

Edwin McCain

"Gramercy Park Hotel"

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Ol' Babe Ruth, he was a drunkard just like me
He lived it high, and he lived it low
Staggered down the New York streets
They throw him out the pub, when he raised a little too
much hell
And then he lay his big fat head down at the
Gramercy park hotel
The Gramercy park hotel

All these hit men, look like organ grinders to me
Rock stars on golden chains, little monkeys dancin'
round their feet
Well give me a little hat, little vest, and a little monkey
bell
And send my bananas baby to the
Gramercy park hotel
The Gramercy Park Hotel

And all the publicists sing

La di da di da da, La di da di da da, La di da di da da
La di da di da da, La di da di da da, La di da di da da
La di da di da da, La di da di da da, La di da di da da

And its so far gone
And its so far gone

Maybe this is just a beggars life, and maybe its all
dream
Maybe its just about kindness I should forget all my
silly schemes
Maybe I'm just a fool, but my fool shoes fit so well
Snuggled up in my big fool blanket at the
Gramercy Park Hotel

The Gramercy Park Hotel
The Gramercy Park Hotel
The Gramercy Park Hotel

And all the publicists sing

La di da di da da, La di da di da da, La di da di da da

La di da di da da, La di da di da da, La di da di da da

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