

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