

Hacienda Motel

Pickwick

That whore she left you bloody, on the hotel lobby floor
Even though she took your money, oh you know she needed more
What was she thinking?
"I'll just take what I can get
I've got him where I want him, or should I place a bigger bet?"
All the clean lines that she told herself, getting ready for that night
All the strings they kept on pulling
Until she couldn't feel how tight-all the mixing and the meddling
As the shit was going down
The? naked man was singing
But he didn't make a sound
At last we have the casket
The widow? hides her face
Your head was off your body, and your nose all beaten down
As the preacher bowed his head, two men hardly make a sound
Now they have the city and a change us coming down.
"Lady you shot me, the river's running out
The tent is falling down
My brother knocked me down, I knew it couldn't last for long!"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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