

Bob Guiney "Girlfriend"

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Room 421
In 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

There's no place like alone
There's no sound like my own voice fading into
This quiet summer night
But I'm doing alright
I'll make a phone call or two

Could I get some conversation please
Just send someone to see
About a few things I need

Do you think you could
Bring me my girlfriend
And a bottle of wine
Bring me her 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 conversation please
I'm down on my knees
I'm only here for tonight
The story of my life
Cause I'm hitting the wall
And I thought I would call you
To ask for an hour

It's 4 in the morning
Couldn't drink myself to sleep
I'm still trying to find the reasons, that are keeping
you from me

As I'm staring out the window
And I can't burn you from my mind
Cause I'm hitting the wall
I can't take this anymore, I won't do this anymore

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A Cleveland hotel
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