

Kinks

"Sitting in My Hotel"

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If my friends could see me now driving round just like a
film star

In a chauffeur driven jam jar, they would laugh
They would all be saying that it's not really me
They would all be asking who I'm trying to be

If my friends could see me now
Looking out my hotel window
Dressed in satin strides and two-tone daisy roots
If my friends could see me now I know they would smile

Sitting in my hotel, hiding from the dramas of this
great big world
Seven storys high, looking at the world go by
Sitting in the hotel room
Thinking about the countryside and sunny days in June
Trying to hide the gloom, sitting in my hotel room

If my friends could see me now, dressing up in my
bow-tie
Prancing round the room like some outrageous poove
They would tell me that I'm just being used
They would ask me what I'm trying to prove

They would see me in my hotel
Watching late shows till the morning
Writing songs for old time vaudeville revues
All my friends would ask me what it's all leading to

Sitting in my hotel, looking through the window at the
people in the street
Seven storys high looking at the world go by
Sitting in my hotel, looking at the world outside

If my friends could see me now they would try to
understand me
They would ask me what on earth I'm trying to prove
All my friends would ask me what it's all leading to

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