

The Wade Hotel

The Rabble

The sun is coming up over the Wade Hotel
Intoxicated silhouettes are dancing to adorn
But there's underlying madness in this embellished
concrete hell
And is just beyond a brazen horizon on this early
autumn's dawn -
Oh no

Well, back to the daily grind, a bus ride from minimum
wage
Imitating desolate footsteps of old, inheriting what
they got paid
'Cause you're the charity-case son, born of discount
racks, now working the factory floor
The gold-hearted kid just got a taste of their taxes
and the law

Wandering all alone in a place I never loved
Wandering all alone, used to drift like a broken dove

Staggered footsteps over the hill and then down the
other side
Follow the track to the underpass that the motorway
runs beside
It is there I tread a lone routine at 7 am each day
It is there I used to stop and dream of finding another
way

But for now I'm wandering all alone
Wandering all alone
Wandering all alone in a place I never loved
Wandering all alone, used to drift like a broken dove

Ode - it's an ode to the underdog
Ode - it's an ode to the underdog
Yeah the unannounced, under it all
The runners up under the haze
You know it's unfair, but understood
Every dog will have its day
As the sun will come up over the Wade Hotel