

Alice works the desk at the East Bay Hotel  
In Grand Marais, Minnisota  
I came in one night, She said "I loved your show"  
We sat and talked on the sofa  
She's on her own since her husband passed away  
Some surgeon screwed up, there's nothing left to say  
Now she works this desk at night and the campground by day  
in a trailer by the lake until the summer blows away

She read about the job in a camping magazine  
and home was just a reminder  
So she took the cat and dog, stored away her things,  
left the bleakness behind her  
Even now through the ache of missing him  
she's filled with wonder and far from giving in  
She sees magic on the lake in the early morning light  
And talking books and telling tales we sat there half the night

Chorus:

And she said "The more I travel the more I want to see  
My kids want some settled life for me  
I don't want to move somewhere and grow old quietly  
And the more I travel, the more I want to see"

Well it's time to make a change, with winter in the wings  
and the East Bay Hotel made an offer  
But she doesn't really know, 'cause there's everywhere to go  
and there's everything that traveling has taught her  
Moving marches down busy city streets  
fantastic people she's privileged to meet  
And she dreams about Alaska, the snow so deep and white  
And that little town in Texas where there's dancing every night

Chorus:

And she says "The more I travel the more I want to see  
My kids want some settled life for me  
I don't want to move somewhere and grow old quietly  
And the more I travel, the more I want to see"