

Sunset Red
Oshima Brothers

Every word you said
Hangs in sunset red
That old Chevrolet
Is the bed I make
Drove across the state
Singing songs we hate
On the radio
Stopped to dance 'em slow

Every dusty cloud
Playing lost and found
In the summer sky
With our autumn eyes
You're a desert rose
Tangled in your clothes
Belt across your hips
Drummin fingertips

I been feeling so lonely
I just want you to hold me
But I'm scared to death
I been try to hold out
Getting closer to your mouth
And we're holding our breath

Searching for the sun
Rebels on the run
Eyes on the horizon

Sunset red
Run like hell
Backseat bed
Our motel