

# The Black Crowes, Hotel Illness

Oh good heavens, baby where's my medicine?  
I must have left it outside with my etiquette  
The undertaker's rule of thumb  
It's hard to talk with a novocain tongue

This room smells like hotel illness  
The scars I hide are now your business  
I can't seem to make hair nor hide of this  
No baby love is not a punishment.

Hypnotize by your rotten behavior  
This week's fashion is last year's flavor  
I got a head full of sermons and a mouth full of spiders  
The politics of the world's greatest liar

So tell me baby is it true all those things that they say about you...