

Tara MacLean, Red

Her face is down
And her fingers hang loose
Like horsetail cigarettes
Looks like half a man is all she gets tonight
My little Hercules
Never hurt anyone
And he's the only way of getting home
So when you're between her lips
And the spine of her bed
When everything turns red
Well I see red as well
When you see the colour of love
I see the colour of hell

I lose myself
And I fall away
Past the sad and long dog days
Through a world in which i don't belong anymore
Past the barstool boys
Who take and take me anyhow
But they never take you away

So when you fall beneath her sheets
I lose my head
When everything goes red
Well I see red as well
When you see the colour of love
I see the colour of hell

Lord, lead me on
To a world that I can no longer find
My dear you are all the time