

(David Lee Murphy/Kim Tribble)

I can't count the times
And all those lonely motel nights
I've stared at four gray walls
The miles don't seem as far
Cause in my mind your in my arms
I hear your voice
And all my dreams come true

And girl is almost like being there
I close my eyes and you appear
I could swear you're right there in the room
You come to me like you always do
A sweet dream I surrender to
It's almost like being there with you

It goes straight to my heart
The way you whisper in the dark
Like only you can do
When we're alone
And in that big ole bedto
The words keep ringin in my head
Girl even
After we hang up the phone

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