

# Queen, Stone Cold Crazy

(May, Mercury, Taylor, Deacon)

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning I was dreaming  
I was Al Capone  
There's a rumour going round, gotta clear outa 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, never get it any more  
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 getta me  
I gotta get me get up and run  
They got the sirens loose  
I ran outa 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