

# Grand Hotel

Regina Spektor

Somewhere below the Grand hotel  
There is a tunnel that leads down to hell  
Take the dumbwaiter, the laundry chute  
Then sneak through the hall past the boy's shining boots  
Then left at the courtyard through the old garden  
Where all the bellhops smoke with the guards  
And then you run to the old lake house  
Down to the old lake house  
Run to the old lake house where it begins

Under the floorboards there's a deep well  
That leads to a spring that sprung up in hell  
That's where old devils danced and kissed  
And made their blood pacts in the ancient myths  
And running through forest they screamed in chorus  
While piercing fair maiden's chests with their horns  
And then they lay in the grass 'til the dawn came  
Sleeping away 'til the dawn came  
Lay in the grass where now stands the Grand hotel

The Maître D' and a fancy chef  
Silver's real, the liquor's top shelf  
Play some tennis, swim in a pool  
Stroll the garden shady and cool  
You won't care that the devils  
Won't mind that the devils  
Won't know that the devils are near

Somewhere below the Grand hotel  
There is a tunnel that leads straight to hell  
But no one comes up for the souls anymore  
They come for some comfort and for the dance floor  
And hiding sharp horns under fedoras  
Do not disturb signs instead of a chorus  
They toss and turn 'til the dawn comes  
On soft sheets 'til the dawn comes  
No one sleeps at the Grand hotel

Room service, mini-bar  
Scented soaps, chauffeured cars  
Stay a day, stay a week  
Here's the tunnel, take a peek  
Just call up your friends at the front desk  
Any hour at the front desk  
Call up your friends at the grand hotel  
You'll always have friends at the Grand hotel