

# Peter Hammill, Central Hotel

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,  
I 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 rhythm 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 feeling 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.  
I'm the Central Hotel.  
I'm the Central Hotel.