

Root Love

John Martyn

A thousand kisses flying home to you
A thousand kisses, two thousand miles from view
Root love.

A hotel room don't make it
When I'm thinking about your face
Cheap experience don't shake it
Thinking about my place
Root love, root love.

And that Harvey's banging walls again
And the paint job's wearing thin
Got to feeling mean again
Like mamma drinking gin
Root love.

The bar looks so inviting
Maybe one more Fanny Mae
Maybe one more happy hour
And another day away from
Root love.

Little boy blue lost again
Telling others sorry tales
Just one more sinking sunrise
And two more crimson sails
And root love.

Well a hotel just don't make it
When I'm thinking about your face
Cheap experience don't shake it
Thinking about my place
Root love.
A thousand kisses, root love.