

# The Kinks, Sitting In My Hotel Room

If my friends could see me now, driving round just like a film star,  
In a chauffeur driven jam jar, they would laugh.  
They would all be saying that it's not really me,  
They would all be asking who I'm trying to be.  
If my friends could see me now,  
Looking out my hotel window,  
Dressed in satin strides and two-tone daisy roots,  
If my friends could see me now I know they would smile.

Sitting in my hotel, hiding from the dramas of this great big world,  
Seven stories high, looking at the world go by-y.  
Sitting in my hotel room, thinking about the countryside and sunny days in June.  
Trying to hide the gloom, sitting in my hotel room.

If my friends could see me now, dressing up in my bow-tie,  
Prancing round the room like some outrageous poove,  
They would tell me that I'm just being used  
They would ask me what I'm trying to prove.  
They would see me in my hotel,  
Watching late shows till the morning,  
Writing songs for old time vaudeville revues.  
All my friends would ask me what it's all leading to.

Sitting in my hotel, looking through the window at the people in the street,  
Seven stories high looking at the world go by,  
Sitting in my hotel, looking at the world outside.

If my friends could see me now they would try to understand me,  
They would ask me what on earth I'm trying to prove.  
All my friends would ask me what it's all leading to.