

## Adolescents "Allen Hotel"

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Sometimes at night I drive by and stare  
And wonder what my life would be like if I had wound  
up there  
Would I walk around with that look on my face  
That dreaded look of having been condemned to this  
place

[Chorus:]

I could have kept on drinking  
I could have gone to jail  
My twisted road was sinking  
Straight to the?

Allen Hotel  
The Stories they tell  
At the Allen Hotel  
The broken memories that dwell  
The hanging light bulb reflecting through the broken  
pane  
Bullet-filed walls, the roof cant seem to stop the rain  
Out on the Streets, whores trade their bodies for  
balloons  
Had to get away, couldn't get too far too soon

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

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