

Red Light

Catie Curtis

Donna rode her bike up past the police station
In her bathing suit and shoes
Through the out of towners
Tangled up in traffic, crying out the news

Red light across a gray ocean
It's a fire on the bay
Little town right on the water
Burning down burning down again

Mister fire marshal suspects the landlord
Of the penny arcade
While all his plastic prizes and Riley's clamshack
Fall burning in the waves

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Burning down burning down again

The carnival town is a roulette wheel
Everybody understands
Strangers come and try to make a fortune
Built upon the sand

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