

# Motel Blues

## Daryll-Ann

In this town, television shuts off at two

What can a lonely rock 'n' roller do?

Bed so big, the sheets are clean

You're girlfriend said you were nineteenThe Styrofoam ice bucket's full of ice

Come up to my motel room and treat me niceI don't wanna make no late night New York calls

I don't wanna stare at those ugly grass mat walls

Chronologically I know you're young

But when you kissed me in the club you bit my tongueI'll write a song for you and put it on my next LP

Come up to my motel room and sleep with meThere's a Bible in the drawer, don't be afraid

I'll put up a sign to warn the cleanup maid

There's lots of soap and lots of towels

Never mind those desk clerk scowlsI'll buy you breakfast, they'll think you're my wife

Come up to my motel room and save my life

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