

Sylvia Hotel

Cheryl Wheeler

This is a lonely life
As I know you know too well
I'm thinking of you tonight
Here in the Sylvia Hotel

Smoking a cigarette
Drinking a glass of beer
Catching a conversation
I am trying not to hear

One more? Why not? Ok.
Guess I'm glad I came
To stare at English Bay
Under all the rain

There's a cat in this bar right now
Twitching his tail away
I called with a soft meow
Maybe he only speaks Francais

You must be safe in bed
Down in your cowboy home
I don't wonder why you left
I wonder why you stayed so long

One more? Why not? Ok.
I'm glad I came
And here's to English Bay
In the lovely rain

I found some matches from Durango in my pocket
But if I let my heart get sad then I can't stop it

And this is a lonely life
Though I think it suits me well
And everything's fine tonight
Here in the Sylvia Hotel