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Beck "Whiskeyclone, Hotel City 1997"

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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 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 Gunpowder on my sleeve I will live here forever With the ocean and the bees

Lay it on to the dawn Everything we 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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