

Fogelberg Dan

"Heart Hotels"

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Well there's too many windows
in this old hotel
And rooms filled with reckless pride
And the walls have grown sturdy
And the halls have worn well
But there is nobody living inside
Nobody living inside...
Gonna pull in the shutters
On this heart of mine
Roll up the carpets and pull
in the blinds
And retreat to the chambers that
I left behind
In hopes there still may be
Love left to find
Still may be love left to find.
Seek inspiration in daily affairs
Now you soul is in trouble
and requires repairs
And the voices you hear at the
top of the stairs
Are only echoes of unanswered prayers
Echoes of unanswered prayers.
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in this old hotel
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Nobody living inside...

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