

# Girlfriend

July For Kings

Room 421  
An airport hotel  
I know I should be sleeping  
But it's too soon to tell

If I'll fly out tomorrow  
If I'll see her tomorrow  
I hope that I will.  
No place like alone

And no sound like my own voice  
Fading into  
This quiet December night  
But I'm doing alright

I I'll make a phone call or two  
Could I get some room service please?  
Send the maid in to see  
About a few things I need

"Do you think you could  
Bring me my girlfriend  
And a bottle of wine  
Bring me a future

Just make sure it's mine  
Will you open the window  
But leave out the cold  
Could you make a phone call to Jesus  
To clean up my soul"

Miles from my own bed  
Further from content  
I guess I should get used to this  
Still rain on the runway  
But I'm doing okay  
I've got cigarettes to kiss

"Could I get some room service please?  
I am down on my knees  
I am only here for tonight  
Cause they fucked up my flight

Serenading the wall  
And I thought I should call  
You to ask for it all  
For it all  
For it all

Remember to  
Bring me my girlfriend  
And a bottle of wine  
Bring me a future

Make sure it's mine  
Will you open the window  
But leave out the cold

Could you make a phone call to Jesus  
To clean up my soul.

Dial seven for a savior  
"Is this soul keeping please...  
Could you put me through to Jesus  
I I'll pay your long-distance fees"

He said "hello and god bless you.  
There's a bible in the drawer."  
I said "that wonderful sir. but I don't read it anymore"  
I don't read it any more...

Bring me my girlfriend  
And a bottle of wine  
Bring me a future  
Make sure it's mine

Will you open the window  
But leave out the cold  
Could you make a phone call to Jesus  
To clean up my soul  
Bring me my girlfriend

And a bottle of wine  
Bring me a future  
Just make sure it's mine  
Will you open the window

But leave out the cold  
Could you make a phone call to Jesus  
To clean up my soul"  
Yeah  
Could you bring me my girlfriend  
Yeah  
Bring me a smile

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