

## **They Might Be Giants "Hell Hotel"**

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Salutations paint his karma, bend joints in fighting  
words  
Got his mean streak from his mother, ha ha ha  
Now love boats paint his liver, with eyes on the city  
lights  
Collapsin' on the upbeats or relaxin' for the night  
He steps into a crazy hotel, the desk clerk hands him  
soap-on-a-rope  
What does he mean by this?  
Bellhop takes his flashlight, takes john up to his room  
Va-va-va-voom this is a sweet life, anthrax on the couch

We're here to entertain you, or have you seen this  
episode  
We're the ancient order of robot dolls, we're putting  
you at the controls

Well, well, well welcome to hell hotel  
Well, well, well welcome to hell hotel

Sports cars and the gamblin', john's winning every  
night  
Well there's certain smells john can't repel, but  
momma it can't be right  
He bolts awake laughing, but no one's in his room  
And the big boss man doesn't understand why john  
can't smile no more

We're here to make you happy, that's all that we are  
programmed for  
But you say this pleasure's a pain for you  
Sebastian c. could tell you more

Well, well, well welcome to hell hotel  
Well, well, well welcome to hell hotel

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