

Went to the room and we bolted the door
the bass from the juke box was coming through the floor
and out through the walls, we could still hear the roar
of the trains

Was this all the comfort we got for our sins?
No candles, no waiters, no soft violins
a dirty electric convector plugged in
to the mains

I had wanted much more for the first night with you
but the railway hotel was the best I could do
I knew the Savoy would have suited you well
but the best I could do was the railway hotel -

Away in the clouds were the lights of a jet
burning in night like a slow cigarette
the lamp from the street drew a soft silhouette
on the wall

And though it was run down and dirty and dread
a chair without seat and an old single bed
the love we began and the things that we said
I recall

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