

Artificial Joy Club, Skywriting

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