

Pillow From Home

Brazzaville

Late night
All alone
Just sitting in my hotel room
Wishing I was back at home
A long flight
Halfway around the globe
This life at 30,000 feet
Well it's starting to take it's toll
I got my pillow from home
Here on the 33rd floor
And I loaded all your photographs
Into my mobile phone
But they only made me miss you more
I got my beat up guitar
And my pocket Moleskine
I packed my echinacea drops
And all my speaker tapes
'Cause I'm out here on the road again
I'm out here on the road again
A strange light
Warms my soul
When I travel to a distant place
To play a little rock and roll
But someday
Just you and me
We'll be gazing at a setting sun
In a little garden by the sea