

# Elton John, Holiday Inn

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

Oh I don't even know if it's Cleveland or Maine  
With the buildings as big and rooms just the same  
And the TV don't work and the French fries are cold  
And the room service closed about an hour ago