

The American Hotel

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2002

You say you've got a solution
To all the world has to hold
I say let's forget the future
Let's live the day and let it be bold

Why don't you feel my needs
And make them your own?
Maybe I won't always be alone
I'm on my knees, begging you please
Help me off this worn out road

You say you'd walk beside me
Through all heaven and hell
But the room has turned up empty
Don't you know babe that I never could tell?

Why don't you feel my needs
And make them your own?
Maybe I won't always be alone
I'm on my knees, begging you please
Help me off this endless road

You say you've found the answer
To life's greatest unrest
So don't ask me anymore of your stupid questions
And I won't have to give you my best
Let the pain sink in
Get it under your skin
I think I've found my own solution
But it'll have to wait til' I come back again

Why don't you feel my hurt
And make it your own?
Then you'll know what it's like to be alone
I'm off my knees, tellin' you please
Help yourself and hit the road