

Banjo & Sullivan

"Lord, Don't Let Me Die In A Cheap Motel"

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Picking for the wait staff again, baring my soul up on
stage
Where my guitar's my only friend
Slurring the words to a hit song from a bottle that never
ends
Mama says, Roy, get home, boy, before the devil does
ya in

Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel
Gideon's Bible on the nightstand
Can't save me from the gates of hell
Nothing more to offer, no more soul to sell
Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel

Took 'em from their homes when they were young
Five times I married, had kids with every one
Never raised a hand in anger, scarred 'em, just the
same
Mama said, Roy, get home, boy, you're playing the
devils game

Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel
Gideon's Bible on the nightstand
Can't save me from the gates of hell
Nothing more to offer, no more soul to sell
Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel

Washed in the blood of the lamb
Laying in the bathtub, with a pistol in my hand
Waiting on the reaper, to make my final stand
Mama said, Roy, get after, boy, you're playing in the
devil's band

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