

# Stone Cold Crazy (Trash version)

## Queen

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning  
I was dreaming I was Al Capone  
There's a rumor going round  
Gotta clear outta 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 I never want it anymore  
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 get me  
I gotta get me up and run  
They got the sirens loose  
I ran right outta 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

### Songwriters

Deacon, John / May, Brian Harold / Mercury, Freddie / Taylor, Roger  
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