

# Kings Of Neon

Jason Blaine

You won't see no paparazzi popping pictures of nobody  
No there ain't nobody famous round here  
We don't drive no Maseratis, ain't no Cristal at this party  
Just domesticated ice cold beer

All the girls are looking pretty with the blue jeans style  
Driving all the country boys wild

And we're rolling like [?] Crown on ice  
[?] Saturday night  
Queens on our arms, got us feeling like  
Tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight  
We're the kings of neon  
Yeah, we're the kings of neon

We keep that jukebox in the corner  
Topped up with silver quarters  
While that needle spins around on that gold  
And the night's just getting started  
They roll out the red carpet  
When you're dropping C notes out to billfold

Everybody picking up what we're throwing down  
Big timing in a small town

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We're the kings of neon  
Yeah, we're the kings of neon

Yeah, we add it up like nobody's gonna do it better  
We moving out and we're gonna make it shine forever, eh

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