

Joe Ely, Neon Of Nashville

She was raised on a river
By a chapel where the church bells pealed
Between a line of peach trees
And a brown ol' tabacco field
Her eyes they shone of turquoise
And her hair was a waterfall
And everyone from all around
Swore that she'd go far
Chorus

They sing of her beauty in Georgia
And on the Carolina Coast
And down in the Neon of Nashville
They almost seem to sing of her
Like she was a ghost
The city lights lured her
And the glitter of the Silver Stage
Her beauty was so astounding
That it made her too easily made
High Society dragged her down
To Where the lonliness was too much
to bear

And she faded from the limelight
And no one knew just where
Chorus

They sing of her beauty in Georgia
And on the Carolina Coast
And down in the Neon of Nashville
They almost seem to sing of her
Like she was a ghost
Now some one said they saw her
Years later at the bottom of Main
Fifth of whiskey in her hand
Codine in her brain

When they hummed her song about the peach trees
And a brown tabacco field
Her eyes grew distant- she whispered, Listen
"There's the chapel where the church bells pealed."
Chorus

They sing of her beauty in Georgia
And on the Carolina Coast
And down in the Neon of Nashville
They almost seem to sing of her
Like she was a ghost