

# Blue Light, Red Light (Someone's There)

Harry Connick, Jr.

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 trapI don't worry about the flights  
Or count the stairs  
'Cause I know someone's thereI took a high paying sweeping-up job  
Dusting after somebody else  
Seeing that there's clean on the windows  
Convincing the snow to meltI don't worry about the ride  
Or the subway fare  
'Cause I know someone's thereOne 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 prideWho cares if the floor ain't level  
Or if the ceiling falls in  
Haunted by the devil  
Or ghosts and boogymenI can't be concerned  
Why should I care  
No place I'd go alone would compare  
'Cause I know, I know you're thereOne 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 prideWho cares if the floor ain't level  
Or if the ceiling falls in  
Haunted by the devil  
And ghosts and boogymenI can't be concerned  
Why should I care  
No place I'd go alone would compare  
'Cause I know, I know you're there

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