

# THE BLACK WIDOW

Words and Music by  
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and DICK WAGNER

Leaving 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 Heptathelidae—unfortunately harmless.  
Next to him is the nasty *Lycosa raptoria*.  
His tiny fangs cause creeping ulceration of the skin.

And here 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 is to say that it attacks the central nervous system,  
Causing intense pain, profuse sweating, difficulty in breathing,  
loss of consciousness, violent convulsions and finally death!

You know, 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 male 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 humanary stew  
If we don't pledge allegiance to  
The Black Widow!*

Moderately

Tacet

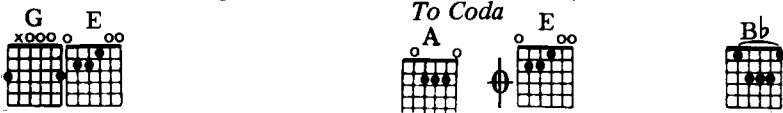
The musical score is written for piano and features a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score begins with a 'Tacet' instruction for the piano, indicated by a whole rest on the treble clef staff. The piano then enters with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The right hand starts with a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the right hand.



The hor - ror that he brings, the  
 sits up - on his throne and  
 thoughts are hot and crazed, my



hor - ror of his sting, the un - ho - li - est of kings, the Black Wid-ow. Our  
 picks at all the bones of his hus-bands and his wives he's de - voured. He  
 brains are webbed in haze; mind-less, sense-less daze, the Black Wid-ow. These



minds will be his toy, and ev - 'ry girl and boy will learn to be em-ployed by the Black  
 stares with a gleam, with a laugh so ob-scene at the vir - gins and the chil - dren he's de -  
 things he says are true, we're all hu - man - ar - y stew if we don't



Wid-ow. }  
 flow-ered. } "Love me, - yes, we love me." "Love him, - yes, we

A A#07 B

love him." "Love me." "Yes, we love him, ah."

E G D E F E

F 1. E 2. E

*D. S. al Coda*

He My

Coda E Bb Tacet E B C G A

pledge al - le - giance to the Black Wid-ow!

*f rit.*