

Hotel hobbies padding dawns hollow corridors
Bell boys checking out the hookers in the bar
Slug-like fingers trace the star-
spangled clouds of cocaine on the mirror
The short straw took its bow

The tell tale tocking of the last cigarette
Marking time in the packet as the whiskey sweat
Lies like discarded armor on an unmade bed
And a familiar craving is crawling in his head

And the only sign of life is the ticking of the pen
Introducing characters to memories like old friends
Frantic as a cardiograph scratching out the lines
A fever of confession a catalog of crime in happy hour
Do you cry in happy hour, do you hide in happy hour,
The pilgrimage to happy hour

New shadows tugging at the corner of his eye
Jostling for attention as the sunlight flares
Through a curtains tear, shuffling its beams
As if in nervous anticipation of another day