

# Made of Stone

## Made of Stone

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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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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