

Red Lenses

Rush

I see red
And it hurts my head
Guess it must be something
That I read

It's the color of your heartbeat
A rising summer sun
The battle lost or won
The flash to fashion
And the pulse to passion
Feels red
Inside my head
And truth is often bitter
Left unsaid
Said red red
Thinking about the overhead
The underfed

Couldn'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 blues
The reds
Under your bed
Lying in the darkness
Dead ahead

And 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 burning
Feel red
Still...go ahead
You see black and white
And I see red
Red
(not blue)