

Heart Hotels

[Dan Fogelberg](#)

Well, there's too many windows
In this old hotel
And rooms filled with reckless pride
And the walls have grown sturdy
And the halls have worn well
But there is nobody living inside
Nobody living inside Gonna pull in the shutters
On this heart of mine
Roll up the carpets
And pull in the blinds
And retreat to the chambers
That I left behind
In hopes there still may be love left to find
Still may be love left to find
Seek inspiration in daily affairs
Now your soul is in trouble and requires repairs
And the voices you hear at the top of the stairs
Are only echoes of unanswered prayers
Echoes of unanswered prayers Well, there's too many windows
In this old hotel
And rooms filled with reckless pride
And the walls have grown sturdy
And the halls have worn well
But there is nobody living inside
Nobody living inside
Ooh-hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo
Ooh-hoo-hoo-hoo

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