

## **Bob Guiney "Girlfriend"**

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### **"Girlfriend"**

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

Room 421  
A Cleveland 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

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