

God's Hotel

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Everybody got a room
Everybody got a room
Everybody got a room
In God's Hotel.
Everybody got a room.
Well you'll never see a sign hanging on the door
Sayin 'No vacancies anymore'.
Everybody got wings
Everybody got wings
Everybody got wings
In God's Hotel.
Everybody got wings.
You'll never see a sign hanging on the door
Sayin 'At no time may both feet leave the floor'
Everybody got a harp
Everybody got a harp
Everybody got a harp
In God's Hotel.
Everybody got a harp.
You'll never see a sign hanging on the wall
Sayin 'No harps allowed in the hotel at all'.
Everybody got a cloud
Everybody got a cloud
Everybody got a cloud
In God's Hotel.
Everybody got a cloud.
You'll never see a sign hanging on the wall
Sayin 'Smoking and drinking will be thy downfall'.
Everybody hold a hand
Everybody hold a hand
Everybody hold a hand
In God's Hotel.
Everybody hold a hand.
You'll never see a sign hung up above your door
'No visitors allowed in rooms, By law!'
Everybody's halo shines
Everybody's halo shines
Everybody's halo shines
In God's Hotel.

Everybody's halo lookin' fine.
You won't see a sign staring at you from the wall
Sayin 'Lights out! No burnin the midnight oil!'
Everybody got credit
Everybody got credit
Everybody got credit
In God's Hotel.
Everybody got good credit.
You'll never see a sign stuck on the cash-box drawer
Sayin 'Credit tommorow!' or 'Want credit?!? Haw, haw haw!'
Everybody is blind
Everybody is blind
Everybody is blind
In God's Hotel.
Everybody is blind.
You'll never see a sign on the front door
'No red skins. No Blacks. And that means you, baw!'
Everybody is deaf
Everybody is deaf
Everybody is deaf
In God's Hotel.
Everybody is deaf.
You'll never find a sign peeling off the bar-room wall
'Though shalt not blaspheme, cuss, holler or bawl'.
Everybody is dumb
Everybody is dumb
Everybody is dumb
In God's Hotel.
Everybody is dumb.
So you'll never see on the visiting-room wall
'Though shalt not blaspheme, cuss, holler or bawl'.
Everybody got Heaven
Everybody got Heaven
Everybody got Heaven
In God's Hotel.
Everybody got Heaven.
So you'll never see scribbled on the bathroom wall
'Let Rosy get ya Heaven, dial 686-844!'
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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