

Empty Hotel by the Sea

Conor Oberst

Order an Old Fashioned with a splash of Grand Marnier
I'll be there in ten minutes if you'll stay
I don't wanna argue, but I got to tell you straight
And better if it happens face to face

They're looking for you, brother, they keep stopping by the house
They're waiting at my work when I get out
What do you think would happen if they'd followed me here now
Do you really think they'd let it go?
Well judging by your silence, the answer's no

It's not true, Matthew, no it's nothing like before
They know exactly where you're gonna be
In that presidential suite up on the 37th floor
With your feet propped up, watching the TV
With a tray of food you're never gonna eat
And some shit excuse that no one would believe
In that empty hotel by the sea

Now when it's over I'll be talking to your grave
You might as well hear what I'll say
I can't forgive you and I'll never sing your praise
Why'd you always have to get your way?

Now you're a legend to those sick Neanderthals
The ones who count the bullet holes
Can't help admiring the splatter on the walls
Like cherry blossoms in the spring
Oh, it's a thing of beauty 'til it gets cleaned

It's not true, Matthew, no it's nothing like before
They know exactly where you're gonna be
In that presidential suite up on the 37th floor
With a blindfold on, trying to fall asleep
While your rental car's on fire in the street
And the snowflakes falling softly on the beach
In that empty hotel by the sea

Oh, it's
It's not true, Matthew, no it's wouldn't be like before
They know exactly where you're bound to be
In that presidential suite up on the 37th floor
With your fingers broken, picking up your teeth
With the realization you were in too deep
With some final words that no one will repeat
While the snow's still falling softly on the beach
In that empty hotel by the sea