

Omaha Hotel

Emily Kinney

Well, the flood took the town, the fire took the bank
No one has the money to recover what sank
Rusted out trucks, big heaps of metal
I'm sure this place was greener when I was little

Straight from the airport to fire and fury
But I always love the part where we pray to Mary
I'm searching the back for the faces like mine
Now there's one less face to find

Omaha Hotel where I spent the night
I watched the bugs fly around in the parking lot light
Couldn't catch a wink sleeping in my blue jeans
Tears in a church kinda kill my dreams

I stepped away for a minute to get myself together
Watch them turning the soil with the turning of the weather
And all at once there were no more chances
I wish we could've caught up under better circumstances

Well, I missed your babies, missed your wedding
With the wrinkles on our face nostalgia is setting
In

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Tears in a church kinda kill my dreams

I stepped away for a minute, sat on the steps
I stepped away for a few years, I straightened my dress
If I said I regret leaving I'd be lying
Just want to live my life
And this place is dying
Dying

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Oh, oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh, oh, ohh, ohh
Oh, oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh, oh, ohh, ohh

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