

# Hot Rod Hotel

Billy Bragg

I'm a porter and a night clerk at the old hot rod hotel  
I clean and scrub the lobby down and thirty one rooms as well  
I wax and shine their boots and shoes, I brush down their crink  
eldy clothes  
I meet the buses and the trains and show you to your door

Bell bottom pants brought two boys in at six fourteen last night  
Two girls checked in at ten otwo and I flipped on their light  
The lamrods wife looks in their doors and finds one terrible sight  
Those boys and girls got bawled up in their doors and rooms last night

A bloody flood could never messed these rooms up any worse  
It looked like moe had used this room to grease and breed a horse  
Old gum and hairs and sticky rags, old bottles on the floors  
Gobs of spit and condom rubbers on the windows, walls and doors

The lammy tried to make me clean up the crappy mess  
Or else he'd fire me off my job and let me starve to death  
I laid aside my polish rag and downed my dusting pan  
And I've not seen the old hot rod nor that old town since then