah.
DESPERADO

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderately

\( \text{C}\)

1. I'm a gambler and I'm a runner,\
2. I wear lace and I wear black leather,\
3. (Instrumental)

\( \text{Bm}\)

But you knew that when you laid down,\
Hands are lightnin' on my guns.

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I'm a picture of ugly stories.
My shots are clean, my shots are final.

I'm a killer and my shots are deadly and when it's done:

Hard rock tempo

Step into the street, my son, and step into your
You're as stiff as my smokin' barrel, you're as dead as a
(3.) Tell me where the hell I'm goin', let my bones fall

last good-bye, You're a target just by liv-ing,
desert night, You're a notch and I'm a leg-end,
in my dust, Can't you hear that ghost that's call-in'
twenty dollars will make you die,
you're at peace and I must hide.
as my Colt begins to rust.

In the dust.

I'm a killer,
I'm a clown,
I'm a

priestess gone to town.
I've got the answer to all of your questions, If you've got the money to pay me in gold; I will be living in old Monte Carlo, And you will be reading the secrets of soul.
Dag - gers_ and con - tacts_ and bright shin - y lim-o's,  I've got a watch that turns
in - to a life - boat,  Glim - mer - ing night - gowns,  poi - son - ous co - bras,

Sidewalks are un - der the heel of my shoe.
The elegance of China,
They sent her to
lie here on her back; But as she deeply moves me,
She'd rather shoot me in my tracks.

And while a Middle Asian lady,
She really came as no sur-
prise; But I still did destroy her, And I will smash Halo of

Bright 2

Flies.

I Good cross the ocean friends

where no one will see;

1433
And I float a sand bar.

With full ream of papers.

1. in your submarine.

2. in fantastic plans

You never will understand.
KILLER

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY

Moderate beat

Em

What did I do (to de

serve such a fate; I didn't really want (to get in

volved with this thing.

Some-one handed me this

gun, and I, I gave it ev'-ry-thing. (Yeah)
I gave it ev'rything,

I came into this life, looked all around;

I saw just what I liked and took what I found,
Nothing came easy, nothing came free,
Nothing came at all until they came after me,

F

B7

Yeah,

Em

Repeat and fade

R.H. Repeat and fade
LONG WAY TO GO

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderately

We've still got a long way to go,

still got a long way to go,

long way to go;

We've still got a

long way to go;

We all got a
What's a long way to go.

What's keeping us apart isn't selfishness.
Where is that Savior of the sidewalk life?

And the holding us together isn't love.
Road that takes us to the Crusades?

Listen to the man who's been
I've seen those shadows as they're
touched all his life
Yes, he's the one they call a

movin' in my sleep
Lead-in' the blind boy to his

fool
grave.

Please don't waste your energy on me, my friend, 'Cause we've

still got a long way to go.
We'll
meet again some day, right now just go away, 'Cause I've still got a long way to go.

Silence is speaking, so I gotta weep on,

I guess I'll love it, love it to death.
Yes, we've still got a long way to go.

Yes, we've still got a long way to go.

Yes, we all got a long way to go.

Yes, we all got a long way to go.

go.
SECOND COMING

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER

Moderate beat

Am E7

I couldn't tell if the

Em F Am E7

bells were getting louder, or songs they ring I finally recognized.

F Am E7 Em F

I only know hell is getting hotter, The
Devil's getting smarter all the time, And it would be nice to
walk upon the water, To talk again to angels at my side.

Time is getting closer, I read it on a poster, Fanatical exposers on corners prophesy.
I just came back to show you
all my words are gold-on,
So have no gods be-love me, I'm the
BLACK JU JU

Words and Music by
DENNIS DUNAWAY

Moderate beat

Tacet

Body, 

Body,
Dm

Touched by the tall and plunged into his arm,

Cursed thru the night, thru eyes of alarm: A

melody black flowed out of my breath,
Searching for death, but bodies need rest.

Tacet

Bod-y.

Under the soil now waiting for worms
Clutching and biting my soul has caught on fire.

My
All that I feel is all that I've learned,
evil is now and I'm caught up in desire.

All that I know is all that I think,
Everything I'm living for is all that I am,

Feelings are cool, down lower I sink,
Liking it and loving it that's all in the plan,

To Coda

Dm

1. |

2. |
RECITATION

(ad lib rhythm background)

Bodies need rest, we all need our rest,
Sleep an easy sleep, -- rest -- rest.
But come back in the morning,
Come back hard.

Dm

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up.

D.S. al Coda

Body.

Repeat and fade

Coda Dm
YOU DRIVE ME NERVOUS

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE
BOB EZRIN

Moderate rock

Yeah, you seem so civilized.

Your mama's trying to run your life.
And daddy's trying to pick your wife.

no.

Yeah, you run around with all that hair.
He run up state, you're thrown in jail.

You
just don't like those rags you wear... And say I'm gonna pack up my stuff...
ain't got the bread to pay the bail... And mama and papa comes up and says:

I'm gonna run away...

"Honey, where'd we fall?"

And then she say:
And then you scream:

"You drive me nervous, nervous.
You drive me nervous, nervous, nervous, oh."

"You drive me nervous, nervous."
And then I say:
And then I scream:

"You drive me nervous, nervous, nervous, oh."
Nervous, nervous, nervous, nervous, oh oh, yeah!

1. You drive me n-n-nervous,

2. You drive me n-n-nervous,

You drive me nervous.

Oh,

Cm6
(Add 9)
BE MY LOVER

Words and Music by
MICHAE L BRUCE

Moderately

She struts into the room, but I don't know her,

But with a

magnifying glass I just sort of look her over.

We

have a drink or two, well, maybe three,

And then

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Suddenly she starts tellin' me her life story. She says:

Chorus

"Baby, if you wanna be my lover, you better take me home;"

'Cause it's a long, long way to... Paradise... and I'm still on my own."

Told her that I came_
from Detroit city, And I played guitar in a long haired rock and roll band; She asked me why the singer’s name was Alice, I said, "Listen, baby, you really wouldn’t understand." (And I said,) own, on my own,"
HALLOWED BE MY NAME

Words and Music by
NEAL SMITH

Moderate beat

1. Gather 'round lightning and hear me whisper
   The words of the prisoners, the

2. Come, all you sinners now in your glory,
   My ears will listen to

sluts and the hookers have taken your money,
   The queens are out dancing, but

words of laughter, The lords and the ladies were fixing their hairdos,
   your dirty story, You're fighting to go up as you're on your way down,

now they're not funny, 'Cause there goes one walking away with your sonny.

Tacet

Cursing the lovers, cursing the Bible, Hallowed

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D Gm

be my name._

Yell-ing at fa-thers, scream-ing at moth-ers,

D Gm D Gm

To Coda

Hal-low-ed

be my name._

A Bb

1. Gm 2. Gm

D.S. al Coda

3. The

Coda

Tacet

Gm
BALLAD OF DWIGHT FRYE

Child's Voice: "Mommy, where's daddy? He's been gone for so long. Do you think he'll ever come home?"

I was gone for fourteen days,
I could have been gone for more;

I think I lost some weight there,
And I'm sure I need some rest;

Held up in intensive care ward,
Lying on the floor.

Sleeping don't come very easy
In a straight white vest.

Sure like to see the little children,
She's only four years
lone;
old:
I made friends with lots of people,
I'd give her back all her playthings,
in the danger zone,
even the ones I stole.
See my lonely life unfold,
I see it every day.
See my only mind explode,
since I've gone away, when I've gone insane.
(I wanna get out of here, I've got to get out of here.)

See my lonely life unfold, I see it every day;

See my only mind explode.

To next strain

blow up in my face when I've gone insane.
I grabbed my hat, I said to myself, this is very strange.
I ran into the street; I'm glad it wasn't me;
I saw a man that was choking;
I guess he couldn't calling.
And so I am not free.

1. Bb
2. Bb

D.S. al Fine

I didn't want to be.)

breathe.