

Plaza

Cold Chisel

I've been living
In the Plaza Hotel
It ain't the Hilton
But I live well
Holes in the ceiling
Holes in the floor
Wallpaper's peeling
There's a nude on the door

Pretty girls
They jump and shout
Cops come running
When I step out
I get some money
When they page me to the phone
You know man cannot live on
Empty principles alone

And who's gonna judge
The role somebody plays
In someone else's budget movie
Come on up to my room baby
I need a co-star
And I can't afford to be too choosy