

# Hotel Bed

Geoffroy

Don't get out of bed yet  
I'm just catching my breath, she says  
You men all the same, quick to turn over the page  
Don't rush out of bed yet  
Don't make up your mind  
For my time hasn't come yet

You build all my hopes up  
Walking a fine line the way that you want it  
Getting tired of waiting on you  
Making sense of your clues  
I'll be going going gone  
Before you open your eyes

Eyes, eyes  
Eyes, eyes

Being the mold doesn't fit you  
Since nothing can shake you  
As you're terrified of compromises too  
Calm and far from spiteful  
I just can't be tabled like this  
Who am I if I wait around for you?

It's what I've been used to, with you  
Guess I got used to the feel of a hotel bed

You build all my hopes up  
Walking a fine line the way that you want it  
Getting tired of waiting on you  
Making sense of your clues  
I'll be going going gone  
Before you open your eyes

Eyes, eyes  
Eyes, eyes

Eyes, eyes  
Eyes, eyes