

John Elton

"Holiday Inn"

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Boston at last and the plane's touching down
Our hostess is handing the hot towels around
From a terminal gate to a black limousine
It's a ten minute ride to the Holiday Inn

Boredom's a pastime that one soon acquired
Where you get to the stage where you're not even tired
Kicking your heels till the time comes around
To pick up your bags and head out of town

Slow down Joe, I'm a rock and roll man
I've twiddled my thumbs in a dozen odd bands
And you ain't seen nothing till you've been
In a motel baby like the Holiday Inn

Oh I don't even know if it's Cleveland or Maine
With the buildings as big and rooms just the same
And the TV don't work and the French fries are cold
And the room service closed about an hour ago

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