

## Blue Light, Red Light

Harry Connick, Jr.

I live in a tiny closet  
A lukewarm cold water flat  
With room for a couple of cinders  
A mouse, a hole, and a trap  
I don't worry about the flights  
Or count the stairs  
'cause I know  
Someone's there

I took a high paying sweeping-up job  
Dusting after somebody else  
Seeing that there's clean on the windows  
Convincing the snow to melt  
I don't worry about the ride  
Or the subway fare  
'cause I know  
Someone's there

One day we'll move uptown  
Or even out to the country side  
And for every leaf on a tree  
We'll add one cub to the pride

Who cares if the floor ain't level  
Or if the ceiling falls in  
Haunted by the devil  
And ghosts and boogeymen  
I can't be concerned  
Why should I care  
No place I'd go alone would compare  
'cause I know  
You're there