

RED SHOULDERS

words & music by Sven-Erik Seaholm

Where's the radio?
I can't hear the music no more
Where'd that feeling go?
Could it hit you like it hit me before?

When it came through the atmosphere
Down from the stratosphere
Incense and herb were all floating in air
And we're singing like birds
Cause we know all the words
We're the only ones...

Where's the radio?
I can't tune in that station no more
There's no letting go
Of that feeling we still can't ignore

When it comes through the atmosphere
Down from the stratosphere
Incense and herb were all floating in air
And we're singing along
Cause we know all the songs
And we're the only ones, the only ones...

Put up the posters and play back the past
Tomorrow will only be colder
Into the future, the sun shining back
Over our red shoulders...red shoulders

Yeah, it came through the atmosphere
Down from the stratosphere
Incense and herb were all floating in air
And we're singing like birds
Cause we know all the words
And we're the only ones...

Pull down the posters and put back the past
Tomorrow we'll only be older
Into the future, the sun shining back
Over our red shoulders...red shoulders
Red shoulders...red shoulders