

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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