

Loveless Motel

Jill Sobule

It used to be a motel, now they serve biscuits and T-shirts
I bring my own tea bag, I don't trust the coffee
But the biscuits are delicious, they come eight to a plate
With a big block of butter and homemade peach preserves

And I wish you were here, my arrogant lover, I'd make you eat g
rits

And the red-

eyed gravy, I'd make you sit down with the southern ladies
And their blue pantsuits, I'd talk about Jesus, talk about the
weather

Watch you squirm as I told them we were married with two girls

I'd say you were in trucking and I was a teacher in a Christian
school

Where the kids are good and they don't do drugs and they
Save themselves before they're married, I wouldn't tell them
You had a wife, that wasn't me and we just had sex
And they wouldn't be impressed if I told them you knew Lou Reed

And the stars upon the walls look down at me like gods
There's Ernest Borgnine and Billy Ray Cyrus and my favorite Min
nie Pearl

So I go for the coffee, it's not bad just a little weak
And I ask the waitress for another plate of the famous biscuits
She said you must have a bottomless pit
I said you don't know the half of it, lately I've been so hungr
y

And the stars upon the wall look down at me like gods
Minnie, she just shakes her head
She said, "Girl, get your heart out of the frying pan"

It used to be a motel, now they serve biscuits and smoked ham
I write you a postcard from the 'Loveless Motel'