

The Frames, Red Chord

And I'm pulling on the red chord
That pulls you back to me Lord
It helps me out
When you're away

When I was in the army
And they called you back to save me
And I was resting soft
In the arms of my war

And I'm pulling on the red chord
That pulls you back to me Lord
And I'm pulling on the red chord
So you're not so far away

And I was at the uni..
The university of
Blind love and black poetry
And it was there I found you
And you were happy like an angel
But for everything you learned
There is something you must let go of

And I'm pulling on the red chord
That pulls you back to me Lord
And I'm pulling on the red chord
That pulls you back to me Lord

Pulls you back to me Lord
Yeah, pulls you back to me Lord
Pulls you back to me Lord
Yeah, pulls you back to me Lord