

Hotel Hobbies

Marillion

Hotel hobbies paddin' dawns hollow corridors
Bell boys checkin' out the hookers in the bar
Slug like fingers trace the star spangled clouds of cocaine on the mirror
The short straw took it's bowThe tell tale tockin' of the last cigarette
Markin' time in the packet as the whiskey sweat
Lies like discarded armor on an unmade bed
And a familiar cravin' is crawlin' in his headAnd the only sign of life is the tickin' of the pen
Introducun' characters to memories like old friends
Frantic as a cardiograph scratchin' out the lines
A fever of confession a catalog of crime in happy hour
Do you cry in happy hour?
Do you hide in happy hour?
The pilgrimage to happy hourNew shadows tuggin' at the corner of his eye
Jostling for attention
When the sunlight flares
Through a curtains tear
Shufflin' its beams as if in nervous anticipation of another day

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