

## **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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