

Rancid

"Red Hot Moon"

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Under a red hot moon, take a bus downtown to the
Grave yard shift tonight
Under a red hot moon, take a bus downtown to the
Grave yard shift tonight

KC's from Cali, California.
She's got a reputation that she didn't ask for.
She's waiting for an escape now, escape is called the
164.
Now, KC, she won't admit when she's wrong,
Now KC, she's always run, run, run.
She's a punk rocker, she don't trust no one
On a south end bus all alone.

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KC was never caught up, like the rest of the rats in a
fucking maze
"Check me out" she said, "I'm in a concrete
jungle,
I'm an individual and you're stuck in my waste"
Oh hell no, she knows what the truth is. Because she
said so
She knows who her friends are so fuck you, don't get
no closer,
It'll only make her run far away

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I know KC's brother pretty well, lets say
We spent a lot of time hanging out
I always thought for he said that she'd be the one to
get out of here
And make a life for herself
But when we found her in the little league park,
In the dugout it was cold in the dark.

No one knew why she wouldn't wake up,
I think she finally made it back home.

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[Rap verse by Rob Aston]

One time for your mind, two times for your soul three
for the graveyard and the money I fold.
Dimmed out in the city where the sun burns slow, no
hope it's a pity I can't say no.
It's not my time to go, it's not my time to die,
The last thing I want for my mother to cry
It was love at first light, since the very first night,
Things have never been the same since I took my first
flight.
The way I live my life, I love; I live lavish, lost me from
the start.
You lose, you'll never have it! Untouched, unleashed,
back up you don't want it.
Stick him for his cash. It's back, now he's fronting.
Take two pass, I'll take to blast.
Bust a mother fucker; I'm out on the flash. Pimped
out, high as fuck.
I'm out of control. Let's bounce, rock, skate, Man I'm
ready to roll.

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