

# The Wade Hotel

The Rabble

The sun is coming up over the Wade Hotel  
Intoxicated silhouettes are dancing to adorn  
But there's underlying madness in this embellished  
concrete hell  
And is just beyond a brazen horizon on this early  
autumn's dawn -  
Oh no

Well, back to the daily grind, a bus ride from minimum  
wage  
Imitating desolate footsteps of old, inheriting what  
they got paid  
'Cause you're the charity-case son, born of discount  
racks, now working the factory floor  
The gold-hearted kid just got a taste of their taxes  
and the law

Wandering all alone in a place I never loved  
Wandering all alone, used to drift like a broken dove

Staggered footsteps over the hill and then down the  
other side  
Follow the track to the underpass that the motorway  
runs beside  
It is there I tread a lone routine at 7 am each day  
It is there I used to stop and dream of finding another  
way

But for now I'm wandering all alone  
Wandering all alone  
Wandering all alone in a place I never loved  
Wandering all alone, used to drift like a broken dove

Ode - it's an ode to the underdog  
Ode - it's an ode to the underdog  
Yeah the unannounced, under it all  
The runners up under the haze  
You know it's unfair, but understood  
Every dog will have its day  
As the sun will come up over the Wade Hotel