

## Michael Stipe "L'Hotel"

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At number fifty-six, seven, eight, nine, it doesn't matter  
If a well known secrets to you, if you knock on the door  
First once, then three more knocks, you're let inside  
Alone, sometimes even not alone

A maid without saying a word walks in front of you  
With stairs in this hall ways, come on after another  
Decorated with baroque bronzes, golden angels  
Aphrodites and silent maces

If it's not already occupied, say that you want the forty-  
four  
It's the room that here they call Cleopatras  
And columns of its bed standing watch rococo style  
Statues holding torches gaze benin

And between these slaves naked carved in ebony  
Who will be the silent witnesses of this scene  
While above a mirror reflects us  
Slowly I miss my melody

Melody  
Melody  
Melody

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