

At Amber

Morrissey

I'm calling you from the foyer
Of the Sands Hotel
Where the men and the women
Are acquainted quite well And the drunkards keep on drinking
And oh, my room is cold
I'm disputing the bill
I'll sleep in my clothes And you, my invalid friend
You slam the receiver when you say
"If I had your limbs for a day
I would steal away" I'm calling you from the foyer
Of this awful hotel
Where the slime and the grime
Gel And I cannot or I do not
And oh, my room is cold
And I'm envying you
Never having to choose And you, my invalid friend
You slam the receiver when you say
"If I had your limbs for a day
I would steal away" I'm calling you from the foyer
Of the Sands Hotel
It's not low life
It's just people having a good time And oh, my invalid friend
Oh, my invalid friend
In our different ways we are
The same

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