

Underneath The Neon Sign

The Kinks

Our hero leaves the pub his head still
Swimming with alcohol, his head
Buzzing with facts, figures and
Computers. Night is descending as he
Wearily makes his way home through
The traffic jams and neon lights of the
Great metropolis.

Underneath The Neon Sign
All I see is imitation
And there's no earth beneath my feet.
There are no trees or fields in front of me
Only slabs of concrete.

Skyscrapers reaching up to the clouds,
Don't give the moon a chance to shine,
And I've got imitation moonlight
Standing underneath the neon sign.

Is it real or just illusion?
Can there be a time when it's night?
Is it merely my delusion
Or my senses telling me lies.

Is it just hallucination?
Have I been drinking too much wine?
I don't know if it's day or night,
When I'm underneath the neon sign.

Underneath the neon sign.
Electronic nature made by man with robots in mind.
Big city lights guide my way into the night, darkness shines
When I'm standing underneath the neon sign.

If there isn't any sunshine
We'll some-day buy the neon sign
And if we can't see any stars at night
We'll sit and watch the traffic lights.

If there isn't any day-time

I've got an imitation dawn,
I've got a simulated sunshine
Standing underneath the neon sign.

Is it an illusion?
Have I been drinking too much wine?
Can there be day-time when it's night

Underneath the neon sign.
Underneath the neon sign.
Is it mother nature
Playing tricks with my eyes
For darkness shines
When I'm standing underneath the neon sign.

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