

# Hotel Plaster

Nicole Atkins

Don't shake the change out of your pocket in the boardwalk  
Cause that might wake someone there beside you who will scold you, boy  
My tears could learn to play the violin  
But it might not bring you back  
At least we'd have a pretty soundtrack

Think of me in a prison of Hotel Plaster  
Far from the shelter of your side  
Take me back to the Rocking Horse, pray for answers  
Hold on to our life, Hold on to our life

Don't leave your lover waiting all night by the window  
She might not be the kind who will forgive you when the meal gets cold  
I know we've hurt each other pretty bad,  
But this midnight horoscope  
It tells me there's a little more hope

Think of me in a prison of Hotel Plaster  
Far from the shelter of your side  
We broke the diamond with our bitter words  
Hold on to our life, Hold on to our life