

The Frozen

Stone Sour

The girls on the streets
All look 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 yet takes all the credit...
A place that promises so much,

But 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 of
A place you've only seen in re-runs..
Immortalized for it's vice
And deified for it's 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, schoolyards, town cars
Backrooms 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
And emotion is 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 bull shitting yourself
That it was all true,
All of it.
Just to watch in horror as it all falls
To pieces under 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 a net,

Your college money's a collage of debt,
And your credit cards are all snapped in fucking half.
Time to wander a landscape bereft 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 been lied to.

Of sad surfs, and untouchable lords.
You took a chance didn't you?

But 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 streets all look sad
In this cardboard cut-out little town...
Huh. 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 all sad
In this little black book...
If you don't believe me, take a closer look.
If you can.