

Hotel Road

The Mountain Goats

Thirty story hotel overlooking the sea
Friends on either arm supporting me
It's hard to walk now
But i will go down somehow
I'm going down the old road
I'm going down the old road

Children kick a soccer ball around in the street
Kalpadruma trees are melting in the heat
It's hard to walk here
Where the waves shine so clear
I'm going down the old road
I'm going down down the old road

Above the swollen ocean the burning yellow sun
Hits the hotel's mylar windoows catching every one
It's hard to say why
I should come here to die.
I'm going down the old road.
I'm going down the old road