

# Trent Willmon, Home Sweet Holiday Inn

Exit 65, Room 232

Its nothing fancy, aint much of a view  
Its no white house with a picket fences  
But we close our eyes and pretend  
At our home sweet holiday inn  
Wish I could keep you,  
But its out of my hands  
It's the best that I can do,  
I pray you'll understand  
How much I love you, god I feel guilty  
So I try to make amends  
At our home sweet holiday inn

(chorus)

I just get a couple days  
To steal you away  
Make up for all the time  
I missed  
And I hope that we can fit it all in  
At our home sweet holiday inn  
You've grown so fast that  
I just cant believe  
How much you're changing,  
But you still look like me  
Maybe some day,  
This will all be different  
But baby until then  
We've got our home sweet holiday inn

(repeat chorus)

your daddy loves you  
and I'll be dreaming of you  
and counting days until I see you again  
at our home sweet holiday inn  
at our home sweet holiday inn