

## Hotel Keys

Dave Barnes

Baltimore's the coldest that I have ever been.  
In a second it seemed to me the encore came and went.  
I fell asleep over Virginia, woke up in Tennessee.  
They always seem to steal a piece of me.

Wheels just keep on rolling.  
Another town, another scene.  
11 years of running over miles of memories.  
What I'd give to go back to when it was still a dream.  
When it was more than a pocket of hotel keys.

That day off in Chicago, when I almost gave it up.  
We caught up over coffee, I'd forgotten who I was.  
But I made it down to Memphis in time to feel the crowd.  
I wonder what Chicago's doing now.

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What I'd give to go back to when it was still a dream.  
When it was more than a pocket of hotel keys.

And I'm waiting on a change in the weather.  
I'm waiting on a change in me.  
Lord, forgive my tired soul.  
The music sure can take a toll, it seems.  
Oh, it seems.

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11 years of running over miles of memories.  
What I'd give to go back to when it was still a dream.  
When it was more than a pocket of hotel keys.