

Juliana Hatfield "Hotels"

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I miss the sound of laughter
The children down the street
I may not find an answer
It's only memories

Hotels, hotels
Welcome me when I need a home
Hotels, hotels

Days are getting shorter
And the night wind in the trees
And the soft skin on your shoulder
And the way you wanted me

Hotels, hotels
Welcome me when I need a home
Hotels, hotels

Think of me when I'm leaving

Will you give this to my mother?
Once again it's time to leave
There's no ever after
There's only in between

Hotels, hotels
Welcome me when I need a home
Hotels, hotels, hotels
Welcome me when I need a home
Hotels.

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