

# Loveless Motel

Jill Sobule

It used to be a motel, now they serve biscuits and T-shirts  
I bring my own tea bag, I don't trust the coffee  
But the biscuits are delicious, they come eight to a plate  
With a big block of butter and homemade peach preserves And I wish you were here, my arrogant lover, I'd  
make you eat grits  
And the red-eyed gravy, I'd make you sit down with the southern ladies  
And their blue pantsuits, I'd talk about Jesus, talk about the weather  
Watch you squirm as I told them we were married with two girls I'd say you were in trucking and I was a  
teacher in a Christian school  
Where the kids are good and they don't do drugs and they  
Save themselves before they're married, I wouldn't tell them  
You had a wife, that wasn't me and we just had sex  
And they wouldn't be impressed if I told them you knew Lou Reed And the stars upon the walls look down at  
me like gods  
There's Ernest Borgnine and Billy Ray Cyrus and my favorite Minnie Pearl So I go for the coffee, it's not bad  
just a little weak  
And I ask the waitress for another plate of the famous biscuits  
She said you must have a bottomless pit  
I said you don't know the half of it, lately I've been so hungry And the stars upon the wall look down at me like  
gods  
Minnie, she just shakes her head  
She said, "Girl, get your heart out of the frying pan" It used to be a motel, now they serve biscuits and smoked  
ham  
I write you a postcard from the 'Loveless Motel'

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