

# Super 8

## Smack Dab

Don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel

    If I ever get back to Bristol

    I'm better off sleeping in a county jail

Don't want to die in a super 8 Motel

    Audience is just right

    Drinking like a pirate do

    Don't want to sleep yet

    Buddy it's a good bet

    I'll raise more hell than you

    Do a couple rails

    And chase your own tail

    And talk about the bad old days

    Trimmer in a t-shirt

    Telling me her heart hurt

    Honey let me count the ways

    Then a big boy busted in

    Screaming at his girlfriend

    Waving around a Fungo bat

    Bass player stepping up

    Brandishing a coffee cup

    Took it in the baby fat

    I don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel

    Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well

    If I ever get back to Bristol

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    Well I finally got the room clear

    Bleeding from the left ear

    Feeling pretty bad for the maid

    Lost a couple drinks and my dinners in a sink

    Woke up with the bed still made

    Wasn't quite morning and I wasn't quite breathing

    My heart way up in my throat

    The Girl starts screaming and the maid starts screaming

    And it looks like it's all she wrote

    Well they slapped me back to life

    And they telephoned my wife

    And they filled me full of Pedialyte

    Some are guts some are glory

    And it would make a great story

If I ever could remember it right

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