Stone Cold Crazy

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning I was dreaming I was Al Capone There's a rumour going round Gotta clear outa town I'm smelling like a dry fish bone Here come the law gonna break down the door Gonna carry me away once more Never never I never want it anymore 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 get me I gotta get me up and run They got the sirens loose I ran right outa juice They're gonna 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

Queen