

# Echo And The Bunnymen, The White Hotel

I want to be on that  
White capped mountain peak  
Above the lake above my station  
A moving carriage  
The perfect marriage  
Of like apart from destination

Ringin' all the bells  
Down at the white hotel  
Tonight

I want to write the letters  
Of persecution  
To someone I don't know who doesn't know me  
I want to be the dust  
Inside a vacuum  
An icecube frozen in the melting sea

Ringin' all the bells  
Down at the white hotel  
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Tonight  
Tonight

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