

Hotel Plaster

[Nicole Atkins](#)

Don't shake the change out of your pocket in the boardwalk
Cause that might wake someone there beside you who will scold you, boy
My tears could learn to play the violin
But it might not bring you back
At least we'd have a pretty soundtrack Think of me in a prison of Hotel Plaster
Far from the shelter of your side
Take me back to the Rocking Horse, pray for answers
Hold on to our life, Hold on to our life Don't leave your lover waiting all night by the window
She might not be the kind who will forgive you when the meal gets cold
I know we've hurt each other pretty bad,
But this midnight horoscope
It tells me there's a little more hope Think of me in a prison of Hotel Plaster
Far from the shelter of your side
We broke the diamond with our bitter words
Hold on to our life, Hold on to our life

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