

Whiskeyclone, Hotel City 1997

Beck

One more time I was born in this hotel
Washing dishes in the sink
Magazines and free soda
Trying hard not to think Lay it on to the dawn
Everything we done is wrong
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone
Lay it on to the dawn She can talk to squirrels
Coming' back from the convalescent home
Staring' at sports cars, crying Rattlesnake on the ceiling
Gunpowder on my sleeve
I will live here forever
With the ocean and the bees Lay it on to the dawn
Everything we done is wrong
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone
Lay it on to the dawn Lay it on to the dawn
Lay it on to the dawn
Lay it on to the dawn

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