

# 10Cc

## "Reds In My Bed"

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There's a fat man who offers a change of scene  
Says he'll guarantee my sheet will be clean  
When I get on the outside  
But who can you trust when the walls have ears  
I'm for takin' a chance, like a drownin' man  
I'm going under

I've got reds in my bed  
I'm not easily led to the slaughter  
And while the cold war exists  
I'll stay warm with the commisar's daughter

We could meet at the zoo where the tiger roams  
In a prison of steel  
He reminds me so much of the way I feel  
And we know that we're both in the danger zone  
Where the eyes of the world  
Full of shutters and bugs are upon us now

I've got reds in my bed  
I get blues looking out of my window  
And we're never alone, there's a tap on the phone  
And my pillow

Let me go home  
(There's a girl in a distant land)  
Let me go home  
(Who's nothing more than a memory)  
She don't know that I'm gonna be free

Let me go home  
(You're a land full of misery)  
Let me go home  
(You're a cruel and a faceless race)  
I don't like your philosophy  
I don't like your philosophy

The connections are made and the time is right  
So my body is walled in the shell of a car  
in the dead of night  
And I laugh through the pain and the agony  
As they cut me away to be born again

back to humanity

You've got reds in your bed  
There's a man lookin' over your shoulder  
But don't you give him your mind  
It's too late when you find that it's over  
You!

Let me go home  
(You're a land full of misery)  
Let me go home  
(You're nothing more than a memory)  
I don't like your philosophy  
Let me go home  
(You're a cruel and a faceless race)  
Let me go home  
(You're nothing more than a memory)  
I don't like your philosophy

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