

## 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