

# Hell Hotel

## They Might Be Giants

Salutations, pain is karma, bent joints in fighting words  
Got his mean streak from his mother, ha ha ha  
Now Love Boats paint his liver, with eyes on the city lights  
Collapsin' on the upbeat or relaxin' for the night  
He steps into a crazy hotel, the desk clerk hands him soap-on-a-rope  
What does he mean by this?  
Bellhop takes his flashlight, takes John up to his room  
Va-va-va-voom this is a sweet life, Anthrax on the couch

We're here to entertain you, or have you seen this episode  
We're the ancient order of robots dials, we're putting you at the controls  
Welcome to Hell Hotel

Sports cars and the gamblin', John's winning every night  
Well there's certain smells John can't repel, but Momma it can't be right  
He bolts awake laughing, but no one's in his room  
And the big boss man doesn't understand why John can't smile no more

We're here to make you happy, that's all that we are programmed for  
But you say this pleasure's a pain for you, Sebastian C. could tell you more  
Welcome to Hell Hotel