

Burt Bacharach, Check Out Time

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 that check-out time is three

I didn't mean to hurt him, he has so much pride
I never dreamed
I had to run and hide to this lonely room
I just hope he doesn't follow me
I know that check-out time is three

There's just no use
Why try to make an excuse
I've lost great news
Because to be his one
Well that would be just giving up on life

I've got to go on living, I just can't exist
I wanna taste all of the things I missed
For his tender love
Till the day love catches up with me
That's always check-out time at three