

Steve Hackett**"Red Is A Mean, Mean Colour"**

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He can remember hearing words of wonder
"failure is on the inside"
So often does he wonder
How hard it is without a guide

This manipulator of crazes
He can win any race that you name
Like a disease he comes in stages
And affects everybody the same

Chorus: he's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks on a fatal crash
And he carries a sign that screams
"red is a mean, mean colour !"

He keeps his money under his mattress
And his conscience in his pocket
He heart runs on batteries
He has two eyes to each socket

Now here's a thing, a very silly thing
He say's it's easy easy to make a million
Yeah, here's a thing, a very silly thing
He say's you steal from a broken brazilian

Chorus: he's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks on a fatal crash
And he carries a sign that screams
"red is a mean, mean colour !"

Life's a game of colours and shades
Life's an ugly hue
Life's a pageant that we paint.

Can you remember being south of brighton
Head full of floating memories
Swimming to the grey horizon
Trying to escape the enemy

Who can quote from a thousand young poets
And with a flag on his back he can shine

Who has a dream but can never show it
Who is drunk from the mad man's wine

Chorus: he's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks on a fatal crash
And he carries a sign that screams
"red is a mean, mean colour !"

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