

Del Amitri, Stone Cold Sober

Everybody in the funhouse
Says they want out
But we're taking our time
'Cos we're in love with time
Whole generations thinking of themselves
As infidels and pop stars
While the bomb loses patience
We line up and just lean against the bar
Stone cold sober, looking for bottles of love.
Caught in the headlights
Wide-eyed and ready to receive
We are the dead life
Locked in dogfights, lost in disbelief
And these dark days
Make the nights seem brighter than they are
So while Fleet Street rolls and the moon glows
In the funhouse the fun starts
Stone cold sober, looking for bottles of love.
Born in the half-light
Of threats and bribes
In a hopeless porn parade
We get the dog's life, tidbits train us
What to wear, what not to say
When you're footloose but you just feel limbless
Life gets in the way
So we get loaded or totally legless
But stay the same
Stone cold sober, looking for bottles of love.