

## Robert Earl Keen "The Rose Hotel"

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He was walkin' through the alley way  
Where the drifters sleep and the wild dogs play  
The moon was black, the sky was grey  
He thought he was alone

She was waiting at the rose hotel  
across the street from the wishing well  
Turned the latch and broke a nail  
Checked her mobile phone

Chorus  
Sometimes you run, sometimes you stall  
Sometimes you don't get up at all  
Sometimes you run, sometimes you fall

He bought a ticket on the uptown tram  
Got off at 8th and Birmingham  
Wondered if she gave a damn about him anymore  
She hadn't seen him in a year or so  
Why he called she did not know  
She had the oldies on the radio and someone at the door

Chorus

He threw a nickle in the wishin' well  
crossed the street to The Rose Hotel  
Got no answer when he rang the bell  
So he gave a little shout  
Tiny watchman with a baseball bat  
A cheap cigar and a persian cat  
Told him it was too bad that she had just checked out

Chorus

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