

# 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]