

# Stone Cold Sober

[Del Amitri](#)

Everybody in the funhouse  
Says they want out  
But we're taking our time  
'Cos we're in love with time  
Whole generations, thinkin' of themselves  
As infidels and pop stars  
While the bomb loses patience  
We line up and just lean against the bar  
Stone cold sober  
Looking for bottles of love  
Stone cold sober  
Looking for bottles of love  
Caught in the headlights  
Wide-eyed and ready to receive  
We are the dead life  
Locked in dogfights, lost in disbelief  
And these dark days  
Make the nights seem brighter than they are  
So, while Fleet street rolls and the moon glows  
In the funhouse, the fun starts  
Stone cold sober  
Looking for bottles of love  
We're stone cold sober  
Looking for bottles of love, love, love  
We are the dead life, we are the dead life  
So come on, come on  
Born in the half-light of threats and bribes  
In a hopeless porn parade  
We get the dog's life, tidbits train us  
What to wear, what not to say  
When you're footloose and you just feel limbless  
Life gets in the way  
So, we get loaded or totally legless  
But stay the same  
Stone cold sober  
Looking for bottles of love  
We're stone cold sober  
Looking for bottles of love, love  
We're stone cold sober  
Looking for bottles of love  
We're stone cold sober  
Looking, looking  
So come on, come on  
We are the dead life, we are the dead life  
We are the dead life, we are the dead life  
We are the dead life, we are the dead life  
We are the dead life, we are the dead life

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