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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