

Al Stewart, Broadway Hotel

You told the man in the Broadway Hotel
Nothing was stranger than being yourself
And he replied, with a tear in his eye
Love was a rollaway
Just a cajole away
Mist on a summer's day
Nothing was clear
Love was a smile away
Just a defile away
I sought it every way
No-one came near

You asked the man for a room with a view
Nothing was said as he stared at his shoe
Then he replied as he gave you the key
Love was a rollaway
Just an unfold away
That's all there is to say
No-one came near

Alone in your room you hide
As the night rolls by
In the street outside
And you feel over the words he said
Till they turn to rain all around your head

You're seeking a hideaway
Where the light of day
Doesn't touch your face
And a door-sign keeps the world away
Behind the shades
Of your silent day.

You made your home in the Broadway Hotel
Room service came at the push of a bell
And the man said as he put down the tray
Love was a stealaway
Just a reveal away
I tried to find a way
Nothing was clear
Then as he turned away
You asked the man to stay
He was there all the day
No-one came near