

# Flank

## Red Red Meat

Radio was bleeding  
Cold and lonesome over  
Sugar blood and sand  
Wanted to be your game for a little while  
Dusted off and in your hand  
Taste enough to wreck  
Pull the smoke out from your angels  
Frost out from your blues  
Heard some scratching  
Slow and even on the door  
Scrape me off this barroom  
Wanted to be your game for a little while  
Dusted off and in your hand  
Taste enough to wreck  
Pull the smoke out from your angels  
Frost out from your blues

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written by Rutili, Temistoclas Hugo / Deck, Brian / Girard, Glenn C  
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