

# Cindy Alexander, Tour Song

Hotel rooms have their share of ghosts  
One just flew out from the mini bar  
Gypsies take their bodies  
and they leave their bags behind  
of karma and vibe and suicide

I'm looking out over foreign fields  
A steeple watches guard over wounds that have yet to heal  
And I really wish you were here  
Yeah I really wish you were here

## CHORUS:

Did you think I would run away  
Did you believe I could fly  
Did you know I'd take you with me  
In my heart  
In my dreams  
You're right here next to me

Molly Malone's has her share of ghosts  
I've seen 'em fly out from the microphone  
They sing through my body and they leave their songs behind  
Of lovers and losers and passerby's

I'm counting the hours that I've lived without sun  
A stranger takes me home and speaks to me in tongue  
And I really wish you were here  
I really wish you were here

## CHORUS

I'm catching sleep in the back of a car  
Wrapped up in a blanket with my Taylor guitar  
I really wish you were here  
I really wish you were here

## CHORUS

I really wish you were here  
I really wish you were here