

# Underneath the Neon Sign

The Kinks

Our hero leaves the pub his head still  
Swimming with alcohol, his head  
Buzzing with facts, figures and  
Computers. Night is descending as he  
Wearily makes his way home through  
The traffic jams and neon lights of the  
Great metropolis.

Underneath The Neon Sign

All I see is imitation  
And there's no earth beneath my feet.  
There are no trees or fields in front of me  
Only slabs of concrete.  
Skyscrapers reaching up to the clouds,  
Don't give the moon a chance to shine,  
And I've got imitation moonlight  
Standing underneath the neon sign.

Is it real or just illusion?  
Can there be day-time when it's night?  
Is it merely my delusion  
Or are my senses telling me lies.  
Is it just hallucination?  
Have I been drinking too much wine?  
I don't know if it's day or night,  
When I'm underneath the neon sign.  
Underneath the neon sign.

Electronic nature made by man with robots in mind.  
Big city lights guide my way into the night, darkness shines  
When I'm standing underneath the neon sign.

If there isn't any sunshine  
We'll sunbathe by the neon sign  
And if we can't see any stars at night  
We'll sit and watch the traffic lights.  
If there isn't any day-time  
I've got an imitation dawn,  
I've got a simulated sunshine  
Standing underneath the neon sign.

Is it only an illusion?  
Have I been drinking too much wine?  
Can there be day-time when it's night  
Underneath the neon sign.  
Underneath the neon sign.  
Is it mother nature  
Playing tricks with my eyes  
For darkness shines  
When I'm standing underneath the neon sign.