

Railway Hotel

Andy Williams

We went to the room and we bolted the door
The bass from the jukebox
Was coming through the floor
And out through the walls
We could still hear the roar of the trains
Was this all the comfort we got for our sins?
No candles, no waiters, no soft violins?
A dirty electric convector plugged into the mains

I had wanted much more
For the first night with you
But the railway hotel
Was the best I could do
I knew the Savoy
Would have suited you well
But the best I could do
Was the railway hotel

Away in the sky were the lights out a jet
Burning in the night like a slow cigarette
The lamp in the street
Threw a soft silhouette on the wall
And though it was crumbling and rundown and dead
A chair and a sink and an old single bed
The love we began and the things that we said, I recall

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