

Bob Guiney, Girlfriend

Room 421 in an airport hotel
I know I should be sleepin'
But its too soon to tell
If I fly out tomorrow
If I see her tomorrow, I hope that I will
No place like alone no sound like my own voice
Fading in to
Just quiet summer night
But I'm doin' alright
I'll make a phone call or two

Could I get some converstaion 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 a future just make sure its 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 doin' ok
I got cigarettes to kiss

Could I get some converstaion please
I'm down on my knees
I'm only here for tonight
Its the story of my life
Cuz I'm hittin' the wall
And I wish I could call you
And ask for an hour, an hour, an hour

(Do you think you could) Bring me my girlfriend
And a bottle of wine
Bring me a future just make sure its mine
Will you open the window but leave out the cold
Could you make a phone call to Jesus to clean up my soul

Its 4 in the morning
Couldn't dream myself to sleep
Still trying to find the reasons that are keepin' you from me
As I'm starin' out the window
I can't burn you from my mind
Cuz I'm hittin' the wall
I can't take this anymore
I can't take this anymore

Bring me my girlfriend
And a bottle of wine
Bring me a future just make sure its mine
Will you open the window but leave out the cold
Could you make a phone call to Jesus to clean up my soul

Bring me my girlfriend
And a bottle of wine
Bring me a future just make sure its mine
Will you open the window but leave out the cold
Could you make a phone call to Jesus to clean up my soul

Just bring me my girlfriend
Just bring me a smile

To room 421
In a Cleveland hotel
I know I should be sleepin'
But its too soon to tell
If I fly out tomorrow
If I see her tomorrow, I hope that I will