Red

Bette Midler

I read that it's all black and white
Ooh, the spectrum made a shade I like
Ooh, those crimson rays of ruby bright
Ah! The technicolor light
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
Yeah, yeah, 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, red hot 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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