

# Joe Ely, Standin' At The Big Hotel

I was standin at a big hotel  
wishin everybody well  
but if anybody paid me any mind it was hard to tell  
a big policeman on his beat  
pulled his pistol and he pointed at me  
lookin down the barrel I could see the gates of hell  
I was Standin&#039; At A Big Hotel

so i went walkin down the avenue  
lookin for someone who looked like you  
but I never saw a face that seemed to ring a bell  
so I stopped beside the five and dime  
just window-shoppin and wastin time  
when along came a gal who sold me all she had to sell  
she left me Standin&#039; At A Big Hotel  
I lost my mind in the wilds of Hollywood  
I did some time in the shadows where I stood  
I let the cards fall where they fell...  
and I found myself Standin&#039; At A Big Hotel  
a blind lady with a big tin cup  
had her pencils all sharpened up  
she was standin in the door just to see what she could sell  
but nobody bought a thing all night  
they thought she was a pitiful sight  
Lord help the gal who helps herself  
Standin&#039; At A Big Hotel

long gone are horse n buggy days  
big limousines are here to stay  
and when they see you to the door  
they want something for their help  
but I saw somebody make a little slip  
he only left the kid a ten cent tip  
you shoulda heard what I heard when I heard that bell boy yell...  
Standin&#039; At A Big Hotel

Lord Lord what&#039;s the matter with me  
to pay so much for the song I sing  
when all I was doin was singin it to myself  
like standin in a stagnant stream  
with nothin in the world left to dream  
I was dyin at the bottom of a dried up wishin well  
I was Standin&#039; At A Big Hotel

well I know what you&#039;re thinkin today  
I can feel it though I&#039;m miles away  
everybody knows I love my southern belle  
but from the east to the wild wild west  
they say a bird in the hand is best  
so here I am with a bird dog and a bottle of muscatel  
Standin&#039; At A Big Hotel