

The Sons Of Robert Mitchum

"Soviet Hotel Dressing Gown"

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Her hands were colder than an unfired .38
She kept a room somewhere in Notting Hill Gate
The last one down the 2nd floor hall
There's a print by Brenda York on the kitchen wall
And her neighbours rarely see her
But then they never really see themselves
She's quite polite, never causes a stir
She's got lots of Cohen vinyl stacked on some shelves

I remember enquiring about where she came from 'til
she posed dressed only
In her shiny thigh highs
"Don't be asking me questions, and I'll tell you no
lies"

The blinds are always down, or at least the curtains are
drawn
Her closet's full of clothes, some of which she's
never worn
There's a skirt that was hand-stitched in Cape Town
And a Soviet Hotel Dressing Gown
Her head is always turned, when pictures are taken
And her hair style never stays the same
Her roots she has so long forsaken
And it's always fashion that takes the blame

Most times my curiosity would be met with the same
reply "If you don't ask
Me questions, why would I tell you lies"

There's a sundial in her lounge on a wedding kist
That's right at least twice a day
She wears a watch on the bottom of her left wrist
Like a night nurse waiting for a chance to play
She has a tattoo in a place that mostly only lovers see
There's a burn mark on her breast she got at Sicily
It's shaped like a tumbler in free fall
After a while you don't notice it at all

I was trying to find out her favourite song, 'til she said
"all musos must

Die, don't be asking me questions and I'll tell you no
lies

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