Thea Gilmore, Red Farm

Shes a sugar plum in a blue dress Shes worth a million gold pieces And I see visions in her hair Of a nuclear sky

And I, Im running away from that red farm And I, Im running away from that red farm And I, Im running away from that red farm

You can see her pleasure is in your pain She wont give warning, shell just send dark rain She will creep back home, she will cry again With her head in her hands

Yeah I, Im running away from that red farm And I, Im running away from that red farm And I, Im running away from that red farm

Communications ground, all voices are racing through her head The call to arms, she says III face it if my hell is overhead III carry on believing we can take care

Youre nice and warm, that saw me through She told her friends she could fly, too But when her feet never left the ground She lives alone down on the red farm

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