

## Flashing Lonesome

Quicksilver Messenger Service

Flashing neon signs  
Broadway down below  
Flashing memories  
Of someone I used to know

Sunlit afternoons  
In each other's arms  
In the Petaluma Hills  
With the dairy farms

And now, all I see...  
Are the flashing neon signs

Feeling lonesome, flashes  
Long ago, remind  
Every kind of bluebird  
The world's sparkling, golden hair  
And a crested fern

Now all I see...  
Is flashing in my mind  
While I'm staring  
At the signs

Oh, oh, oh...  
Whoa, oh, oh...

And now all I see...