

# 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