

# Neon

## Neon

Most of the neon  
Is missing from the sign  
It should say 'typewriters'  
But it hardly says a line  
Most of the fruit  
Has fallen from the vine  
It withers so quickly  
But they tell me take your time

I've been in the city  
Most part of a year  
I'd rather be  
Almost any place but here  
Life has a strange  
Kind of pattern, my friend  
I'm a singer in a restaurant  
For businessmen

The Hudson River  
Flows right by my home  
In the shade of misty mountains  
My childhood was grown  
I never knew  
What it was I threw away  
But I'm gonna travel back there  
Some old day

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