

Met Him in a Motel Room

Trisha Yearwood

She met Him in a motel room
In the shady part of town
With a set of satin sheets pulled back
And the window shades pulled down
Like a cotton dress she let her fears
Fall down to the ground
With a do not disturb sign on the door
She whispered, I've never done this before

Some people meet Him in a church
At a service on Sunday
As the preacher says the perfect words
They bow their heads to pray
And the choir sings a sweet forgiveness tune
She met Him in a motel room

With a bottle full of sleeping pills
And a long, long list of sins
She'd already planned on checking out
Before she checked in
She was gonna leave a goodbye note
Just needed paper and a pen
And with the vacancy light blinking red
She found that bible in the drawer
Beside the bed

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Some people meet Him in a church
At a service on Sunday
As the preacher says the perfect words
They bow their heads to pray
No choir sang a sweet forgiveness tune
No that's no the way
That they were introduced
She met Him in a motel room
She met Him in a motel room