

Stanisław Soyka, Railway Hotel

We went to the room and we bolted the door
The base from the jukebox was coming through the floor
And now, through the walls, we could still hear the roar of the trains
Was this all the comfort we got for our sins?
No candles, no waiters, no soft violins
A dirty electric convector plugged in to the mains

I'd wanted much more for the first night with you
But the railway hotel was the best I could do
I knew that Savoy would've suited you well
But the best I could do was the railway hotel

The railway hotel The railway hotel

Away in the sky were the lights of a jet
Burning in the night like a slow cigarette
A lamp from the street threw a soft silhouette on the wall
And though it was crumbling and rundown and dead
A chair and a sink, and an old single bed
The love we began in the things that we've said I recall

I'd wanted much more for the first night with you
But the railway hotel was the best I could do
I knew that Savoy would've suited you well
But the best I could do was the railway hotel

I knew that Savoy would've suited you well
But the best I could do was the railway hotel
Railway hotel Railway hotel Railway hotel