

Clare Bowditch And The Feeding Set "Hair That Red"

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My friend Nick was made up of coloured bits
That he shot to the stars and left in a trail
That was our friend Nick, who grinned like a lunatic
And talked like a bird, who knew all the old song words;
"He's a smoker, he's a joker, he's a midnight toker"
And "Help me I think I'm falling in love again."
A son, a brother, a father and my mother always said
"You've gotta love a man with hair that red."

My friend Nick, a bundle of scattered bits
That once in a while he tried to collect.
The only things left big enough to hold him in
Were rivers and dreams.
He told me he'd love me when we were sixty.
He's a sun, and a spring, and a blocked up darling.
She said, "You've gotta love a man with hair that red."

Our friend Nick was made of a billion bits
And we'll only ever know four or three each,
But as the song goes, "Life is but a tapestry
Of rich and royal hue,"
And you've a cloak fit for a lion King.
And in case you're still wondering,
Indeed we loved you man with hair that red.

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