

# The Hotelier - Your Deep Rest

Tom: **Eb**

Intro: 2x: **Cm Ab Cm Ab Cm Ab Bb B**

[Verse]

**Cm** **Ab** **Cm**  
So, while you're fixing up your bed

**Ab** **Cm** **B**  
And while you're organizing drawers,

**Cm**  
Could you just listen to the problems had with problems of yours.

**Ab** **Cm**  
And what's that note you're writing there?

**Ab** **Bb** **B**  
Why are you giving me this back?

**Eb**  
This was a gift from when we met back when you weren't so upset.?

[Chorus]

**Eb** **Gm** **Ab**  
I called in sick from your funeral.

**Eb** **Gm** **Ab** **Bb** **B**  
The sight of your body made me feel uncomfortable.

**Eb** **Gm**  
I couldn't recognize your shell.

[Verse]

**Cm** **Ab** **Cm**  
Your branching off had met an end

**Ab** **Cm** **B**  
From all the weight that made you bend.

**Cm**  
And when you tried to shed your leaves you pined for warmth as they said

**Ab** **Cm**  
?Your lack of love for your dear self

**Ab** **Cm**  
is sapping all of us here out.

**Ab** **Bb** **B**  
Trace your roots back to the ground work out the knotholes for yourself.?

[Chorus]

**Eb** **Gm** **Ab**  
I called in sick from your funeral.

**Eb** **Gm** **Ab**  
The sight of your family made me feel responsible.

**Eb** **Gm**  
and I found the notes you left behind;

**Ab**  
little hints and helpless cries,

**Eb** **Gm** **Ab**  
desperate wishing to be over.

(Instrumental - hit the **Eb** once and then several hits of each following note):

**Eb Cm Ab** (x4)

[Verse]

**Ab** **Cm** **Bb**  
You said you're trapped in your body

**Ab**  
and getting deeper every day.

**Cm** **Bb**  
They diagnosed you born that way.

**Ab**  
They say in runs in your family.

**Cm**  
A conscious erasure of working class background

**Bb**  
where despair trickles down

**Ab**  
imbalanced chemical crutch. Open up. Swallow down.

**Cm** **Eb** **Ab**  
You said ?remember me for me. I need to set my spirit free.?

[Chorus]

**Eb** **Gm** **Ab**  
**Eb**

I called in sick from your funeral. (I called in sick! I called in sick!)

**Gm** **Ab**  
Tradition of closure nearly felt impossible.

**Eb**  
I should have never gave my word to you;

**Bb**  
not a cry not a sound.

**Ab**  
Might have learned how to swim, never taught how to drown,

**Eb** **Bb**  
you said ?remember me for me?.

**Ab** (hold)  
I watched you set your spirit free

## Acordes

