

When the Traffic Light's Red

When the traffic light's red, I can remember
There was a time I was living a dream
Workin' in my hometown, every problem around
Belonged to somebody else and not me

I started repairing bulldozer transmissions
I made a car for a guy running 'shine
Then I was in the Marines, they said forget what you've seen
'Cause if you don't, kid, it'll mess up your mind

Sleep, eat and work and worry
I'm packing my lunch, now, all of my life
Hey, how do you know
If you've been living or just putting in time

Well, I can still picture the day I opened the station
And I'm taking the plywood from off of the door
A box of tools in my hand, I work as hard as I can
Hey, I've been fixing things all of my life

But now I just feel like I'm only promoting
Somebody's favorite vinyl-topped dream
Working twelve-hour days, too many cars in each bay
I'm seein' more of them than I do my wife

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