

Red Lenses

Rush

I see red and it hurts my head
I guess it must be somethin' that I readIt's the color of your heartbeat
A rising summer sun, the battle lost or won
The flash to fashion, the pulse to passionFeels red inside my head
And truth is often better left unsaid
I said "Red, red, I'm thinkin' about the overhead"
The underfedCouldn't we talk about something else instead?We've got mars on the horizon, says the national
midnight star
(It's true)
What you believe is what you are
A pair of dancing shoes, the soviets are the bluesThe reds under your bed
Lying in the darkness, dead aheadAnd the mercury is rising
Barometer starts to fall, you know it gets to us all
The pain that is learning and the rain that is burningFeel red, still go ahead
You see black and white
And I see red, red, not blue
I'm thinkin' about the overfed, the underheadI said, "I'm now red, red", thinkin' 'bout what you said
Think 'bout it, I think, I think red

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