

Chris Rea, Stone

Tangled dream and endless highways
Bang the drum in a foreign land
Sometimes I wonder what I'm chasing
When all I need is the touch of your hand
I've got no fixed abode out of own
Babe it gets so cold
Without your love I'm just a stone
And we all laugh and the jokes get wilder
Staying up, staying out
Drinking till you fade away in to the morning
And the strangest cold eats deeper still
Without you sweet kiss I'm gone forever
Without your touch I've no control
Without your love I'm just a loser
Without your love I'm just a stone