

Stoned

The Downtown Fiction

She feels good, she feels good

Candy cane, eyes, black licorice
Lipstick, teeth that you can't forget
Yeah, yeah, yeah and you won't regret
Come on, come on, come on

Smoke, screen, stare like cellophane
All wrapped up inside my brain
Hey, hey, hey, can't get away
Oh, come on, come on, come on

She feels good, she feels good
She feels good
So let everybody know I'm better giving up
Feel stoned, I feel stoned

Telephone booth and a living room
Better hurry up 'cause I'm coming soon
Oh, oh, oh, it's just me and you
Come on, come on, come on, yeah

She feels good, she feels good
She feels good
So let everybody know I'm better giving up
Feel stoned, I feel stoned

Yeah, I want you all the time
Got to make you mine, make me feel so high
Yeah, just say you want my time
Say yeah, yeah, yeah

She feels good, she feels good
She feels good
So let everybody know I'm better giving up
Feel stoned, I feel stoned
I feel stoned, I feel stoned