

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