

Procol Harum, Grand Hotel

Tonight we sleep on silken sheets
We drink fine wine and eat rare meats
On Carousel and gambling stake
Our fortunes speed, and dissipate.
It's candlelight and chandelier,
It's silver plate and crystal clear.
The nights we stay at Hotel Grand

Tonight we dine at Hotel Ritz.
(A golden dish with every wish).
It's mirrored walls, and velvet drapes,
Dry champagne, and bursting grapes.
Dover sole, and Oeufs Mornay,
Profiteroles and Peach Flambe,
The waiters dance on fingertips
The nights we dine at Hotel Ritz

One more toast to greet the morn
The wine and dine have danced till dawn
Where's my Continental Bride?
We'll Continental slip and slide
Early morning pinch and bite -
(These French girls always like to fight)
It's serenade and Sarabande,
The nights we stay at Hotel Grand
Les nuits qu'on passe l'Hotel Grande.