

Neon

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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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