

Red Rider, White Hot

Waiting by the shoreline
In Somalia for your reply
I need you to come see me
That's no lie

The guns are getting closer
The sweat pours like the dew
That fell from the trees in Tripoli
In the spring

I'm white hot
I can't take it anymore
I'm white hot
By the Somalian shore
Yes, I'm burning to the core
I need rain

We're cast out from the jungle
With no rations or canteen
For selling faulty rifles
To the thieves in Tanzania

Adventures and misfortune
Nothing wagered, nothing gained
I have wandered through the desert
Found the ocean, not the rain

I can remember the nights by The Strand in Tripoli
We were so much younger then
I had you and my poetry to protect me
We were so much cooler then
I need rain

I'm white hot
I can't take it anymore
I'm white hot
By the Somalian shore

I'm white hot
Yes, I'm burning to the core
I need rain, I need rain, I need rain

I can remember the nights by the sea in Tripoli
We were so much bolder then
I had you and my poetry to protect me
We were both soldiers then
Bolder then, colder then
I need rain, I need rain, I need rain
White hot
White hot...
Water