

Central Hotel

Peter Hammill

I found myself lying on the balcony,
stripling terror, naked to the bone;
the secret asteroid jungle nearly done for me -
I saw it all just a moment ago.
I know I'd better watch out
for the Central Hotel...
I'm not going back.
Repetition, superstition, singularity,
though every cell in the body has changed
the walls move in well-accustomed hilarity -
the circuit changes,
but the joke stays the same.
I know I'd better watch out
for the Central Hotel
I think I'd better get out,
I'm not feeling so well.
And I won't be going back,
not if I can help it.
I can't help it, I can't help it
if I still am what I was;
I can't help it, I can't help it,
can't stop the therefore because
I can't help it.
The grace of god shows I'll be going on,
I'll be coming back.
I know nothing of the miles of the marathon,
I hear nothing of the footfall behind,
I search for rythm and I find that I haven't one
slow motion in the runner's mind.
I know I'd better watch out
for the Central Hotel
I think I'd better get out,
I'm not f
eeling so well
I know I'd better check out,
but anyone here can tell
I'll be coming back, I'll be back.
I'm the Central Hotel
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