

# Gerry Rafferty, I See Red

Back in my school days acting the fool boys  
One and one and one made three  
And the man said come and cut yourself a piece of the big time.

Armour-clad forces riding trojan horses  
Never made sense to me  
I didn't wanna be a part of the great debate on moonshine.

Stop, pay the price', they said to me, take this advice:  
You're out of your head'  
Stop, hold the phone -- this has to be cut to the bone  
Too bad -- I see red  
I see red. I see red.

She slips and stumbles, twists and she tumbles  
She always lands on her feet  
And she keeps her face turned to the far horizon.

Won't you come this way -- won't you go my way  
Her rhythm doesn't miss a beat  
She's just doin' everything she can to keep surviving.

Stop, pay the price', she said to me, take this advice:  
You're out of your head'  
Stop, hold the phone -- this has to be cut to the bone  
Too bad -- I see red.  
I see red. I see red. Yeah.

Now who wants a riot -- people should be quiet  
Don't we give em good TV  
You can learn to love a lifetime of distraction.

You've got nothin' on the inside, nothin' on the outside  
All the way from A to B  
I can live without that kind of satisfaction.

Stop, pay the price', she said to me, take this advice:  
You're out of your head'  
Stop, hold the phone -- this has to be cut to the bone  
Too bad -- I see red  
I see red. I see red. I see red. Yeah.

(fade and repeat)  
I see red  
I see red  
You make me see red  
Yes I see red  
I see red  
I see red.

Written By: Jim Rafferty  
Published By: Hit & Run Music  
Drums/Percussion: Arran Ahmun  
Keyboards: Pavel Rosak  
Programming: Pavel Rosak  
Guitars: Hugh Burns  
Soprano Sax: Mel Collins  
Lead Vocals: Gerry Rafferty  
Backing Vocals: Nicky Moore / Joe Egan / Julian Littman /  
Melanie Harrold / Liane Carroll / Gerry Rafferty