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 nightThe 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 eyesHis 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 aloneHe 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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