

# Holiday Inn

## Gasellit

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 Inn  
Boredom'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 town  
Slow 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 Inn  
Slow 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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