

Dionne Warwick

"Check Out Time"

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When I woke up this morning
I was all alone
Stretched out in bed
Two hundred miles from home

In some old motel
I don't know
What's to become of me
I know the check out time is three

I didn't mean to hurt him
He has so much pride
I never dreamed
I have to run and hide

To this lonely route
I just hope
He doesn't follow me
I know the check out time is three

There's just no use
Why try to make an excuse?
I must pray blues because to be his wife
Well, that would be just giving up on life

I've got to go on living
I just can exist
I wanna taste all of the feelings
I've missed for example, love

Till the day
Love catches up with me
As always
Check out dot at three

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