

Billy Bragg

"Hot Rod Hotel"

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I'm a porter and a night clerk at the old hot rod hotel
I clean and scrub the lobby down and thirty one rooms
as well
I wax and shine their boots and shoes, I brush down
their crinkeldy clothes
I meet the buses and the trains and show you to your
door

Bell bottom pants brought two boys in at six fourteen
last night
Two girls checked in at ten otwo and I flipped on their
light
The lamrods wife looks in their doors and finds one
terrible sight
Those boys and girls got bawled up in their doors and
rooms last night

A bloody flood could never messed these rooms up
any worse
It looked like moe had used this room to grease and
breed a horse
Old gum and hairs and sticky rags, old bottles on the
floors
Gobs of spit and condom rubbers on the windows,
walls and doors

The lammy tried to make me clean up the crappy mess
Or else he'd fire me off my job and let me starve to
death
I laid aside my polish rag and downed my dusting pan
And I've not seen the old hot rod nor that old town
since then

Words: woody guthrie (1949) - music: billy bragg
(1996)

Jay bennett: farfisa organ, mandolin, electric guitar
Billy bragg: acoustic guitar, vocals
Ken coomer: drums
John stirratt: electric bass
Jeff tweedy: acoustic guitar

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