Cold Sweat

Bumbklaatt

I put my money in the suitcase
And headed for the big race
I felt a chill on my backbone
As I hung up the telephone

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Running down the back of my neck
To lose means trouble, to win pays double
And I got me a heavy bet

Cold, cold sweat

They say chances on the outside
Are looking pretty slim
I've been so lucky on the inside
I feel I'm going to win

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Running down the back of my neck
Take a little money, there's nothing left to lose
And I got me a heavy bet

Cold, cold sweat

I've got a whole month's wages
I haven't seen that much in ages
I might spend it in stages
And move out to Las Vegas

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Running down the back of my neck
To lose means trouble, to win pays double
And I got me a heavy bet

Cold, cold sweat

I put my money in the suitcase
They say chances on the outside
I've got a whole month's wages

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Stone cold crazy, place another bet

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by LYNOTT, PHILIP PARRIS / SYKES, JOHN JAMES
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, CARLIN AMERICA INC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/