

Stone Roses, Made Of Stone

Your knuckles whiten on the wheel
The last thing that your hands will feel
Your final flight can't be delayed
No earth, just sky it's so surreal
Your pink fat lips let go a scream
You fry and melt I love the scene
Sometimes I fantasise
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Don't these times fill your eyes
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Are you all alone
Is anybody home?
I'm standing warm against the cold
Now that the flames have taken hold
At least you left your life in style
And for as far I can see
Ten twisted grills grin back at me
Bad money dies I love the scene
Sometimes I fantasise
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Are you all alone
Is anybody home?
Sometimes I fantasise
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Don't these times fill your eyes
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Are you all alone
Are you made of stone?