

## Little Hotel Room

Merle Haggard

A one man celebration ain't what I had in mind  
As I sit here sippin' on a glass of wine  
There's a working telephone beside my bed  
The way the calls are coming in, you'd think the line was dead

Oh, there's no place like home  
And it's lonesome in this little hotel room

The plaster on the ceiling just about to fall  
There's a picture hanging crooked on the wall  
The music on the radio plays on  
For a moment there, I thought they were playing our song

Oh, there's no place like home  
And it's lonesome in this little hotel room

From the window I can see a falling star  
I wonder if you see it where you are  
And wouldn't it be something if it's true  
That you would make the same wish that I do

Oh, there's no place like home  
And it's lonesome in this little hotel room