

Amitri Del

"Stone Cold Sober"

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Everybody in the funhouse
Says they want out
But we're taking our time
'Cos we're in love with time
Whole generations thinking of themselves
As infidels and pop stars
While the bomb loses patience
We line up and just lean against the bar
Stone cold sober, looking for bottles of love.
Caught in the headlights
Wide-eyed and ready to receive
We are the dead life
Locked in dogfights, lost in disbelief
And these dark days
Make the nights seem brighter than they are
So while Fleet Street rolls and the moon glows
In the funhouse the fun starts
Stone cold sober, looking for bottles of love.
Born in the half-light
Of threats and bribes
In a hopeless porn parade

We get the dog's life, tidbits train us

What to wear, what not to say

When you're footloose but you just feel limbless

Life gets in the way

So we get loaded or totally legless

But stay the same

Stone cold sober, looking for bottles of love

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