

# Hotel Hobbies

## Marillion

Hotel hobbies paddin' dawns hollow corridors  
Bell boys checkin' out the hookers in the bar  
Slug like fingers trace the star spangled clouds of cocaine on the mirror  
The short straw took it's bowThe tell tale tockin' of the last cigarette  
Markin' time in the packet as the whiskey sweat  
Lies like discarded armor on an unmade bed  
And a familiar cravin' is crawlin' in his headAnd the only sign of life is the tickin' of the pen  
Introducun' characters to memories like old friends  
Frantic as a cardiograph scratchin' out the lines  
A fever of confession a catalog of crime in happy hour  
Do you cry in happy hour?  
Do you hide in happy hour?  
The pilgrimage to happy hourNew shadows tuggin' at the corner of his eye  
Jostling for attention  
When the sunlight flares  
Through a curtains tear  
Shufflin' its beams as if in nervous anticipation of another day

Lyrics provided by

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