

# In A Motel

## Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

And so I left when I was just a boy.  
I swore I'd simply do it all over again.  
And now up the hill with snow-bit,  
blue-tipped fingers, blood from falling,  
but I can't go back there no more  
In frozen poses, venues lined with pillows,  
Atlas shouldered some silly blunder or other  
You ask for more than this,  
but I don't know what more than this is.  
Is it a motel,  
with a fashion magazine,  
in between towns?  
I was thinking about my mother  
and I wished ill upon myself.

Rachel don't come around here no more.  
I hear she's living in Montana  
with her brother. I wish her the best,  
and I hope she can forget me.  
But the ghost that comes around  
is a dead-ringer for her.  
I see her in my nightmares,  
discussing modern literature  
with her hands around my neck  
in a motel  
with a fashion magazine  
in between towns.  
I was thinking about my mother  
and I wished ill upon myself.

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