

## **Lowest Of The Low**

### **"Motel 30"**

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There's a grenade under his desire  
And he burns like a stopwatch on fire  
The fuse is short, the countdown's on  
And he'll pick up all the pieces after she's gone  
He'll pick up all the pieces after she's gone

When she's gone...  
You're gonna drink like a wasted frat  
And kick your feet like a spoiled brat  
You made your bed now you're lying alone  
And you'll pick up all the pieces after she's gone... long  
gone

Motel 30 is a desperate shout  
And if you check in then you'll never check out  
You feel like a hound, you look like a pup  
And if you let it get you down then you'll never get up

Get you down...  
Down, down when the pity's on  
Some kind of new-age Ponce de Leon  
You're drinking fear from a wooden cup  
And if you let it get you down then you'll never get up

Paranoid... null and void... beaten down  
Tired... of having you around

I know you... I can't believe it's true  
So, hand me down my walking cane  
Don't wanna hear you spout that bullshit again  
If it's too old baby, you're too loud  
And you'll feel more lonely out in the crowd  
You'll feel more lonely out in the crowd

In the crowd...  
You've gotta get with the party plan  
Or better move your ass old man  
Live your life and live it loud  
Or you'll feel more lonely out in the crowd  
You'll feel more lonely out in the crowd

