Artificial Joy Club, Skywriting

Sitting by candlelight, sucking back kryptonite in vain Used up message tape, nowhere to escape Locked in my chair, watching my silhouette Sucking back cigarettes in peace The golden age of call display is thankfully here I see your mouth moving but suddenly I think I'm deaf I used to hear you but All your talk is cheap skywriting It's big and bold until the smoke has cleared A gust of wind and words are rearranging And suddenly the message disappears Cranking my radio, drowning out Romeo with bass It's thundering and quieting, I'm riding the storm I see you scream at me but I pretend I'm somewhere else I used to hear you but All your talk is cheap skywriting It's big and bold until the smoke has cleared A gust of wind and words are rearranging And suddenly the message disappears Non essential information, a hurricane of aggravation Your head is high above the clouds, go write a best seller now I thought I heard something but maybe it was just a dream I used to hear you but now I know All your talk is cheap skywriting It's big and bold until the smoke has cleared A gust of wind and words are rearranging And suddenly the message disappears