

Sodom, Cold Sweat

[Dedicated To : Phil Lynott (RIP)]

I put my money in the suitcase
And headed for the big race
I felt a chill on my backbone
As I hung up the telephone

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Running down the back of my neck
To lose means trouble, to win pays double
And I got me a heavy bet

Cold, cold sweat

They say chances on the outside
Are looking very slim
I've been so lucky on the inside
I feel I'm going to win

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Running down the back of my neck
Take a little money, there's nothing left to lose
And I got me a heavy bet

Cold, cold sweat

I've got me a whole month's wages
I haven't seen that much in ages
I might spend it in stages
And move out to Las Vegas

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Running down the back of my neck
To lose means trouble, to win means double
And I got me a heavy bet

Cold, cold sweat

I put my money in the suitcase
They say chances on the outside
I got a whole months wages

Stone cold sober and stone cold sweat
Stone cold crazy
Place another bet