

Ballad of the Robert E. Lee Motel

Clint Miller

I picked up a soggy man thumbing through a rainstorm
The three of spades tucked in his hat was spit and shot to hell
I said, "Stranger, say you owe me one and tell me where you're bound for."
He said, "Mister, I would sure be obliged to go to the Robert E Lee Motel.
Yeah, to go to the Robert E Lee Motel."

Now, my motor died three feet outside his chosen destination
He shrugged his shoulders, smiled at me, and bid me "Fare the well."
And then he stopped just short of leaving and he said with hesitation, "Hoss, I guess you might enjoy a night,
here at the Robert E Lee motel.
Yeah, here at the Robert E Lee Motel."

Now, the room was dark and a pack of cards was laid out on the table
His eyes turned red and then he said, "You can deal if you is able."
Two hours went by with the cards a-flying and I wasn't doing well
It was like suicide in Room 35
Down at the Robert E Lee Motel
Yeah, down at the Robert E Lee Motel

Now, lady luck left fast, she took my cash, before I could reclaim her
Stranger said, "Tough break, let's up the stakes," and he reached down to his belt
He pulled out a gun and he put in one lone bullet to that chamber
He looked me in the eyes, said "Loser dies, Hoss,
here at the Robert E Lee Motel,
Yeah, here at the Robert E Lee Motel."

He spun the chamber 'round and it made a sound like footsteps in an alley
And then, sin in his eyes, said, "If I die, we'll meet again in hell."
And then he pulled that trigger, full of vigor, like it was his grand finale
And it made me sick when I only heard a click,
Down at the Robert E Lee Motel
Yeah, down at the Robert E Lee Motel.

He gave the gun to me and he said, "Let's see you take a chance like mine.
Or I'll shoot you down if you skip this round." So I said, "I might as well."
And I still can hear the ringing in my ears when that hammer hit that primer.
But the gun wasn't pointed at my head, now the stranger lay dead.
Down at the Robert E Lee Motel.
Yeah, down at the Robert E Lee Motel.

Now, the room was dark and a pack of cards was laid out on the table.
I was southbound and down, soon as I had found a pair of jumper cables
Yeah, the police came the very next day with sirens and whistles and bells
Said it looked like suicide in room 35,
Down at the Robert E Lee Motel
Yeah, down at the Robert E Lee Motel.

Lyrics submitted by Cate Bellinger.

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