

# Silver Bell

Bill Emerson

Silver Bell, Silver Bell  
Yeah, that's the name of the old motel  
You were traveling when they fell  
Down on a bed at the Silver Bell  
How you been, I'm doing well  
I hear, you're digging a hole to hell  
How you been, I'm doing well  
Meet me tonight at the silver bell  
I hate to tell you baby, this is home  
The wallpaper is a color called sea foam  
Pull down the shades a little  
And you've got yourself a prison cell  
Every night the wicked wait tonight  
Baby at the Silver Bell  
Silver Bell  
Yeah, that's the name of the old motel

I did a stupid thing, I even tried  
Feels like a hundred bees are  
Stinging me from the inside  
Don't know just what to do  
Don't know just who to tell  
So I'm telling you to meet me  
Tonight down at the Silver Bell  
Silver Bell  
Yeah, that's the name of the old hotel  
I hate to tell you baby, this is home  
The wallpaper is a color called sea foam  
Pull down the shades a little  
And you've got yourself a prison cell  
Every night the wicked wait  
Down at the Silver Bell

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