

10CC, Reds In My Bed

There's a fat man who offers a change of scene
Says he'll guarantee my sheet will be clean
When I get on the outside
But who can you trust when the walls have ears
I'm for takin' a chance, like a drownin' man
I'm going under

I've got reds in my bed
I'm not easily led to the slaughter
And while the cold war exists
I'll stay warm with the commisar's daughter

We could meet at the zoo where the tiger roams
In a prison of steel
He reminds me so much of the way I feel
And we know that we're both in the danger zone
Where the eyes of the world
Full of shutters and bugs are upon us now

I've got reds in my bed
I get blues looking out of my window
And we're never alone, there's a tap on the phone
And my pillow

Let me go home
(There's a girl in a distant land)
Let me go home
(Who's nothing more than a memory)
She don't know that I'm gonna be free
Let me go home
(You're a land full of misery)
Let me go home
(You're a cruel and a faceless race)
I don't like your philosophy
I don't like your philosophy

The connections are made and the time is right
So my body is walled in the shell of a car
in the dead of night
And I laugh through the pain and the agony
As they cut me away to be born again
back to humanity

You've got reds in your bed
There's a man lookin' over your shoulder
But don't you give him your mind
It's too late when you find that it's over
You!

Let me go home
(You're a land full of misery)
Let me go home
(You're nothing more than a memory)
I don't like your philosophy
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