

# Hotel Room In Casablanca

Ezra Furman

A city outside spins noise 'til three at night  
The city inside my mind is silent after a wintery, nuclear night

But I am not alone for long  
I am not alone for long

Everything is lighting up  
Everyone is giving up  
But I can not give you up  
I can not give you up

I am sleeping in a cardboard box outside your old place  
I am hiding in your bedroom, I am seventeen years old  
And I have never seen anything as beautiful  
Anything as beautiful

The electricity is screaming through my room  
The lady's family is scowling at her mister and the groom  
But he is not here alone  
And she is not here alone

This whole world is caving in  
It's a swirl and it smiles for you when you breathe it in  
But I can not breathe you in  
I can not breathe you in

I am writing from a hotel room in Casablanca  
I am hiding in your bedroom, I am forty-eight years old  
And I have never seen anything as beautiful  
Anything as beautiful

This, this is not, this can not be happening, not to me  
This is not happening, not to me  
No this, this is not, this can not be happening, not to me  
This is not happening, not to me  
No