Stone Cold Crazy - Queen

Sleeping very soundly on a Saturday morning
I was dreaming I was Al Capone
There's a rumour going round
Gotta clear outa town
I'm smelling like a dry fish bone
Here come the law gonna break down the door
Gonna carry me away once more
Never never I never want it anymore
Gotta get away from this stone cold floor
Crazy stone cold crazy you know

Rainy afternoon I gotta blow a typhoon
And I'm playing on my slide trombone
Anymore anymore cannot take it anymore
Gotta get away from this stone cold floor
Crazy stone cold crazy you know

Walking down the street
Shooting people that I meet
With my rubber Tommy water gun
Here come the deputy
He's gonna come and get me
I gotta get me up and run
They got the sirens loose
I ran right outa juice
They're gonna put me in a cell
If I can't go to heaven
Will they let me go to hell?
Crazy stone cold crazy you know