Made Of Stone

Stone Roses For Piano

Your knuckles whiten on the wheel
The last thing that your hands will feel
Your final flight can't be delayed

No land just sky it's so serene
Your pink fat lips let go a scream
You fry and melt I love the scene

Sometimes I fantasize
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Don't these times
Fill your eyes
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Are you all alone?
Is anybody home?

I'm standing warm against the cold
Now that the flames have taken hold
At least you left your life at style

And for as far as I can see
Tin twisted grills grin back at me
Bad money dies I love the scene

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Are you all alone?
Is anybody home?

Sometimes I fantasize
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Don't these times

Fill your eyes
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Are you all alone?
Are you made of stone?

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written by BROWN, LIVINGSTONE WORDLEY / BROOKSTEIN, STEVE / JACKSON, KATE
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