

Stone Cold Crazy

Metallica

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning,
I was dreaming I was Al Capone.
Rumours going round, gotta clear out of town,
Smell like a dry fishbone.
Here come the law, gonna break down the door,
Carry me away once more.
Never, never, never want it anymore,
Gotta get away from this stone cold floor.
Crazy, stone cold crazy, you know.

Rainy afternoon, ought to kill a typhoon,
And she's 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,
Fully loaded Tommy gun.
Here come the deputy, try fucking getting me,
Gotta fucking get up and run.
They got the sirens loose, I ran right out of juice.
They're gonna put me in a cell,
If I can't go to heaven, let me go to hell.
Crazy, stone cold crazy, you know, yeah.