

Sam

"Red"

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I've read it all, it's black and white
The spectrum made a shade I like.
The crimson rays are ruby bright
Technicolor light.
Red! I want red, there's no substitute for red.
Red! Paint it red, green ain't mean compared to red.
You don't know what it does to me,
My crimson intensity
I'm haunted by the mystery,
The mystey of red.
Red knocks 'em dead,
Some like it hot, I like it read.
Red is my lover, got it covered
Red is my number, sure as a coma
Red is my drummer, and I hear red thunder
Move over brother,
Red's a motherfu...(cker)
(Red! Red!)
Thats' what I said...
(Red! Red!)
Come on to bed
(Red! Red!)
Gimme' that expensive spread..

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