Motel Blues

Loudon Wainwright III

In this town television shuts off at two
What can a lonely rock and roller do?
Oh, the bed's so big and the sheets are clean
And your girlfriend said that you were 19The styrofoam ice bucket is full of ice
Come up to my motel room, treat me nice
I don't wanna make no late night New York calls
And I don't wanna stare at them ugly grass mat wallsChronologically I know you're young
But when you kissed me in the club you bit my tongue
I'll write a song for you, I'll put it on my next L.P
Come up to my motel room, sleep with meOh, there's a Bible in the drawer don't be afraid
I'll put up the sign to warn the cleanup maid
Yeah, there's lots of soap and there's lots of towels
Never mind them desk clerk's scowls

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