Railway Hotel

Mike Batt

We went to the room and we bolted the door,
The bass from the jukebox was coming through the floor,
And out through the walls we could still hear the roar of the trains.
Was this all the comfort we got for our sins?
No candles, no waiters, no soft violins?
A dirty electric convector plugged into the mains.I had wanted much more for the first night with you,
But the railway hotel was the best I could do.
I knew the Savoy would have suited you well,
But the best I could do was the railway hotel.Away in the sky were the lights ot a jet,
Burning in the night like a slow cigarette.
The lamp in the street threw a soft silhouette on the wall.
And though it was crumbling and rundown and dead
A chair and a sink and an old single bed,
The love we began and the things that we said, I recall.I had wanted much more for the first night with you,
But the railway hotel was the best I couid do.
I knew the Savoy would have suited you well,
But the best I couid do was the railway hotel

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