

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 Ill face it if my hell is overhead
Ill 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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