

# My Hotel Year, Center Circle

i took the long way home

maybe i had reached my limit  
don't go down without me

and when you stopped me  
to interchange ourselves  
the subtle little matters  
don't matter any more

i sat outside  
underneath the ceiling  
knowing nothing could keep us  
from going on

the center circle  
smaller than the last one  
this is the last one left  
so walk on by