

Stone Roses "Made of Stone"

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Your knuckles whiten on the wheel
The last thing that your hands will feel
Your final flight can't be delayed

Nowhere, just sky, it's so serene
Your pink fat lips let go a scream
You fly and melt, I love the scene

Sometimes I fantasize
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars, they burn below me
Don't these times fill your eyes

When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars, they burn below me
Are you all alone, is anybody home?

I'm standing warm against the cold
Now that the flames have taken hold
At least you left your life in style

And for as far as I can see
Ten twisted grills grin back at me
Bad money dies, I love the scene

Sometimes I fantasize
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars, they burn below me
Don't these times fill your eyes

When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars, they burn below me
Are you all alone, is anybody home?

Sometimes I fantasize
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Don't these times fill your eyes

When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Are you all alone, are you made of stone?

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