

Grand Hotel

Regina Spektor

Somewhere below the grand hotel
There is a tunnel that leads down to hell
Take the dumbwaiter, the laundry chute
Then sneak through the hall past the boy's shining boots
Then left at the courtyard through the old garden
Where all the bellhops smoke with the guards
And then you run to the old lake house
Down to the old lake house
Run to the old lake house where it begins
Under the floorboards there's a deep well
That leads to a spring that sprung up in hell
That's where old devils danced and kissed
And made their blood pacts in the ancient myths
And running through forest they screamed in chorus
While piercing fair maiden's chests with their horns
And then they lay in the grass 'til the dawn came
Sleeping away 'til the dawn came
Lay in the grass where now stands the grand hotel
The Maître D' and a fancy chef
Silver's real, the liquor's top shelf
Play some tennis, swim in a pool
Stroll the garden shady and cool
You won't care that the devils
Won't mind that the devils
Won't know that the devils are near
Somewhere below the grand hotel
There is a tunnel that leads straight to hell
But no one comes up for the souls anymore
They come for some comfort and for the dance floor
And hiding sharp horns under fedoras
Do not disturb signs instead of a chorus
They toss and turn 'til the dawn comes
On soft sheets 'til the dawn comes
No one sleeps at the grand hotel

Songwriters

REGINA SPEKTOR Published by

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