

## Artificial Joy Club "Skywriting"

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Sitting by candlelight, sucking back kryptonite in vain  
Used up message tape, nowhere to escape  
Locked in my chair, watching my silhouette

Sucking back cigarettes in peace  
The golden age of call display is thankfully here  
I see your mouth moving but suddenly I think I'm deaf  
I used to hear you but

All your talk is cheap skywriting  
It's big and bold until the smoke has cleared  
A gust of wind and words are rearranging  
And suddenly the message disappears

Cranking my radio, drowning out Romeo with bass  
It's thundering and quieting, I'm riding the storm  
I see you scream at me but I pretend I'm somewhere  
else  
I used to hear you but

All your talk is cheap skywriting  
It's big and bold until the smoke has cleared  
A gust of wind and words are rearranging  
And suddenly the message disappears

Non essential information, a hurricane of aggravation  
Your head is high above the clouds, go write a best  
seller now  
I thought I heard something but maybe it was just a  
dream  
I used to hear you but now I know

All your talk is cheap skywriting  
It's big and bold until the smoke has cleared  
A gust of wind and words are rearranging  
And suddenly the message disappears

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