

# Old Motel

Neil Cribbs

Down by the old motel  
On the corner of 8th and McGee  
The people are all living in hell  
We might be blind but they can see

It's hard to explain but I'll try  
In the dusty shelves of memories it hides

Mr. Berry is an old man now  
He runs the corner store  
Beside where all the children play  
Gives them candy if they're good  
And Candy if they're bad  
Just so they'll remember him one day

Mr. Berry has his memories  
Inside a cigar box  
He opens it once a year  
Things he's forgotten and  
Desires long gone  
Rush back in a wave of tears

Down By . . .

Tucked away in time, he carries on  
Until the fleeting design of life is gone

Ms. Stewart sweeps the floor  
In Mr. Berry's Store  
They recollect the old times for days  
The wars and the stars  
The preachers and the bars  
And how time ran away

Ms. Stewart keeps her dreams  
In a locket round her neck  
She polishes it about once a week  
Mr. Berry's locked inside  
His heart within her mind

When she tries to tell him she canâ€™t speak

Down By . . .

She sings to herself when sheâ€™s alone  
The ballads of love in mountain drones

Now Mr. Berryâ€™s laid to rest  
Her locket on his chest  
She whispers that sheâ€™ll see him again soon  
Though his body is gone  
Her love will go on  
And theyâ€™ll talk quietly under the moon

The story goes on  
Through his memory and her songs  
Two lovers entwined  
Through the lives that theyâ€™d left behind  
One dreamer, one heart,  
One believer never torn apart  
One dreamer, one heart,  
One believer never torn apart

---

Lyrics submitted by Foo.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>