Holiday Inn

TERRY LINEN

Boston at last and the plane's touching down
Our hostess is handing the hot towels around
From a terminal gate to a black Limousine
It's a ten minute ride to the Holiday InnBoredom's a pastime that one soon acquired
Where you get to the stage where you're not even tired
Kicking your heels till the time comes around
To pick up your bags and head out of townSlow down Joe, I'm a rock and roll man
I've twiddled my thumbs in a dozen odd bands
You ain't seen nothing till you've been
In a motel baby like the Holiday InnSlow down Joe, I'm a rock and roll man
I've twiddled my thumbs in a dozen odd bands
Oh and you ain't seen nothing till you've been
In a motel baby like the Holiday Inn

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