

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

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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

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