

# Kirsty MacColl, Sticked And Stoned

The stranger sits with golden eyes  
Transfixed upon the screen above  
Behind the air of his repose  
He wonders if they're caught his love

Sticked and stoned he was  
Sticked and stoned  
Sticked and stoned he was  
Sticked and stoned

She waved goodbye a hunded years  
And nothing now could hurt him  
He only knew the fear of loving  
Something that's uncertain

Sticked and stoned he was  
Sticked and stoned  
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He likes to keep his crystal cup  
In case of a surprise attack  
When you don't know your enemy  
It's wiser not to turn your back

Sticked and stoned he was  
Sticked and stoned  
Sticked and stoned he was  
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