

# Hotel Continental

Up where the sunset meets the spire  
We sit up here and gaze a while  
The colours fade  
The colours blend  
The colours never end  
It's beautiful  
It's wondrous  
It's here for all but made for us  
But as the night comes falling down it's there again...

The sky lights up in blue and red again, again, again...

*From a certain window there is a beautiful 180° panoramic view of the city of Pilsen, in West Bohemia, with the 103m spire of St. Bartholomew's cathedral dead centre. In the summer the sun sets behind that spire, seemingly setting down onto it like a big orange on a spike. It really is a lovely sight. Just below the spire there is a hotel with a huge neon sign on the roof.*

*That sign flashes - blue - red - off - blue - red - off - all - night - long . . .*