Gorshin

Red Red Meat

standing at the gate at night
spotlight coming round again
red light perfume masquerade
anchovy olive sweetbread mope
acid teardrop through my tongue
half shell kaise, where's my drink?tangled in the curtain daze (over and over)scotch and ice, percodans, high on fumes, airplane ride, elbow pads, green and gold
navy blue, airplane ride, scotch and ice...

Songwriters
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