

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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