

Foxboro Hot Tubs, Red Tide

Mary's in her hour of darkness.
Everything she feels is hopeless.
Disconnected from the dancehall.
Tripping 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?

Mary's breaking your kiss goodnight.
This is where her heart will not die.

Is this passion or...
Or your red tide?