

# Hotel

## The Antlers

In the hotel, I can't remember how the past felt.  
I rent a blank room to stop living in my past self.  
Fuck now, I'm outta here tomorrow.  
Fuck now, I'm outta here tomorrow,  
and when I check out, it won't matter how my name's spelled,  
'cause when you pass through, you only keep what you can't sell.

In the hotel, I can't remember how the past felt.  
But in a strange bed, I keep sleeping with my past self.

Fuck now, I'm outta here tomorrow.  
Fuck now, I'm outta here tomorrow,  
and when I check out, it won't matter how my name's spelled,  
'cause when you pass through, you only keep what you can't sell.

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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