Red

Jesse Cook

I read that it's all black and white
Oooh, the spectrum made a shade I like!
Ooh, those crinsom rays of ruby bright
Ah! the technicolor li-I-ight!Red! red! I want red!
There's no substitute for red!
Red! paint it red!
Green ain't mean compared to red!You don't know what it does to me
Yeah, that crimson sin intensity!
I'm haunted by the mystery of red, red, red!Red! red knocks 'em dead!
Some like it hot-tah!
I like it red!Red's my lover, got me covered!
Red's my number and he's a commer!
Red's my drummer. I hear his thunder!
Move over, brother!
Red is a mother!
He's a mother!Red! red knocks 'em dead!
Red, red, red, red!
Red! red! I want red!
Move over, brother!
Move over, brother!Go bop-bop, go bop-bop
Go bop-bop, go bop! ahhh!
Go bop-bop, go bop-bop
Go bop-bop, go bop! uhh! ahhh!
Uhh! ahhh! uhh! ahhh!
Uhh! uhhh!Whoa! red! red! I want red!
That's what I said! that's what I said!
Gimme red, red, 'cause I want red!
Some like it hot, I like it red!
Red! red! I want red!
Gimme red! gimme, gimme, gimme!
Gimme red, red! I want red!
Some like it hot, I like it red!Red! red! I want red!
Move over brother, move over brother!
Red! red! red! I want red!
Red!
Gimme red!
Gimme red!
Gimme red!

Gimme red, red, red!

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