

Hotel Song

[Josh Ritter](#)

Sunday night, its supper time, the hotels full and all is fine. You can see that No Vacancy sign from the window
of room 39

Monday morning at half past eight, everybodys gone, they left no trace. I sit alone as the day grows late, wait to
see your friendly face Why you chose my hotel Im not real qualified to tell, its 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 aint 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 aint 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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