

Harry Chapin, Vacancy

Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones have come to pass the night
They pulled off of the highway when they saw my light
It's a vacancy I offer them, what they offer me
Is fullness for a lifetime that's bare as can be
There's a vacancy, won't you come to me
And fill my empty spaces
I'm a motel man in a promised land
That's filled with empty faces
So won't you bring your sorrows bring your dreams,
It's a place for you to be
There's no more tomorrow or that's how it seems
Won't you come to me? I've got a vacancy
Another name, another key, another pass to glory
Another night, another sight, another bedtime story
Another stage, another chance, for gentleness or violence
Another birth, another dance, another death in silence
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Won't you come to me? I've got a vacancy
Mr. John is coming on with his liason
Mr. Soft is comin' off and soon he'll be gone
Mrs. Hart has come apart now that she's alone
Mr. Jive has come alive but nobody's home
Mornings come checkout time, with my pail and broom
I find what they've left behind in every tell-tale room
The sheets show their struggles, the glasses their fears
The ashtrays the hours passed, the towels their tears
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