

Stone Cold Crazy

Metallica

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning
I was dreaming I was Al Capone
Rumor going 'round, gotta clear outta town
Smelling like a dry fish bone
Here come the Law, gonna break down the door,
Carry me away once more
Never, never, never want it any more
Gotta get away from this stone cold floor

Crazy
Stone cold crazy, you know

Rainy afternoon, got a killer typhoon,
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,
Bullet in my tommy-gun
Here come the deputy, try fuckin' gettin' me,
Gotta fuckin' get up and run
They got the sirens loose
I run right outta 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

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