

Hem "Hotel Fire"

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(Dan Messe/Gary Maurer)

Ten dollars for the room
Torn blankets smell like old perfume
Then love checks in, trips a wire,
Skips the bill, sets a fire
And leaves the wreck that's left behind
With one desire, one desire

Don't worry 'bout the key
Lock's busted, and the chain is free
Light comes up, the sun goes down
A rented room, a borrowed town
That burns the memories to the ground
With one more round, one more round

One more round

Ten miles 'til the dawn
A sign lights up and it pulls you on
So strip the bed, slash the tire
A broken home, a hotel fire
You ask yourself again, am I
Your one desire, one desire

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