

## Thea Gilmore "Red Farm"

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She's a sugar plum in a blue dress  
She's worth a million gold pieces  
And I see visions in her hair  
Of a nuclear sky

And I, I'm running away from that red farm  
And I, I'm running away from that red farm  
And I, I'm running away from that red farm

You can see her pleasure is in your pain  
She won't give warning, she'll just send dark rain  
She will creep back home, she will cry again  
With her head in her hands

Yeah I, I'm running away from that red farm  
And I, I'm running away from that red farm  
And I, I'm running away from that red farm

Communication's ground, all voices are racing through  
her head  
The call to arms, she says "I'll face it if my hell is  
overhead"  
I'll carry on believing we can take care

You're nice and warm, that saw me through  
She told her friends she could fly, too  
But when her feet never left the ground  
She lives alone down on the red farm

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