

# Whiskeyclone, Hotel City 1997

## Beck

One more time I was born in this hotel  
Washing dishes in the sink  
Magazines and free soda  
Trying hard not to think Lay it on to the dawn  
Everything we done is wrong  
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone  
Lay it on to the dawn She can talk to squirrels  
Coming' back from the convalescent home  
Staring' at sports cars, crying Rattlesnake on the ceiling  
Gunpowder on my sleeve  
I will live here forever  
With the ocean and the bees Lay it on to the dawn  
Everything we done is wrong  
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone  
Lay it on to the dawn Lay it on to the dawn  
Lay it on to the dawn  
Lay it on to the dawn

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