

# Pillow From Home

Brazzaville

Late night  
All alone  
Just sitting in my hotel room  
Wishing I was back at home  
A long flight  
Halfway around the globe  
This life at 30,000 feet  
Well it's starting to take it's toll  
I got my pillow from home  
Here on the 33rd floor  
And I loaded all your photographs  
Into my mobile phone  
But they only made me miss you more  
I got my beat up guitar  
And my pocket Moleskine  
I packed my echinacea drops  
And all my speaker tapes  
'Cause I'm out here on the road again  
I'm out here on the road again  
A strange light  
Warms my soul  
When I travel to a distant place  
To play a little rock and roll  
But someday  
Just you and me  
We'll be gazing at a setting sun  
In a little garden by the sea