

The Rose Hotel

Robert Earl Keen

He was walkin' through the alley way
Where the drifters sleep and the wild dogs play
The moon was black, the sky was grey
He thought he was alone

She was waiting at the Rose Hotel
Across the street from the wishing well
Turned the latch and broke a nail
Checked her mobile phone

Sometimes you run, sometimes you stall
Sometimes you don't get up at all
Sometimes you run, sometimes you fall

He bought a ticket on the uptown tram
Got off at 8th and Birmingham
Wondered if she gave a damn
About him anymore

She hadn't seen him in a year or so
Why he called she did not know
She had the oldies on the radio
And someone at the door

Sometimes you run, sometimes you stall
Sometimes you don't get up at all
Sometimes you run, sometimes you fall

He threw a nickel in the wishin' well
Crossed the street to the Rose Hotel
He got no answer when he rang the bell
So he gave a little shout

Tiny watchman with a baseball bat
A cheap cigar and a Persian cat
Told him it was too bad that
She had just checked out

Sometimes you run, sometimes you stall
Sometimes you don't get up at all
Sometimes you run, sometimes you...
Sometimes you run, sometimes you stall
Sometimes you don't get up at all
Sometimes you run, sometimes you fall
Sometimes you fall