

# Colors

## The Oak Ridge Boys

Red as the bloodshed, blue as the wounded, white as the crosses on our soldier`s graves. Through the rain,  
through the sun, these colors never run.

I first saw her standing on the corner of the stage and I`ve been pledging my allegiance ever since. We often  
take for granted her old familiar wave but that freedom cost a lot of brave young men and women.

It`s one that`s red as the bloodshed, blue as the wounded, white as the crosses on our soldier`s graves. Through  
the rain, through the sun, these colors never run. No they never will.

Now I`ve seen people treat her like she was some old rag, clueless to the human sacrifice. But you`ll always  
find a mother, a widow, a child, a sister or a brother with a carefully folded teardrop in their eyes.

It`s one that`s red as the bloodshed, blue as the wounded, white as the crosses on our soldier`s graves. Through  
the rain, through the sun, these colors never run. No, these colors never run.

---

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>