

# Floyd's Hotel

The J. Geils Band

Let me tell ya 'bout it

She had big rosy red hips  
Really nice and round  
She had juicy red lips  
That really lay me down  
She stuck me in a taxi  
And drove me way cross town  
Guess where she took me?

She took me down  
Down to Floyd's Hotel  
She brought me down  
Down to Floyd's Hotel  
They got a lotta cheap rooms  
Always somethin' nice to sell

Smilin' Jim  
He's the cat that checks you in  
Big fat smilin' Jim  
You know he signs you in  
Don't ask where you're goin'  
He don't care where you been

Oh, they're 'bout to get me, baby  
They're about to hit me, too  
Come on, Tarzan, howl

They got a fella there  
They call him Tyrone  
Fella hangs out in the hall  
They call him Tyrone  
Just give him five dollars  
He can really turn you on  
Check out

Everybody sing it now  
C'mon down  
Down to Floyd's Hotel  
C'mon down  
Down to Floyd's Hotel  
They got a lotta cheap rooms  
Always somethin' nice to sell

Take me with you, baby