Red is the Color

Steve Earle

North wind blowin' like a hurricane house
Old man leanin' like he's pullin' a plow
Neck bowed, bendin' like a willow bough

Red sky color of the end of time
Bleeds dry runnin' down the center line
Wise guy pretends he doesn't see the signs

Bad news everybody talkin' 'bout
A short fuse a half an inch from burnin' out
All used up beyond a reasonable doubt

Make way for his majesty the prodigal king
Still taste the poison when you're kissin' the ring
Don't say he never gave you anything

Deep breath the calm before the storm begins
Cold sweat pretend that you ain't listenin'
Don't bet on gettin' by with that again

Short ride from here to where the beast resides
Fine line that separates the shadows inside
Make mine a double shot of cyanide