

At Amber

Morrissey

I'm calling you from the foyer
Of the Sands Hotel
Where the men and the women
Are acquainted quite well

And the drunkards keep on drinking
And oh, my room is cold
I'm disputing the bill
I will sleep in my clothes

And you, my invalid friend
You slam the receiver when you say
"If I had your limbs for a day
I would steam away"

I'm calling you from the foyer
Of this awful hotel
Where the slime and the grime
Gel

And I cannot - or, I do not
And oh, my room is cold
And I'm envying you never having to choose

And you, my invalid friend
You slam the receiver when you say
"If I had your limbs for a day
I would steam away"

I'm calling you from the foyer
Of the Sands Hotel
It's not low-life, it's just people
Having a good time
And oh, my invalid friend
Oh, my invalid friend
In our different ways we are
The same