

## 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