

Stone Cold Crazy

Enuff Z'nuff

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning I was dreaming

I was Al Capone

There's a rumour going round, gotta clear outa town

I'm smelling like a dry fish bone

Here come the Law, gonna break down the door, gonna carry me

Away once more

Never, never, never get it any more

Gotta get away from this stone cold floor

Crazy

Stone cold crazy, you know

Rainy afternoon I gotta blow a typhoon and I'm 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 with

My rubber tommy water gun

Here come the deputy, he's gonna come and getta me

I gotta get me get up and run

They got the sirens loose

I ran outa juice

They're gonna put me in a cell, if I can't go to heaven

Will they let me go to hell

Crazy

Stone cold crazy, you know

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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