

# Allen Hotel

## Adolescents

Sometimes at night I drive by and stare  
And wonder what my life would be like if I had wound up there  
Would I walk around with that look on my face  
That dreaded look of having been condemned to this place

I could have kept on drinking  
I could have gone to jail  
My twisted road was sinking  
Straight to the?

Allen Hotel  
The Stories they tell  
At the Allen Hotel  
The broken memories that dwell

The hanging light bulb reflecting through the broken pane  
Bullet-filed walls, the roof can't seem to stop the rain  
Out on the Streets, whores trade their bodies for balloons  
Had to get away, couldn't get too far too soon