

**Hotel Bombay:  
Highway or Hemingway**

Being on the boat, being in the bungalow,  
Being on the sea, being near the sea,  
Land and confusion is over there,  
Behind the hill, behind the sand.  
Stockholm, San Sebastian, San Pedro, Sevilla:  
S-fact...  
History is behind the Sea,  
Horses and Heroes on the land,  
H-fact...  
Hotels, Cities, Negotiations...  
Life: thousand and one lives;  
non-fact.  
Sailor in the Hotel,  
Sailor on the Land,  
A drop of Bombay Sapphire...  
Best bargain:  
The trap of Hospitality,  
Welcome  
to the Home.  
No condition, no compromise.  
Check the situation, get it.  
I am talking to you,  
in Bar Sevastopol  
Instant Hostility,  
Star Rain;  
More tone, more tonic...  
no way, Norway.  
Passangers on the threshold...  
Why me?  
What's your story?  
Back to bungalow, back to keyboards...  
What's the deal?  
Hotel Holiday,  
A broken accord,  
An enigmatic day-dreaming,  
On the beach: Noise and Crime...  
No fact, no alibi.  
Waves...  
Chasing Bach,  
Tirana calling.  
Life is Life,  
An other ordinary summer,  
A tree in the Pension  
Monk Garden,  
Like that.  
Hotel Holiday

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