

# Airways Motel

Jack Ingram

I found myself down at the Airways Motel  
Drunk and half hearted again  
Alone with a woman who's not gonna tell  
What I've been doin' and where I have been

It seems Sunday mornings, they come without warning  
I'm never ready for the way that I feel  
So sick of lying, I know that I'm dying  
From all of these secrets that I can't reveal

But I can still sing along with the choir  
While I fight through my own private hell  
Caught between heaven and all my desire  
For the girl at the Airways Motel

When I promised forever, the night that I married  
I meant every word that I said  
But a couple years later, I stand here a liar  
Next to the woman I know, I've mislead

Looking around at this whole congregation  
Too tired to listen, I play with my ring  
I wonder who all of us think that we're fooling  
Hiding from someone who sees everything

But I can stil sing along with the choir  
While I fight through my own private hell  
Caught between heaven and all my desire  
For the girl at the Airways Motel

Somewhere between heaven and all my desire  
For the girl at the Airways Motel