

Justin Hayward

"Railway Hotel"

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We went to the room and we bolted the door
The base from the jukebox was comin' through the
floor
And out through the walls
We could still hear the roar of the trains

Was this all the comfort we got for ourselves?
No candles, no waiters, no soft violins
A dirty electric convector plugged into the mains
I had wanted much more for the first night with you
But the Railway Hotel was the best I could do
I knew the Savoy would have suited you well
But the best I could do was the Railway Hotel

Away in the sky were the lights of a jet
Burning in the night like a slow cigarette
The lamp in the street threw a soft silhouette on the
wall
And though it was crumbling and run down and bare
A chair, and a sink and an old single bed
The love we began and the things that we said I recall

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