

Queen "Stone Cold Crazy"

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Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning
I been dreaming I was Al Capone
There's a rumor going round
Gotta clear outta 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 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 getta me
I gotta get me get up and run
They got the sirens loose
I ran right outta 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

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