

Vic Chesnutt, Old Hotel

I can see my old hotel
down amongst the smells
I'm up above that ancient city river
it's filtered by my lousy liver
it's filtered by my wilted lily liver

I can see my old hotel
it ain't even a hotel
5am there came some sleet or hail
it was signal taps on the brave window
solemn taps on the wavy window

I can see my old holtel
hear those old touristy bells
soon I'll be down the hill shopping
giddy like a tipsy Mary Poppins
giddy like a tipsy Mary Poppins

I can see my old hotel
it ain't even a hotel
I'm scheduled to ride the rails
if I wished to stay on this tower
things would derange given just another hour ...