

Harry Connick, Jr. "Blue Light, Red Light"

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I live in a tiny closet
A lukewarm cold water flat
With room for a couple of cinders
And 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
Or ghosts and boogeymen

I can't be concerned
Why should I care
No place I'd go alone would compare
'Cause I know, I know you're 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

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