

## 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