

# The Killers, Neon Tiger

Far from the evergreen of old Assam  
Far from the rain fall on the trails of old Saigon  
Straight from the poster town of scorn and Ritz  
To bring you the wilder side of gold and glitz

Run, neon tiger there's a lot on your mind  
They promised just to pet you, but don't you let 'em get you  
Away, away, oh run  
Under the heat of the southwest sun

You took to the spotlight like a diamond ring  
Ya came from the woodwork in the hopes they might  
Redeem themselves for poor decisions; to win big

Run, neon tiger there's a lot on your mind  
They'll strategize and name you, but don't you let 'em tame you  
You're far too pure and bold  
To suffer the strain of the hangman's hold

I don't wanna be kept, I don't wanna be caged  
I don't wanna be damned, oh hell  
I don't wanna be broke, I don't wanna be saved  
I don't wanna be S.O.L.  
Give me rolling hills so tonight could be the night that I stand among a thousand thrills  
Mister cut me some slack  
'Cause I don't wanna go back  
I want a new day and age

Come on girls and boys, everyone make some noise!

Run, neon tiger there's a price on your head  
They'll hunt you down and gut you, I'll never let 'em touch you  
Away, away, oh run  
I'm begging you neon tiger, run

Under the heat of  
Under the heat of  
Under the heat of the southwest sun

Neon tiger  
There's a lot on your mind