

# Stanisław Soyka, Railway Hotel

We went to the room and we bolted the door  
The base from the jukebox was coming through the floor  
And now, through the walls, we could still hear the roar of the trains  
Was this all the comfort we got for our sins?  
No candles, no waiters, no soft violins  
A dirty electric convector plugged in to the mains

I'd wanted much more for the first night with you  
But the railway hotel was the best I could do  
I knew that Savoy would've suited you well  
But the best I could do was the railway hotel

The railway hotel The railway hotel

Away in the sky were the lights of a jet  
Burning in the night like a slow cigarette  
A lamp from the street threw a soft silhouette on the wall  
And though it was crumbling and rundown and dead  
A chair and a sink, and an old single bed  
The love we began in the things that we've said I recall

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