

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...