

Red Is a Mean, Mean Colour

Steve Harley

He can remember hearing words of wonder
"failure is on the inside"
So often does he wonder
How hard it is without a guide
This manipulator of crazes
He can win any race that you name
Like a disease he comes in stages
And affects everybody the same
Chorus: he's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks on a fatal crash
And he carries a sign that screams
"red is a mean, mean colour !"
He keeps his money under his mattress
And his conscience in his pocket
He heart runs on batteries
He has two eyes to each socket
Now here's a thing, a very silly thing
He say's it's easy easy to make a million
Yeah, here's a thing, a very silly thing
He say's you steal from a broken brazilian
Chorus: he's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks on a fatal crash
And he carries a sign that screams
"red is a mean, mean colour !"
Life's a game of colours and shades
Life's an ugly hue
Life's a pageant that we paint.
Can you remember being south of brighton
Head full of floating memories
Swimming to the grey horizon
Trying to escape the enemy
Who can quote from a thousand young poets
And with a flag on his back he can shine
Who has a dream but can never show it
Who is drunk from the mad man's wine
Chorus: he's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks on a fatal crash
And he carries a sign that screams
"red is a mean, mean colour !"