

Hotel Hobbies

Marillion

Dm **Am/D**
Hotel hobbies padding dawns hollow corridors

Dm
Bell boys checking out the hookers in the bar

Dm **Am/D**
Slug-like fingers trace the star-
spangled clouds of cocaine on the mirror

Dm **Dm**
The short straw takes its bow

Am/D **Dm**

Dm **Am/D**
The tell tale sign of the last cigarette marking time in the po
ckets as the

Dm **Dm** **Am/D**
whisky sweat lies like discarded armour on an unmade bed

Dm **D**
And a familiar craving is crawling through his head

G/D **C/D** **A/D** **G/D**

D **G/D**
And the only sign of life is the ticking of the pen

C/D
Introducing characters to memories like old friends

A/D
Frantic as a cardiograph scratching out the lines

G/D **D**
In a fever of confession a catalogue of crime in happy hour

G/D **C/D** **A/D** **G/D**
Do you cry in happy hour, do you hide in happy hour, a pilgrima
ge to happy hour

Em **Bm** **D**
New shadows tugging at the corner of his eye

Asus4 **C5**
Jostling for attention as the sunlight flares

C
Through a curtains tear, shuffling its beams

C5 **Bm7**
As if in nervous anticipation of another day