

# Garth Brooks, The Red Strokes

Moonlight on canvas, midnight and wine  
Two shadows starting to softly combine  
The picture they're painting  
Is one of the heart  
And to those who have seen it  
It's a true work of art

Oh, the red strokes  
Passions uncaged  
Thundering moments of tenderness rage  
Oh, the red strokes  
Tempered and strong  
Burning the night like the dawn

Steam on the window, salt in a kiss  
Two hearts have never pounded like this  
Inspired by a vision  
That they can't command  
Erasing the borders  
With each brush of a hand

Oh, the red strokes  
Passions uncaged  
Thundering moments of tenderness rage  
Oh, the red strokes  
Tempered and strong  
Burning the night like the dawn

Oh, the blues will be blue and the jealousies green  
But when love picks its shade it demands to be seen

Oh, the red strokes  
Passions uncaged  
Thundering moments of tenderness rage  
Oh, the red strokes  
Fearlessly drawn  
Burning the night like the dawn

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