

# 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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