

Little Hotel Room

Ray Charles

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