

## Steve Harley "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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