

Stone Sour "The Frozen"

Visit "[The Frozen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The girls on the streets look all sad in this gold
encrusted little town
Why is that? Isn't this the town of dreams?
Yeah, but it comes with a price

It's a town that never does anything and takes all the
credit
A place that promises so much and never has a thing to
say
Or a care in the world
There is no memory here
No dream for itself but the dreams of others

And all over the world you talk about a place you've
only seen in the re-runs
Immortalized by its vice and deified for its carnage

There's money in the air there
All you have to do is reach up and grab it.

In basements, garages, parking lots, empty lots,
school yards, town cars,
Back rooms and more...
Diamonds are fashioned from expectations and
fortified on a steady diet,
Of simple lives and red carpets

The ejaculating zeitgeist in night vision
Culture is a punch line in a motionless blood in the
water
The sharks here play games you can't fathom
But you flock here anyway

On college money and credit cards
Spend a week bullshitting yourself that it was all true,

All of it...
Just to watch in horror as it all falls into pieces into the
gravity of reality
The starry eyes fade as it dawns on you,
Nothing is guaranteed

You are a part of the great divide, the chosen, or the
frozen
Now your miles away without an egg,
Your college money is a collage of debt
And your credit cards are all snapped in fucking half.

Time to wander a landscape in berthed of mercy
This is now the back lot of your failed movie
A waking dream re-written without your permission
The real luster, the soft focus, the soap opera vision
Is just the hindsight of a world who's just been lied to
Of sad surfs, and untouchable lords

You took a chance didn't you?
The chance didn't have a par for you this time around
Maybe next life.

And you can't even walk home

The girls on the street all look sad in this cardboard
cut-out little town
No wonder, that's the only thing here that's real
The gold is for fools and paradise is lost
But the hungry have never bothered with the cost

Day by day they fall away like rose petals
Like ink that won't dry or fade
It just runs wild down cracks and crevices, grooves and
folds
So I hope someone saves you, before you get cold
I really do.

Because the girls are on set in this little black book
If you don't believe me take a closer look.
If you can..?

Visit [Stone Sour](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.