

Beck**"Whiskey Clone, Hotel City 1997"**

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One more time

I was born in this hotel, washing dishes in the sink
Magazines and free soda, trying hard not to think
Lay it on to the dawn, everything we've done is wrong
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone, lay it on to the dawn

She can talk to squirrels
Coming back from the convalescent home
Staring at sports cars
Crying

Rattlesnake on the ceiling, gun powder on my sleeve
I will live here forever with the ocean and the bees
Lay it on to the dawn, everything we've done is wrong
I'll be lonesome when I'm gone, lay it on to the dawn

Lay it on to the dawn
Lay it on to the dawn
Lay it on to the dawn

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