

# Melody Motel

## Squeeze

He drove up to the motel  
In his town and country car  
He watched the working women  
With the field hands from the farm  
He walked into the lobby  
With his pleased to see you smile  
Scribbled on to the register  
His fictitious name and smiled  
The footsteps of a young girl  
Came tapping along the hall  
The outline of his features  
Were shadowed on the wall  
She stood a little nervous  
Half lit by the neon light  
That flashed in many colours  
Through the darkness of the night  
The skin on his face  
Like a well worn saddle  
Smiled as he said goodnight  
At the melody motel  
It was business as usual  
As the girls wiped the tears from their eyes  
His shirt lay by his bedside  
His jeans down by his feet  
She swallowed hard and mumbled  
With the key between her teeth  
On went the television  
The picture flickering slow  
Top cat in the alley way  
As they sat there all alone  
He drove back up his driveway  
In his town and country car  
His wife was cooking chicken  
With a baby in her arms  
The smell of home cooked dinner  
Filled the air at home that night  
Screaming Officer Dibble  
In the TV's flickering light

Songwriters

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