

Motel Motel

"Tammy's Bodega"

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You can't stop a paradise
Sitting on moral hands
I'm out of cigarettes
The bodegas closed
I'll be back tomorrow

I hold her address
In my right hand
There's a gentleman
On her mattress
Well I guess I'll tear the envelope

You'll swim through menopause
Before you see me again
You're broken accent
Draws my attention
All the way to the bus stop baby doll

New York license plates
Line the interstate
A hundred miles away
You hold someone else's weight
How can I make this bus stop turn around?

I have waited in line for
This distance
I paid for
I took off all your cloths
And all my cloths
Now we're both cold

You can't stop a lonely man
From all his lonely plans
I'm stuck in Michigan
The airports snowed in
I'll be back tomorrow

You can't see her foreign hands
If we're in china town
Her peacoats on the ground
I smell her whiskey mouth
You can't have that lip talk to me now

On high holy days
You new my Hebrew name
They threw stones at us
I cleaned off all your blood
But I still see lies on your tongue

I have waited in line for
This distance
I paid for
I took off all your cloths
And all my cloths
Now weÂ're both cold

Oh your Pentecostal soul
Lifted me up from the hole
That IÂ've been in
Still, I canÂ't live alone
Not without a telephone
And glittery wine

We can start a war
We can open all the doors
And let in the light
I wont lie anymore
I wont be terrified of my mind

You came from Tel Aviv
Told me things are changing
And it will be fine
Take off that medical tape
Help me to put back the stones to fill the hole
Lighten the weight

I was wrong
When I lied
I was terrified
Of my mind
Take it all
Take it all
Take all of my life

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