

Black Crowes

"Hotel Illness"

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Oh good heavens, baby where is my medicine?
Well I must have left it outside with my etiquette
The undertakers rule of thumb, ooh
It's hard to talk with a Novocain tongue
Yes it is

This room smells like hotel illness
The scars I hide are not your business
I can't seem to make hair nor hide of this
No baby love ain't a punishment

Hypnotize by your rotten behavior
Yeah, this weeks fashion is last years flavor
I got a head full of sermons and a mouth full of spiders
Yeah, the politics of the worlds greatest liar
Every time

This room smells like hotel illness
The scars I hide are not your business
I can't seem to make hair nor hide of this
No baby love ain't a punishment

So tell me, baby
Is it true all those things
That they say about you

This room smells like hotel illness
The scars I hide are not your business
I can't seem to make hair nor hide of this
No baby love ain't a punishment
Yeah, no, no, no

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