

# Wake Up Call

## Theory Of A Deadman

She's checkin' out  
She's checkin' out on me

Not long ago  
You were laying right here  
And the blue light flickered  
Love everywhere  
Now you're checkin' out  
And I'm missin' you  
The smell of cigarettes  
Is takin' over for this pain in my chest  
And you're checkin' out  
This old hotel will never be home 'cause you are home to me

This is my wake up call  
I slept through it  
Going through life  
Hypnotic  
Come home, come ho o ome, come home, come ho o ome  
These four walls is  
Where I live  
With a ghost of you  
Is all I get  
Come home, come ho o ome, come home, come ho o ome  
This old hotel will never be home 'cause you are home to me

This worn out rug  
Has seen its day  
These old walls are peeling away  
Just like us  
And I'm freakin' out  
The TV's broke there's nothin' on  
Just memories of us that'll soon be gone  
And I'm freakin' out  
This old hotel will never be home 'cause you are home to me

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It's funny how our love fucks me like it always does  
It's funny now your gone I'm seeing how it really was  
I don't wanna wake up, I've really had enough  
I don't wanna wake up, still feeling in love

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