

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'd 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 can't speak

Down By . . .

She sings to herself when she's alone
The ballads of love in mountain drones

Now Mr. Berry's laid to rest
Her locket on his chest
She whispers that she'll see him again soon
Though his body is gone
Her love will go on
And they'll talk quietly under the moon

The story goes on
Through his memory and her songs
Two lovers entwined
Through the lives that they'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.

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