

Super 8

Jason Isbell

Don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel
Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well
If I ever get back to Bristol
I'm better off sleeping in the county jail
Don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel

Having such a sweet night audience was just right drinking like
a pirate do
Don't wanna sleep yet buddy, it's a good bet, I'll raise more hell
than you
Do a couple rails and chase your own tail and talk about the bad
ole days
Tremor in a tee shirt telling me her heart hurt honey, let me count
the ways
Then a big boy busted in, screaming at his girlfriend, waving 'round
a fungo bat
Bass player stepping up brandishing a coffee cup he took it in
the baby fat

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Well I finally got the room clear bleeding from my left ear feeling
pretty bad for the maid
Lost a couple drinks and my dinner in the sink and I woke up with
the bed still made
Wasn't quite morning I wasn't quite breathing my heart, way up
in my throat
Girl starts screaming and the maid starts screaming and it looks
like it's all she wrote
Well, they slapped me back to life and they telephoned my wife
and they filled me full of Pedialyte
Saw my guts, saw my glory it would make a great story if I ever
could remember it right

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