

## Motel Room

Christopher Dallman

He looks just like Disneyland  
He looks just like palms trees  
He's got diamonds in his hand  
He's got scrapes on both of his knees  
He's eager to the please

He is your big secret  
He's got me rooting through your trunk  
Is he the reason for this life jacket?  
Is he the reason that this ship sunk?

Four words written in shaky faded ink  
I bet the drapes were pink  
In that old motel room  
Four words, watch my stomach sink or swim  
How could you follow him  
To that old motel room

Some days I feel 12 years old  
Some days I'm sliding toward the grave  
Sometimes, I can take this  
But other times I wanna give ya back what you gave

Four words written in shaky faded ink  
I bet the drapes were pink  
In that old motel room  
Four words written where I aint supposed to see  
And all my friends agree  
You must be the devil...

Justify this geography  
Show me where we went wrong on the map  
Cuz I try to stand tall  
I try to think of anything else at all  
But it's hard to move on with this knife in my back  
It's hard to move on with this knife in my back