

## 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