

Randy, Red Banner Rockers

I packed a bag.
With clean underwear and bore.
Some worry and nag.
And more stuff from the top drawer.
I packed some drag.
And I took it out on tour.
Took off with a roar.
And didn't open it anymore.

A moonlight mile from white is where our jets ignite.
It's an all-night flight boy, but it's alright.

It's all right, red banner rockers unite!
If it's dark around the clock let us rock for light.
It will be all right, be all right red banner rockers
unite!

It's just a pinch and a bite in an endless fight.
But i got less important things to write.

And this is a love story.
A tragedy a goddamn farce.
A molotov rock tale.
Exploding in the cheapest of bars.
Or in a car, cause that's where we are.
Clamped down by the same old guitars.
Same commie-red hearts.
Except for the reeperbahn scars.

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But I got less important things to write:

And that's alright.