

# All On Red

Stateside

I'll pitch a penny for your thoughts  
Your brand new head in the same old game  
And the other ninety nine to figure out what's going through mine  
This week's awkward headline

I've got a sick, sick feeling  
You'll bet on me and lose  
So put your money where your mouth is  
Your green goes so well with my blues

I'm playing tic tac toe in pen  
And at this rate I'm betting I'll have my third X by the weekend  
I'm playing tic tac toe in pen  
And at this rate I'm betting all on red

Every shot's in the dark when you shoot blind and from the hip  
I couldn't hit that target if you painted it right on your lips  
Every shot's in the dark when you shoot blind and from the hip  
I couldn't hit that target if you painted it right on your lips

I've got a sick, sick feeling you'll bet on me and lose  
So put your money where your mouth is, your green goes so well with my blues  
I've got a sick, sick feeling you'll bet on me and lose  
So put your money where your mouth is, your green goes so well with my blues

I'm playing tic tac toe in pen  
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I'm playing tic tac toe in pen  
And at this rate I'm betting all on red  
All on red  
All on red

You lie because you have to  
I lie because I can  
No matter what I do  
In the end I always lose  
You lie because you have to (shoot me in the dark)  
I lie because I can (keep me on your hip)  
Oh it's just what we do (I'm an easy target)  
Your green goes so well with my blues (paint me on your lips)

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All on red

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I lie because I can  
No matter what I do  
In the end I always lose  
You lie because you have to (shoot me in the dark)  
I lie because I can (keep me on your hip)  
Oh it's just what we do  
All on red  
All on red