

# Beck, Whiskeyclone, Hotel City 1997

(One more time..)

I was born in this hotel  
Washing' dishes in the sink  
Magazines and free soda  
Trying hard not to think

Lay it on to the dawn  
Everything we done is wrong  
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone  
Lay it on to the dawn

She can talk to squirrels...oh, ho yeah  
Coming' back from the convalescent home  
...Oh...  
Staring' at sports cars ... crying'

Rattlesnake on the ceiling'  
Gunpowder on my sleeve  
I will live here forever  
With the ocean and the bees

Lay it on to the dawn  
Everything we done is wrong  
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone  
Lay it on to the dawn

Lay it on to the dawn