

Vacancy

Harry Chapin

Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones have come to pass the night
They pulled off of the highway when they saw my light
It's a vacancy I offer them, what they offer me
Is fullness for a lifetime that's bare as can be

There's a vacancy, won't you come to me
And fill my empty spaces
I'm a motel man in a promised land
That's filled with empty faces

Won't you bring your sorrows, bring your dreams
It's a place for you to be
There's no more tomorrow or that's how it seems
So won't you come to me? I've got a vacancy

Another name, another key
Another pass to glory
Another night, another sight
Another bedtime story

Another stage, another chance
For gentleness or violence
Another birth, another dance
Another death in silence

There's a vacancy, won't you come to me
And fill my empty spaces
I'm a motel man in a promised land
That's filled with empty faces

Won't you bring your sorrows, bring your dreams
It's a place for you to be
There's no more tomorrow or that's how it seems
So won't you come to me? I've got a vacancy

Mr. John is coming on with his liaison
Mr. Soft is comin' off and soon he'll be gone
Mrs. Hart has come apart now that she's alone
Mr. Jive has come alive but nobody's home

Morning's come, checkout time with my pail and broom
I find what they've left behind in every tell-tale room
The sheets show their struggles, the glasses their fears
The ashtrays, the hours passed, the towels their tears

There's a vacancy, won't you come to me
And fill my empty spaces
I'm a motel man in a promised land
That's filled with empty faces

Won't you bring your sorrows, bring your dreams
It's a place for you to be
There's no more tomorrow or that's how it seems
Won't you come to me? I've got a vacancy