

# Hey Hey Hey !

## Room Eleven

Hey Hey Hey  
You're on a holiday  
And you don't hear  
this song on repeat

Hey Hey Hey  
You don't have to stay  
What ever you want  
what ever you need

I wonder how many fingers  
Filthy from browsing through  
postcards with views  
Have touched the sugar cube  
I put in my mouth  
To sweeten things up

Everybody is looking down  
On miniatures of important statues  
Comparing them at every boutique  
They're cheaper over there  
But those were bigger  
And there's no room in my suitcase

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Oh the air is too humid  
The food is shitty  
The beds are too hard  
It's far away from the beach  
The only thing around  
the corner is the ATM  
So we spend our money  
at the hotel bar

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this song on repeat

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You don't have to stay  
What ever you want  
what ever you need

Boring, ugly, hot, shitty  
the weather's even worse  
Smelly, rotten, old, dirty  
they stole my purse

Boring, ugly, hot, shitty  
the weather's even worse  
Smelly, rotten, old, dirty  
they stole my purse

We didn't come here to be satisfied  
We didn't come here to be satisfied  
We didn't come here to be satisfied  
No... that's pretty difficult

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