

Hampton Inn Room 306

Pete Droge

I got in late last night
My hotel room was stale and cold
I closed the blinds, and looked for a movie
Turned up the heat, and put the scotch on ice
Picked up the phone, and I dialed your number
Felt a relief when I heard your voice
We talked for an hour; three hours difference
I could not sleep, so I called you back
I'm not calling to say I love you
I'm not calling to say I care
I'm not calling to say I want you here
I think by now those things are clear to us both
But I tell you everyday
'Cause it makes me feel better, babe
I woke up, the telephone was ringing
I thought it'd be the housekeeper with a gripe
Then I heard your voice, and it simply soothed me
Sayin' honey did you sleep all right
Are you calling to say you love me?
Are you calling to say you care?
Are you calling to say you want me there
In your bed when you wake up?
Well, I do too
And I'll tell you everyday
'Cause it makes me feel better, babe
Yeah, it makes me feel better, babe