Old Hotel

Vic Chesnutt

I can see my old hotel Down amongst the smells I'm up above that ancient city river It's filtered by my lousy liver It's filtered by my wilted lily liverI can see my old hotel It ain't even a hotel 5 a.m. there came some sleet or hail It was signal taps on the brave window Solemn taps on the wavy windowI can see my old hotel Hear those old touristy bells Soon I'll be down the hill shopping Giddy like a tipsy Mary Poppins Giddy like a tipsy Mary PoppinsI can see my old hotel It ain't even a hotel I'm scheduled to ride the rails If I wished to stay on this tower Things would derange given just another hour

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