

Wheeler Cheryl "Alice"

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Alice works the desk at the east bay hotel
in grand marais, minnesota
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 wanna see
my kids want some settled life for me
i don't wanna move somewhere and grow old quietly
and the more i travel, the more i wanna 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 wanna see
my kids want some settled life for me
i don't wanna move somewhere and grow old quietly
and the more i travel, the more i wanna see"

