

Typhoon

"Old Haunts, New Cities"

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i was cruisin' in the night streets
i was looking for my hotel
i was lost in some strange city
and i couldn't find my hotel-room
i was desperate in the midnight hour
i needed sleep, a sink and shower
but when one room's like the next
it's hard to tell

at last i picked a spot
where i thought i had been before
with the elevator broken
i dragged myself up fourteen floors
and at the top of this old building
i knew no numbers but i knew a feeling
and my key slid effortlessly
into the door

when i crossed into that space
i was met with a familiar smell
but it was wrong and out of place
there was a woman in my hotel-room
she said, you might have known me all my life
but who was i before tonight?
kiss me now, i promise i won't tell

love, it will haunt you
whether or not you want it to
but for me, my only company
are these ghosts that barely come to me

only when i look for something else

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