

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Stone cold morning

Never give up on your adventures and dreams
All that silver, gold and glory
On this stone cold morning
Your fridge in on the blink, dirty dishes in the sink
No one calls you up, no one to call
An invisible line has been crossed
You've got yourself a stone cold morning
Sooner or later
Everyone faces a stone cold morning
The wind rattles your kitchen windows
Life's got too tight, all the colours fade
On this stone cold morning
Nothing's really changed except the humming in the air
As you open your backdoor onto this
Stone cold morning
You've got yourself a stone cold morning
Sooner or later
Everyone faces a stone cold morning