

Holiday Inn

Elton John

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
And you ain't seen nothing till you've been
In a motel, baby, like the Holiday Inn

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