

Camelot Motel

Mary Gauthier

He's lying on the double bed acting self-assured
In his T-shirt and his underwear he's barely said a word
She pours a cup of coffee, lights the day's first cigarette
Picks up the phone and calls her kids from the motel kitchenette

There's two guys moving slowly in the room across the hall
Both their heads are pounding from last night's alcohol
They met in a chat room then they took it here
They both go by pseudonyms and soon they'll disappear

Cheaters, liars, outlaws and fallen angels
Come looking for the grace from which they fell
So they hold on to each other in the darkness
'Cause the morning light is hell at the Camelot Motel

He met her at the pool hall, the guys told him she is touched
Now she's ranting and she's raving about the Devil, Christ and such
He's thinking about the highway and the way she begged last night
He's wishing that he had blown this dump before the morning light

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Lancelot and Guenevere bang their bedpost in my ear
Neon lights the castle walls, bug lights in the entrance halls
I lie awake with a troubled mind thinking 'bout what I left behind
Me and the royal denizens got damn good reasons for our sins

Now there's a couple counting money in room 124
They're wrapping 10's and 20's throwing the 1's down on the floor
They're strung out and they're nervous, they jump at every little sound
He keeps picking up his pistol then putting his pistol down

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