

## Blood Red

The Datsuns

Take, take me to market  
Come on take me down  
To traditions and lifes hand me downs  
It's a sin, sir, when you half realise  
You gave in sir, become what you despise

So let's paint the town blood red, red tonight  
We'll paint it red, it's a scarlet delight

Grind the meat, sir, time to taste the sublime  
It is sweet, sirbut will turn to grime in time  
Roll the dice, if you please  
It's the reight of everyman  
To compete, with sleaze  
For someone to bear his brand so

Whatever happened you said  
To all the things they promised you  
Whatever happened you said  
To all the things they should have done  
Whatever happened you said  
Whatever happened was beared  
So I'm leaving now, I'm leaving now  
Let's go

It's a sin, sir  
When you half realise  
You gave in sir  
Become what you despise

Whatever happened to digital communication  
All those empty promises,  
They're still leaving me frustrated  
Leaving me frustrated, why?  
So I say goodbye