

# Hotel

10cc

On de uber side ob de island  
Dere's a sky so clear and blue  
Can see, cross water, to de mainland  
New life for me and you

Let's buy a hotel  
Let's get a yacht  
We'll get a golden island  
In the sun made of coconut  
Let's buy an old car  
We'll crash in a hut  
We'll feed the food to the Ford  
And we'll live off the coconut

Well there's a big black mama  
In a tree  
She's gonna cook us  
She's gonna call up the rest of the tribe  
And it looks like the ghost of Tarzan lied  
He went over to the other side  
And he rang like a bell  
From tree to tree

They never ever let you go  
They never ever let you go

We get American menus  
With all American men  
We're getting sick of things American  
We ate our way through half the Pentagon  
We had our share of big palookas

Yankee go home  
Yankee go ho ho home

They never ever let you go  
They never ever let you go

Yankee go home  
Yankee go ho ho home

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Well there's a big black mama in a tree  
She's gonna cook us  
She's gonna call up the rest of the tribe  
And it looks like the ghost of Tarzan lied  
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From tree to tree

Tree to tree, tree to tree

They never ever let you go  
They never ever let you go