

Red, you look tired.
You look older than your mother.
Where should I not touch?
What should I not kiss?
Where does it hurt?
Red, in you slumber,
You look younger, so much stronger.
Honey on your breath,
Heaven in your head.
Where does it hurt?
Red red red, oh.
So long in this house.
It's a big one, full of scarecrows, even now.
So now you look ahead to the edge
Of a high metal sun over sunset, overheated (over).
Welcome home, our only son.
Red red red, oh.
Mm mm come open mouth like Venus.
Mm mm come over (the) mountain like Vesuvius.
Send a rocket for Red, and he goes coo-coo.
Mm mm come open mouth like Venus.
Mm mm come over (the) mountain like Vesuvius.
Send a rocket for Red, and he goes coo-coo.
Send a rocket for Red, and he goes coo-coo.
Red red red, oh.