

# Stone Sour, The Frozen

The girls on the streets look all sad in this gold encrusted little town  
Why is that? Isn't this the town of dreams?  
Yeah, but it comes with a price

It's a town that never does anything and takes all the credit  
A place that promises so much and never has a thing to say  
Or a care in the world  
There is no memory here  
No dream for itself but the dreams of others

And all over the world you talk about a place you've only seen in the re-runs  
Immortalized by its vice and deified for its carnage

There's money in the air there  
All you have to do is reach up and grab it.

In basements, garages, parking lots, empty lots, school yards, town cars,  
Back rooms and more  
Diamonds are fashioned from expectations and fortified on a steady diet,  
Of simple lives and red carpets

The ejaculating zeitgeist in night vision  
Culture is a punch line in a motionless blood in the water  
The sharks here play games you can't fathom  
But you flock here anyway

On college money and credit cards  
Spend a week bullshitting yourself that it was all true,

All of it  
Just to watch in horror as it all falls into pieces into the gravity of reality  
The starry eyes fade as it dawns on you,  
Nothing is guaranteed

You are a part of the great divide, the chosen, or the frozen  
Now your miles away without an egg,  
Your college money is a collage of debt  
And your credit cards are all snapped in fucking half.

Time to wander a landscape in bereft of mercy  
This is now the back lot of your failed movie  
A waking dream re-written without your permission  
The real luster, the soft focus, the soap opera vision  
Is just the hindsight of a world who's just been lied to  
Of sad surfs, and untouchable lords

You took a chance didn't you?  
The chance didn't have a par for you this time around  
Maybe next life.

And you can't even walk home

The girls on the street all look sad in this cardboard cut-out little town  
No wonder, that's the only thing here that's real  
The gold is for fools and paradise is lost  
But the hungry have never bothered with the cost

Day by day they fall away like rose petals  
Like ink that won't dry or fade  
It just runs wild down cracks and crevices, grooves and folds  
So I hope someone saves you, before you get cold  
I really do.

Because the girls are on set in this little black book

If you dont believe me take a closer look.  
If you can..?