

Marillion "Hotel Hobbies"

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(derek dick, steve rothery, mark kelly, pete trewavas,
ian mosley)

Hotel hobbies padding dawns hollow corridors
Bell boys checking out the hookers in the bar
Slug-like fingers trace the star-spangled clouds of
cocaine on the mirror
The short straw took it's bow

The tell tale tocking of the last cigarette
Marking time in the packet as the whisky sweat
Lies like discarded armour on an unmade bed
And a familiar craving is crawling in his head

And the only sign of life is the ticking of the pen
Introducing characters to memories like old friends
Frantic as a cardiograph scratching out the lines
A fever of confession a catalogue of crime in happy
hour
Do you cry in happy hour
Do you hide in happy hour
The pilgrimage to happy hour

New shadows tugging at the corner of his eye
Jostling for attention
As the sunlight flares
Through a curtains tear
Shuffling it's beams as if in nervous anticipation of
another day

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