

Garth Brooks

"Red Stroke"

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Moonlight and candle, midnight and wine,
Two shadows starting, to softly combine.
Picture their pain is one of the heart,
And to those who have seen it; its a true work of art.

Oh the red stroke, passions uncaged,
Thundering moments of tenderness rage.
Oh the red stroke, tempered and strong,
Burning the night like the dawn.

Steam on the windows, salt in a kiss.
To watch them never hounded like this.
Inspired by a vision, that they can't come back.
Erasing the borders with each brush of a hand.

Oh the red stroke, passions uncaged,
Thundering moments of tenderness rage.
Oh the red stroke, tempered and strong,
Burning the night like the dawn.

The blues will be blue, and then jealousy's green.
But when love fix its shade, it demands to be saved.

Oh the red stroke, passions uncaged,
Thundering moments of tenderness rage.
Oh the red stroke, tempered and strong, (fearlessly
drawn)
Burning the night like the dawn. x2

Steam on the windows, salt in a kiss.
To watch them never hounded like this.

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