

They Might Be Giants, Hell Hotel

Salutations paint his karma, Bend joints in fighting words
Got his mean streak from his mother, ha ha ha
Now Love Boats paint his liver, with eyes on the city lights
Collapsin' on the upbeats or relaxin' for the night
He steps into a crazy hotel, the desk clerk hands him soap-on-a-rope
What does he mean by this?
Bellhop takes his flashlight, takes John up to his room
Va-va-va-voom this is a sweet life, Anthrax on the couch

We're here to entertain you, or have you seen this episode
We're the ancient order of robot dolls, we're putting you at the controls

Well, well, well welcome to Hell Hotel
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Sports cars and the gamblin', John's winning every night
Well there's certain smells John can't repel, but Momma it can't be right
He bolts awake laughing, but no one's in his room
And the big boss man doesn't understand why John can't smile no more

We're here to make you happy, that's all that we are programmed for
But you say this pleasure's a pain for you
Sebastian C. could tell you more

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