

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

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