

Josh Ritter "Hotel Song"

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Sunday night, its supper time, the hotel's full and all is fine.

You can see that No Vacancy sign from the window of room 39

Monday morning at half past eight, everybody's gone, they left no trace.

I sit alone as the day grows late, wait to see your friendly face

Why you chose my hotel I'm not real qualified to tell,
it's just your face I remember well,
when you asked if I had a room to sell
Maybe you liked just what you saw,
the cable TV and the indoor spa or maybe it was the
low low price - twenty-seven bucks a night

Say the highway is for lovers, but he ain't no friend of mine
because every time I find my heart, I lose it to that long yellow line

You checked in, I checked you out, you smiled from the corners of your mouth
I turned on the no-vacancy sign as you checked in to room 39
I saw the light from your TV, you were watching channel 23
the night was long, the dark was deep, I kinda cried myself to sleep

Say the highway is for lovers, but he ain't no friend of mine
because every time I find my heart, I lose it to that long yellow line

Morning broke itself at last, you got your continental breakfast
dropped off the key and said goodbye, I think I thought I heard you sigh
I caught a glimpse of your licence plate, you were drifting down the innerstate
It said you were from Delaware, I said oh it must be

gorgeous there

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