

Racin' For The Red Light

The Outlaws

Children of a fiery sky
Burnin' with the need to fly
Much too fast and much too soon
Learn the dance of passion's tune
Comb the sidewalks, four by four
Roam the night to make the score
Leather boys and girls in chains
No tomorrows, no real names
Always racin' for the red light

Who'll provide the silver spoon
Razor's edge, the red balloon
Who will wake up from this dream
Old and wise at seventeen
Who will spend eternity
Wonderin' why he couldn't see
Lookin' through the needle's eye
It's much too late
He's much too high
He keeps racin' for the red light
Whoa yeah

Racin' for the red light
Fast lane, foot to the floor
Racin' for the red light
Last game, who's keepin' score

Ooh ooh
When you need something badly
You've got to believe
That something can be
You go racin' the moon
The pistol rings out
Then it's over too soon

Yeah yeah
Metal guitars loud and mean
Drown out krishna tambourines
All along the boulevard
Jungle tough and concrete hard
Askin' if there's change to spare
(Change to spare)
Of anybody anywhere
Children of the fiery sky
Scant enough to get them high

[Repeat Chorus]

Anymore

Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh

You go racin' the moon
The pistol rings out
Then it's over

[Repeat Chorus x2]