

That Hotel

Donovan Woods

Room 413 by the elevator
Cold as hell, the TV hardly works
The window don't open, the blinds don't close
I checked out 2 months ago

But the bed got made every morning
And I could get a phone call from you
And I'd just pack my bags, go back home
If you wanted me to
I hated every minute, it was a lonely living hell
I got a one bedroom apartment now
And I miss that hotel
That's how bad it is now

How many times do I gotta say I'm sorry?
How many days do I gotta stay in here?
Folks screaming down the hallway don't bother me anymore
Street light coming in the window, and there's a couple next do
or

But the bed got made every morning
And I could get a phone call from you
And I'd just pack my bags, go back home
If you wanted me to
I hated every minute, it was a lonely living hell
I got a one bedroom apartment now
And I miss that hotel
Yeah I miss that hotel

I just laid there staring at the ceiling fan
But I still had a chance
All my clothes smell like smoke
But I still had hope

And the bed got made every morning
And I could get a phone call from you
And I'd just pack my bags, go back home
If you wanted me to
And now I know it's over, but back then I couldn't tell
I got a one bedroom apartment now
And I miss that hotel
That's how bad it is now
I miss that hotel