Red Desert

Marc Jordan

We were brought about in Matryona's house.
Sitting by the fire to keep the cold out.
They will not bring us wood.
They don't allow our rhyme.
The wind blows trough these walls so hard.
It hurts sometimes.(Chorus)Oh, pull on the line.
Bring a horse to water.
But he don't drink all the time.
Oh, pull on the line.
Bring a horse to water.
But he don't drink all the time.
Red Desert I'm in USA.
Hiding out in Brooklyn.
Choking in LA.
Underneath the peeling paint,
And Trough the rusty tin.
You could almost see the daybreak.
Trough the ray of hope was thin.(repeat Chorus)
And foolish I believe.
It won't make a fool out of me.
'Cause I've been hanging 'round too long.
Still I'm walking along.
You dirty streets.
Taking them one by one.
One at a time.
One by one.
One at a time.(repeat first verse)And foolish I believe,
It won't make a fool out of me.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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