

## Billy Joel

### "Hotel St. George"

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Written by William M. Joel

Well I'll be this quiet  
The hour is lame  
Oh, the clerk loves nobody  
But no one doesn't hate, no no  
Counter lines his face  
'Cause I walked through the door  
Of the old Hotel St. George  
Of the old Hotel St. George

The secret is here now  
And into his hands  
Was mine on his feelings  
For my heads to man, no  
The dust from my eyes  
It spills to the floor  
Of the old Hotel St. George  
Of the old Hotel St. George

Hotel St. George  
What have we done to you?  
Hotel St. George  
What have we done to you?

Where once their ladies stood  
Now stands a beggar man  
That bring back if I could  
The days when you were young and grand

When I was a rich man  
With silver and gold  
Stand up a proper  
Outside in the cold  
By living apprentice  
Stand up aboard  
Like the old Hotel St. George  
Like the old Hotel St. George

Hotel St. George, what have we done to you?  
Hotel St. George, what have we done to you?

Where once their ladies stood  
Now stands a beggar man  
That bring back if I could  
The days when you were young and grand

Hotel St. George  
Hotel St. George, whoa whoa yeah  
Hotel St. George  
Hotel St. George, now now now now now  
Hotel St. George, ahhh  
Hotel St. George

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