

In a Motel

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

And so I left when I was just a boy.
I swore I'd simply do it all over again.
And now up the hill with snow-bit,
blue-tipped fingers, blood from falling,
but I can't go back there no more
In frozen poses, venues lined with pillows,
Atlas shouldered some silly blunder or other
You ask for more than this,
but I don't know what more than this is.
Is it a motel,
with a fashion magazine,
in between towns?
I was thinking about my mother
and I wished ill upon myself.
Rachel don't come around here no more.
I hear she's living in Montana
with her brother. I wish her the best,
and I hope she can forget me.
But the ghost that comes around
is a dead-ringer for her.
I see her in my nightmares,
discussing modern literature
with her hands around my neck
in a motel
with a fashion magazine
in between towns.
I was thinking about my mother
and I wished ill upon myself.

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