

Oak Ridge Boys, The "Colors"

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Chorus:

Red as the bloodshed, blue as the wounded,
white as the crosses on our soldier's graves.
Through the rain, through the sun, these colors never
run.

Verse 1:

I first saw her standing on the corner of the stage
and I've been pledging my allegiance ever since.
We often take for granted her old familiar wave
but that freedom cost a lot of brave men and women

Chorus:

It's one that's red as the bloodshed, blue as the
wounded,
white as the crosses on our soldier's graves.
Through the rain, through the sun, these colors never
run.
No they never will.

Verse 2:

Now I've seen people treat her like she was some old
rag,
clueless to the human sacrifice.
But you'll always find a mother, a widow, a child,
a sister or a brother with a carefully folded teardrop in
their eyes.

Chorus:

It's one that's red as the bloodshed, blue as the
wounded,
white as the crosses on our soldier's graves.
Through the rain, through the sun, these colors never
run.
No, these colors never run.

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