Hotel

The Antlers

In the hotel, I canâ€™t remember how the past felt.
I rent a blank room to stop living in my past self.
Fuck now, Iâ€™m outta here tomorrow.
Fuck now, Iâ€™m outta here tomorrow,
and when I check out, it wonâ€™t matter how my nameâ€™s spelled,
â€˜cause when you pass through, you only keep what you canâ€™t sell.

In the hotel, I canâ€™t remember how the past felt.
But in a strange bed, I keep sleeping with my past self.

Fuck now, Iâ€™m outta here tomorrow.
Fuck now, Iâ€™m outta here tomorrow,
and when I check out, it wonâ€™t matter how my nameâ€™s spelled,
â€˜cause when you pass through, you only keep what you canâ€™t sell.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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