

Sailor

"Quay Hotel"

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The sun was down, the mist was high, I just kissed my
love goodbye
She was off to chase a will from an uncle in west Brazil
So there I was, all alone, another week away from
home
Walking down some foggy street, looking out for a
place to sleep
But a sound through the wind was carried well (oh so
well)
The squeaking sign of Quay Hotel
Well the lights were dim, the lifts were slow
Still people they come and go
Full of whispers and shady deals pouring out over
greasy meals
Then evening came and songs would flow
From the lady at 'Le grand piano'
But the voice of 'Lilli-Ann' sounds suspiciously like a
man
Funny how I'd never heard those songs (all those
songs)
But they knew them well - in Quay Hotel

Well the song and dance went raving on
But I kept feeling there was something wrong
For the look in every face put a gloom on this eerie
place
Nervously they seemed to wait for some dramatic,
unknown fate
They seemed to know their every stand
Like a spring-winding monkey band
I ran up to the door and tried to turn the keys
But a porter said, 'This way please
Retire to your room, for your turn will be coming soon.'
And the night began to feel so long (oh so long)
I didn't sleep so well - in Quay Hotel

(Recitation):

I knew I was a mistaken face in this macabre waiting
place
For the guests of this Hotel
Are checked in by the tolling bell

For I awoke in the same old foggy street
Without a trace in hell - of Quay Hotel

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