

The Silent Type

"Vacant Hotel Lobby"

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With each lover's bed, there's still no rest. Must I be alone or dead to get the sleep that I need? Because in-between I'm on my feet just pacing from room to room, like some vacant hotel lobby where the carpets are worn by the footprints of men who've paced before me. So choose your key, so it's your own memory when numbers start to blur. These locks can only turn in directions that move forward in time. There's no way to return what you've already paid for.

There's on my shelf, one that's been held by many hands, except for mine: breaking its spine just seemed so drastic. Why wound the words before I've even read them? What story's worth that act of blatant violence when no hero's work can keep the page from turning toward its certain end? And still we think there's hope and tell ourselves that stories will always work out as the author sets down, with everybody happy that suffering had taught them that patience and pain could make our lives more hole. And don't you think that's right? I want to hope that's right. I need to know that's right.

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