

# 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.

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