Silver Bell

Hank Snow and Chet Atkins

Silver Bell, Silver Bell
Yeah, that's the name of the old motel
You were traveling when they fell
Down on a bed at the Silver Bell
How you been, I'm doing well
I hear, you're digging a hole to hell
How you been, I'm doing well
Meet me tonight at the silver bell
I hate to tell you baby, this is home
The wallpaper is a color called sea foam
Pull down the shades a little
And you've got yourself a prison cell
Every night the wicked wait tonight
Baby at the Silver Bell
Silver Bell
Yeah, that's the name of the old motel

I did a stupid thing, I even tried
Feels like a hundred bees are
Stinging me from the inside
Don't know just what to do
Don't know just who to tell
So I'm telling you to meet me
Tonight down at the Silver Bell
Silver Bell
Yeah, that's the name of the old hotel
I hate to tell you baby, this is home
The wallpaper is a color called sea foam
Pull down the shades a little
And you've got yourself a prison cell
Every night the wicked wait
Down at the Silver Bell

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