

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.