

INXS, Underneath The Colours

No division in the ranks
The lines are long and proud
No question on their lips
But there will always be doubt

Like a chinese painting
All red with it's message
A flag high in the sky
Twists and turns it's language

Underneath the colours red-blue-white
Catch a glimpse of others
From the corner of your eye

With the rise and fall of
The conductor's blind-hand
I play Russian roulette
I'm an angry young man