

Blood Red

The Datsuns

Take, take me to market
Come on take me down
To traditions and lifes hand me downs
It's a sin, sir, when you half realise
You gave in sir, become what you despise

So let's paint the town blood red, red tonight
We'll paint it red, it's a scarlet delight

Grind the meat, sir, time to taste the sublime
It is sweet, sirbut will turn to grime in time
Roll the dice, if you please
It's the reight of everyman
To compete, with sleaze
For someone to bear his brand so

Whatever happened you said
To all the things they promised you
Whatever happened you said
To all the things they should have done
Whatever happened you said
Whatever happened was beared
So I'm leaving now, I'm leaving now
Let's go

It's a sin, sir
When you half realise
You gave in sir
Become what you despise

Whatever happened to digital communication
All those empty promises,
They're still leaving me frustrated
Leaving me frustrated, why?
So I say goodbye