

Pinmonkey "Cheap Motel"

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Words and Music by Michael Reynolds

A stark naked light bulb in a room with no view
The coffee tastes bitter, this whiskey tastes new
I lied when I told you my dreams all came true
And it's a hell of a ride, leaves me empty inside
And living in cheap motel rooms
Another big city, one more face with no name
And it's miles to the edge of the bed where I laid
The cracks in the ceiling spell out all my shame
And it's a hell of a ride, leaves me empty inside
And living in cheap motel rooms
Oh I sit here and count every mile that Ive crossed
And every mistake that Ive made
While the flowers fade off the wall
But how do I start to stop a wheel that's on fire
When I can't even tell from the words of a liar
Im trying to come down but I keep getting higher
And it's a hell of a ride, leaves me empty inside
And living in cheap motel rooms
And it's a hell of a ride, leaves me empty inside
And living in cheap motel rooms

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