

Marty Cain

"Motel Seven"

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4 white walls and a television
that never could turn on
the spot where a clock once sat that was long ago
pawned
vomit green stained couches
cigarette smoke in the air
empty beer cans in the corner
and im not quite sure where to stare

the kids are on the street playing ball
dad's strung out and staring at the wall
mom's on the corner paying the rent
welcome to motel seven
motel seven

the radiator hums and the paint chips
gunshots keep me up at night
come ons from the whores downstairs
screams from another fight
standing next to the vending machine
he's got a belt wrapped round his arm
shaking all over got twitching eyes
says the white lady protects him from harm

the kids are on the street playing ball
dad's strung out and staring at the wall
momma's on the corner paying the rent
welcome to motel seven
motel seven
yeah yeah

i want to see it go away
i don't want stay another day
so sick of motel seven
so sick of motel seven

the kids are on the street playing ball
dad's strung out and staring at the wall
momma's on the corner paying the rent
welcome to motel seven

