

# 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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