

The Oakridge Boys

"Colors"

Visit "[Colors](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Red as the bloodshed, blue as the wounded, white as
the crosses on our soldier's graves. Through the rain,
through the sun, these colors never run.

I first saw her standing on the corner of the stage and
I've been pledging my allegiance ever since. We often
take for granted her old familiar wave but that freedom
cost a lot of brave young men and women.

It's one that's red as the bloodshed, blue as the
wounded, white as the crosses on our soldier's graves.
Through the rain, through the sun, these colors never
run. No they never will.

Now I've seen people treat her like she was some old
rag, clueless to the human sacrifice. But you'll always
find a mother, a widow, a child, a sister or a brother
with a carefully folded teardrop in their eyes.

It's one that's red as the bloodshed, blue as the
wounded, white as the crosses on our soldier's graves.
Through the rain, through the sun, these colors never
run. No, these colors never run.

Visit [The Oakridge Boys](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.