WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE

Moderately

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER and DICK WAGNER

I think you're gonna like it,
I hope I didn't scare you,
I think you're gonna like it,
I think you're gonna feel.

I think you're gonna feel.
That's just the way we are.
I think you're gonna feel.

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You're welcome to my nightmare, yeah.

Welcome to my breakdown.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
DEVIL'S FOOD

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, BOB EZRIN
and KELLEY JAY

Moderately

Get ready for the lady,
I'm ready for you, lady,

she's gonna be a treat.
you are my specialty.

Sinn-me slight-ly till read-
With new as an an-

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make her soft, too;
but you're des - ert's
food to me.

I hold your heart in my hands,
I kiss the tears off your chest,
I felt the poi - son blight that's in your breath.

some - thing 'bout this night you never planned,
know your pre - cious life be - fore your death.
I squeeze the love out of your
soul, all the perfect love that's in your soul. You're just another spirit on pa-
role. Dev - il's food! Dev - il's food!
THE BLACK WIDOW

Lea-rays Lepidoptera—
Please don't touch the displays, little boy.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, how cute.

And moving to the next aisle we have Arachnida—the spiders.
Our finest collection!
This friendly little devil is the Hentjulaeae—unfortunately harmless.
Next to him is the nasty Ly-scosa raptoria.
His tiny fangs cause creeping ulceration of the skin.

And here’s my prize: the Black Widow!
Isn’t she lovely? And so deadly!
Her kiss is fifteen times as poisonous as that of the rattlesnake.
You see, her venom is highly neurotoxic;
Which it to say that it attacks the central nervous system,
Causmg intense pain, profuse sweating, difficulty in breathing,
Loss of consciousness, violent convulsions and finally death!

You see, I think what I love the most about her is her inborn need to
dominate, possess.
In fact, immediately after the consummation of her marriage to the
smaller and weaker mate of the species,
She kills and eats him.
Oh, oh, she is delicious. (And I hope he was.)

Such power, dignity unhampered by sentiment.
If I may put forward a slice of personal philosophy,
I feel that man has ruled this world as a stumbling, demented child—king long enough.
And as his empire crumbles, my precious Black Widow shall rise as his most
fitting successor!

These words he speaks are true,
We’re all human stew.
If we don’t pledge allegiance to
The Black Widow!

Moderately

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The horror that he brings, the
sits up on his throne and
thoughts are hot and crazed, my
horror of his sting. The unholy est of kings, the Black Widow,
poisons all the bones of his husband and his wives he's terrors. Our
brains are webbed in haze; his mind less, sense less dame, the Black Widow.
These minds will be his toy, and every girl and boy will learn to be employed by the Black
stares with a gleam, with a laugh so obscene at the sights and the children he's doing things he says are true, we're all humanary stew if we don't

“Love me, yes, we love me... “Love him, yes, we
SOME FOLKS

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, ALAN GORDON
and BOB EZRIN

Moderately ($\frac{3}{4}$)

Guitar

Piano

Some folks love to see red
Some folks love to feel pain

--- some folks never talk about it. Some folks
--- some folks wake up every morning. Some folks

Some time a blue lady. Some folks know
Some folks are without a warning

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I'm just no good without it, I'm

No chord

not a man at all. It makes my skin crawl.

Baby, baby, come on and save me, save...
Moderate Rock beat ($\frac{3}{4}$)

Am

Col (vocal ad lib)

Cm/G

Cm/Db

I just can’t live without it,
just can’t live without it.

Fmaj7

Ab maj7

I don’t want to think about it,
don’t want to think about it.

Moderately ($\frac{3}{4}$)

Am

Am/G

Cm

Cm/Db

Amaj7

N. C.
ONLY WOMEN BLEED

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER and DICK WAGNER

Moderately slow

Man's got his wom-an
to take his seed

Man makes your hair gray.
he's your life's mis-take;

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Am/G
he's got the power, oh,
all you're really looking for is
she's got the need...

G

A/G
She spends her life through
He lies right at you,
pleasing up her man:
you know you hate this game:

Am/G
she feeds him dinner or
he slaps you once in a while and you
anything she can
live and love in pain

G

F/G
C/G
G

She cries alone at night too often:
he smokes and drinks, and don't come home at all

On-ly wom-en bleed,

on-ly wom-en bleed,
on-ly wom-en bleed,

To Coda

D. S. \(\frac{3}{4}\) (lyric 1-no repeats)
al Coda

Black eyes all of the time,
F

F/Eb

Bb/D

don't spend a dime; ain't it a crime and you there

F7/C

down on your knees beggin' me please come watch me

G

D

G

C

D

G

D

G

bleed.

C/D

G

G

A/G

On-ly wom-en bleed, on-ly wom-en bleed,
DEPARTMENT OF YOUTH

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, DICK WAGNER and
BOB EZRI

Medium Rock beat

We're in trouble all the time, you read about us all in the paper,
talk about this whole stupid world and still come out laughing.

We walk around and bump into walls,
We never make any sense,

But hell, that never mattered.

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ain't a fraud of high pow-er,  
we're bul-let proof... 
make it through our black-est hour... 
we're liv-ing proof... 
and we've nev-er heard of Eis-en-hoover.  
and we've nev-er heard of Bill ly Sun-day.

mis-sile pow-er, jus-tice and truth... 
Da-mon Run-yon, man-ners and couth... 
We're the de-

part-ment of youth...  
your new de-part-ment of youth...

We're the de-part-ment of youth... 
just me and youth...
We're the department of youth...

We're the department of youth...

We got the power.

We're the department of youth...

Repeat and fade
COLD ETHYL

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER and BOB EZRIN

Medium Rock beat

No chord

One thing
One thing,
I miss
it's true,

One thing
One thing,
no lie,

is cold
Ethyl's
friggin'
as an
Es-ki-mo
Pie.

We met
She's cool
And ev'-ry thing is

Cold Ethyl and her
Ethyl I am
stuck on you.

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last night, in bed, my way,
making love by the re-fri-g-er-a-tor light.

Eth-y, Eth-y, don't... have much to say.

Eth-y, Eth-y, let me squeeze you in my arms;

Eth-y, Eth-y, come and freeze me with your charms.

(speaking) Come here, Eth-y. What makes you so cold?
Cold Eth-yl, cold, cold Eth-yl; cold Eth-yl, cold, cold Eth-yl.

If I live till nine-ty-sev-en, you'll still be wait-ing in re-

frig-er-a-tor hea-ven, 'cause you're cool, you're ice, cold Eth-yl, you're my

par-a-dise.
YEARS AGO

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER and DICK WAGNER

Moderately

Tacet

Am(add9)

Here I go a - path,
All my toys are bro - ken,
and

up and down a - lone;
so am I in - side, Mom;
the

Dm

Dm/C#

Dm/C

all my friends went home
car ni - val has closed

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years ago...

years ago...

Am(add11)

“I’m a little boy.”

“No,

I’m a great big man.”

“No,

…”
Dm    Dm/C♯    Dm/C
let's be little boys (spoken) for a

B♭7
lit- tle while long- er, maybe an hour?" "No, Steve- ven, we have to go back now.

E7
b- n't that our mom call- ing?"

Repeat and fade

"Steve- ven!"

Repeat and fade
I don't want to see you go;
I don't like to hear you cry;
I don't want to feel you die;
I don't even want to
you just don't know how deep that
but if that's the way that God has

be there, you
planned you.
So I will cover up my eyes
I'll put panties on your eyes

and pray it goes away,
and it will go away
You've only lived a minute of your
I must be dreaming; please stop screaming.

I hear my name.

Is someone calling me? I hear my name.

icy breath it whispers screams of pain!
I think I hear a voice; it's outside the door.

Is someone calling me? I hear my name.

What do you want?
THE AWAKENING

Words and Music by ALICE COOPER, BOB EZRIN and DICK WAGNER

Moderately slow

No chord

I wake up in the basement; (spoken) I'm so hungry. I'm dry. (sung) I

with pedal throughout

must be here sleep-walking. (spoken) mustn't I?

Gm

F#5/G

C/G

Gm

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chair, looking for my wife,

following a trail of crimson spots that leads into the night.

Suddenly I realize; I see it all through real eyes. These crimson spots are dripping from my hands, and oh,
ESCAPE

Words and Music by ALICE COOPER, KIM FOWLEY and MARK ANTHONY

Medium Rock beat

B A E

I lean on my cruel er hap - py face; I hide here be - hind it. It
Don't get me wrong, don't get me right; I'm not like you are.
My doc - tor said just come a - round and you'll be tak - er care of.

B A B B

takes me in - side an - oth - er place where no one can find it.
When I get home from work at night, I'm black - er and blu - er.
And while he un my prob - lems down, I stole his mas - ta - ne.

B A B E

I get out when I can, I es - cape an-

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y time I can, I es - cape....

I'm cry - ing in my beer; es - cape...

[1]

(spo - ked) just get me out of here.

[2]

(spo - ked) just get me out of here.  (sung) But where am I run - ning to? There's

so much to go...

Just put on my make - up... and
get me to the show.
yeah!

Escape!

(spoken) just get me out of here.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade (vocal ad lib)