

# Hotel Crazy

Robbie Williams

Everyone's suggesting, inferring, in bold type  
The idiots and actually the minority  
That I'm wasted, that I'm strung out  
They all should be wondering why the hell I'm not!

I'm gonna speak my truth, I think I'm losing it  
Feel kinda liberated, just a little bit  
And I'm a Big Mac short of a happy meal  
Not sure what to say or how to feel

[Rufus Wainwright:]

Checking into Hotel Crazy, leaving all my bags in lobby  
The velvet stairs don't make a sound as we're heading up to higher ground

Holding onto something that's gone in the wind  
Holding onto something that's gone in the wind

I've got the right to vote, and I can reproduce  
And I can tell a lie, just like I tell the truth  
I have crazy thoughts, I do crazy deeds  
I have special times, for my special needs

I present myself as a normal dude  
Look you in the eye when I talk to you  
Just a touch of the old socio  
Is it empathy I guess I'll never know

It's sensational, I really only care about me  
And if it's the end of the road, I want a new road  
And the only thing they should be checking out is my ass!

[Rufus Wainwright:]

Checking into Hotel Crazy, leaving all my bags in lobby  
The velvet stairs don't make a sound as we're heading up to higher ground

Checking into Hotel Crazy, do disturb me  
Gonna make you mad, gonna make you sad, gonna make you wanna be here

Holding onto something that's gone in the wind  
Holding onto something that's gone in the wind  
Holding onto something that's gone in the wind  
Holding onto something that's gone in the wind

I think I can do it, I think I can do it  
I think I can do it, I think I can do this  
I think I can do it, I think I can do it  
I think I can do this, I think I can do it