

Badlees, The

"Dirty Neon Times"

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I thought I felt her ghost again last night

And I kept a fire burning through the morning light

You, early morning diner on the neon range

You, you drove away as it began to rain

Twenty months of feedin' off original sin

Ain't shut the door blown open by what should have been

CHORUS

And time's been like a dog that begs

And I find it's needin' to be fed

Guardian angel rise, pull me out of my disguise

And shut the door behind on the dirty neon times

I became an island on a social sea

And I let someone take my shores occasionally

Wine, good weed and cigarettes assured they'd leave

Fine, fine women all but I could not receive

Twenty months of feedin' off original sin

Ain't shut the door blown open by what should've been

CHORUS

'Cause to condemn her now don't make no sense at all

Like taxis in the backwoods, like striptease at the mall

You hit a wall

CHORUS

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