

Red Tide

Foxboro Hot Tubs

Baby's in her hour of darkness
Everything she feels is hopeless
Disconnected from the dance hall
Trippin' on her heart of purple

Is this passion or
Or your red tide

Faces of her bleak expression
Taking on her town's impression
'Tis the season's witching hour
As the summer loses power

Is this passion or
Or your red tide

Baby's breakin' your kiss goodnight
This is where her heart will not die

Is this passion or
Or your red tide

Or your red tide

Or your red tide

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written by ARMSTRONG, BILLIE JOE/WRIGHT III, FRANK EDWIN/PRITCHARD, MIKE RYAN

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