

# Bette Midler, Red

I read that it's all black and white.  
Oooh, the spectrum made a shade I like!  
Ooh, those crimson rays of ruby bright.  
Ah! The technicolor li-i-ight!

Red! Red! I want red!  
There's no substitute for red!  
Red! Paint it red!  
Green ain't mean compared to red!

You don't know what it does to me.  
Yeah, that crimson sin intensity!  
I'm haunted by the mystery,  
yeah, yeah, the mystery of red, red, red!

Red! Red knocks 'em dead!  
Some like it hot-tah!  
I like it red!

Red's my lover, got me covered!  
Red's my number and he's a commer!  
Red's my drummer. I hear his thunder!  
Move over, brother!  
Red is a mother!  
He's a mother!

Red! Red knocks 'em dead!  
Red, red, red, red!  
Red! Red! I want red!  
Move over, brother!  
Move over, brother!

Go bop-bop, go bop-bop.  
Go bop-bop, go bop! Ahhh!  
Go bop-bop, go bop-bop.  
Go bop-bop, go bop! Uhh! Ahhh!  
Uhh! Ahhh! Uhh! Ahhh!  
Uhh! Uhhh!

Whoa! Red! Red! I want red!  
That's what I said! That's what I said!  
Gimme red, red, 'cause I want red!  
Some like it hot, I like it red!  
Red! Red! I want red!  
Gimme red! Gimme, gimme, gimme!  
Gimme red, red! I want red!  
Some like it hot, I like it red!

Red! Red! I want red!  
Move over brother, move over brother!  
Red! Red! Red! I want red!  
Red!  
Gimme red!  
Gimme red!  
Gimme red!  
Gimme red, red, red!