

Allen Hotel

Adolescents

Sometimes at night I drive by and stare
And wonder what my life would be like if I had wound up there
Would I walk around with that look on my face
That dreaded look of having been condemned to this place

I could have kept on drinking
I could have gone to jail
My twisted road was sinking
Straight to the?

Allen Hotel
The Stories they tell
At the Allen Hotel
The broken memories that dwell

The hanging light bulb reflecting through the broken pane
Bullet-filed walls, the roof can't seem to stop the rain
Out on the Streets, whores trade their bodies for balloons
Had to get away, couldn't get too far too soon