

# Harry Chapin, Vacancy

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  
So 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  
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  
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There's no more tomorrow or that's how it seems  
Won't you come to me? I've got a vacancy  
Mr. John is coming on with his liason  
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  
Mornings 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  
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Won't you come to me? I've got a vacancy