

Hello Neon!

Jesus Jones

You can hear the night is calling with its sentences unended
And the promises it seldom ever keeps
I have to hear some music, make the windows shake
Either that or sounds to make my heart ache

Dressed like this, it's the best that I can do
The mirror sees me out the door
Hello Neon! Are you ready for me?
Turn up all your lights for me

I'm a heavy passive smoker and a hyperactive drinker
And I'm squashed between two people, I don't know
She thinks she once met me, was it quite some time ago?
He just looks away and he lets his boredom show

This conversation, it's the best that I can do
Beyond the weather and the news
Is this the best that I can do?
Help me

Decision time, what's the best for me to do
Is it a bus or a taxi home?