

# Chris Rea, Stone

Tangled dream and endless highways  
Bang the drum in a foreign land  
Sometimes I wonder what I'm chasing  
When all I need is the touch of your hand  
I've got no fixed abode out of own  
Babe it gets so cold  
Without your love I'm just a stone  
And we all laugh and the jokes get wilder  
Staying up, staying out  
Drinking till you fade away in to the morning  
And the strangest cold eats deeper still  
Without you sweet kiss I'm gone forever  
Without your touch I've no control  
Without your love I'm just a loser  
Without your love I'm just a stone