

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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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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