

Stone Cold Crazy

Dewa 19

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning
I was dreaming I was Al Capone
There's a rumour going round, gotta clear out of town
Yeah, I'm smelling like a dry fish bone
Here come the law, gonna break down the door
Gonna carry me away once more
Never, I never, I never want it any more
Gotta get away from this stone cold floor

Crazy, stone cold crazy, you know

Rainy afternoon, I gotta blow a typhoon
And I'm playing on my slide trombone
Anymore, anymore, cannot take it anymore
Gotta get away from this stone cold floor

Crazy, stone cold crazy, you know

Walking down the street, shooting people that I meet
With my rubber tommy water gun
Here come the deputy, he's gonna come and getta me
I gotta get me get up and run
They got the sirens loose, I ran right outta juice
They're going to put me in a cell
If I can't go to heaven, will they let me go to hell?

Crazy, stone cold crazy, you know