

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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