

# Hotel Hobbies

Marillion

**Dm** **Am/D**  
Hotel hobbies padding dawns hollow corridors

**Dm**  
Bell boys checking out the hookers in the bar

**Dm** **Am/D**  
Slug-like fingers trace the star-  
spangled clouds of cocaine on the mirror

**Dm** **Dm**  
The short straw takes its bow

**Am/D** **Dm**

**Dm** **Am/D**  
The tell tale sign of the last cigarette marking time in the po  
ckets as the

**Dm** **Dm** **Am/D**  
whisky sweat lies like discarded armour on an unmade bed

**Dm** **D**  
And a familiar craving is crawling through his head

**G/D** **C/D** **A/D** **G/D**

**D** **G/D**  
And the only sign of life is the ticking of the pen

**C/D**  
Introducing characters to memories like old friends

**A/D**  
Frantic as a cardiograph scratching out the lines

**G/D** **D**  
In a fever of confession a catalogue of crime in happy hour

**G/D** **C/D**

**A/D** **G/D**  
Do you cry in happy hour, do you hide in happy hour, a pilgrima  
ge to happy hour

**Em** **Bm** **D**  
New shadows tugging at the corner of his eye

**Asus4** **C5**  
Jostling for attention as the sunlight flares

**C**  
Through a curtains tear, shuffling its beams

**C5** **Bm7**  
As if in nervous anticipation of another day