

When the sun goes down on my side o' town,
that lonesome feelin' comes to my door,
and the whole world turns blue.

There's a run-down bar across the railroad track.
I got a **table** for two, way in the back, where I sit alone
and think of losin' you.
I spend most **every** night beneath the light of a neon moon.

> { Oh if you lose your one and only,
there's always room here for the lonely
to Watch your broken dreams – dance... <
in and out of the beams - of a neon moon.

I think of **two** young lovers runnin' wild and free.
I **close** my eyes and **sometimes** see
you in the shadows - of this smoke filled room.
No tellin' **how** many tears - I've sat here and cried,
or how many lies - that I've lied,
tellin' **my** poor heart - She'll come back some day.
Oh, but I'll be alright, as long as there's light from a neon moon.

[C] < lead >

The jukebox plays on, drink by drink,
and the **words** of every sad song seem to **say** what I think
and this **hurt** inside o' me ain't never gonna end.
Oh, but I'll be alright, as long as there's light from a neon moon.

[C] ... Tag 3x