

# Badlees, Dirty Neon Times

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