

Peter Hammill

"Central Hotel"

Visit "[Central Hotel](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I found myself lying on the balcony,
stripling terror, naked to the bone;
the secret asteroid jungle nearly done for me -
I saw it all just a moment ago.

I know I'd better watch out
for the Central Hotel...

I'm not going back.

Repetition, superstition, singularity,
though every cell in the body has changed
the walls move in well-accustomed hilarity -
the circuit changes,
but the joke stays the same.

I know I'd better watch out
for the Central Hotel

I think I'd better get out,
I'm not feeling so well.

And I won't be going back,
not if I can help it.

I can't help it, I can't help it

if I still am what I was;
I can't help it, I can't help it,
can't stop the therefore because
I can't help it.

The grace of god shows I'll be going on,
I'll be coming back.

I know nothing of the miles of the marathon,
I hear nothing of the footfall behind,
I search for rythm and I find that I haven't one
slow motion in the runner's mind.

I know I'd better watch out
for the Central Hotel

I think I'd better get out,
I'm not f

eeling so well

I know I'd better check out,
but anyone here can tell

I'll be coming back, I'll be back.

I'm the Central Hotel

--

