

# Stoned

## The Downtown Fiction

She feels good, she feels good

Candy cane, eyes, black licorice  
Lipstick, teeth that you can't forget  
Yeah, yeah, yeah and you won't regret  
Come on, come on, come on

Smoke, screen, stare like cellophane  
All wrapped up inside my brain  
Hey, hey, hey, can't get away  
Oh, come on, come on, come on

She feels good, she feels good  
She feels good  
So let everybody know I'm better giving up  
Feel stoned, I feel stoned

Telephone booth and a living room  
Better hurry up 'cause I'm coming soon  
Oh, oh, oh, it's just me and you  
Come on, come on, come on, yeah

She feels good, she feels good  
She feels good  
So let everybody know I'm better giving up  
Feel stoned, I feel stoned

Yeah, I want you all the time  
Got to make you mine, make me feel so high  
Yeah, just say you want my time  
Say yeah, yeah, yeah

She feels good, she feels good  
She feels good  
So let everybody know I'm better giving up  
Feel stoned, I feel stoned  
I feel stoned, I feel stoned

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