

Red Is a Mean, Mean Colour

Cockney Rebel

He can remember hearing words of wonder
'Failure is on the inside'
So often does he wonder
How hard it is without a guide

This manipulator of crazes
He can win any race that you name
Like a disease he goes in stages
And affects everybody the same

(Who doesn't care about this or that?)
He's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks in a fatal crash
And carries a sign that screams: 'Red is a mean mean colour'

He keeps his money under his mattress
And his conscience in his pocket
His heart runs on batteries
He has two eyes to each socket

Now here's a thing, a very silly thing
He claims that it's easy to make a million
Yeah here's a thing, a very silly thing
He says you steal from a broken Brazilian

(Who doesn't care about this or that?)
He's just a honey, a beat-up honey
He gets his kicks in a fatal crash
And carries a sign that screams: 'Red is a mean mean colour'

Life's a game of colours and shapes, life's an ugly hue
Life's a pageant that we paint, life's an ugly colour

(He doesn't care about this or that)
He's just a honey, a beat-up honey
He gets his kicks in a fatal crash
And carries a sign that screams: 'Red is a mean mean colour'

Can you remember being south of Brighton
Head full of floating memories?
Swimming to the grey horizon
Trying to escape the enemy?

Who can quote from a thousand young poets?
And with his flag on his back he can shine
Who has a dream but can never show it?
Who is drunk from the mad man's wine?

(Who doesn't care about this or that?)
He's just a body, a beat-up body
He gets his kicks in a fatal crash
And carries a sign that screams: 'Red is a mean mean colour'