

Tour Song

Cindy Alexander

Hotel rooms have their share of ghosts
One just flew out from the mini bar
Gypsies take their bodies
and they leave their bags behind
of karma and vibe and suicide I'm looking out over foreign fields
A steeple watches guard over wounds that have yet to heal
And I really wish you were here
Yeah I really wish you were here CHORUS:
Did you think I would run away
Did you believe I could fly
Did you know I'd take you with me
In my heart
In my dreams
You're right here next to me Molly Malone's has her share of ghosts
I've seen 'em fly out from the microphone
They sing through my body and they leave their songs behind
Of lovers and losers and passerby's I'm counting the hours that I've lived without sun
A stranger takes me home and speaks to me in tongue
And I really wish you were here
I really wish you were here CHORUS I'm catching sleep in the back of a car
Wrapped up in a blanket with my Taylor guitar
I really wish you were here
I really wish you were here CHORUS I really wish you were here
I really wish you were here

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