

Intro

Scott Helman

From the hotel de Ville
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If I stand here very still
I can make out the shape of the cross,
Of the cross on the hill
On the top of the hill
On the top of the hill

Never really believed in God
You know that I mention it too much
But I like this spot
Snowflakes are falling like flecks of chopped paper
And I feel as if there's this secret no one has ever heard
And I'm in on it
The T.V. inches closer
And the show I'm watching is curated for me
As if a grand opening, the story of my life
Towers of real estate built by the gatekeeper's
Dropped in a metropolis to be seen by the dreamers
Nothing really going on inside
Impossible to reconcile with an empty objective
But baby, I have an objective
It's you
Let's do this for real
The hotel de Ville