

Christopher Dallman

"Motel Room"

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He looks just like Disneyland
He looks just like palms trees
He's got diamonds in his hand
He's got scrapes on both of his knees
He's eager to the please

He is your big secret
He's got me rooting through your trunk
Is he the reason for this life jacket?
Is he the reason that this ship sunk?

Four words written in shaky faded ink
I bet the drapes were pink
In that old motel room
Four words, watch my stomach sink or swim
How could you follow him
To that old motel room

Some days I feel 12 years old
Some days I'm sliding toward the grave
Sometimes, I can take this
But other times I wanna give ya back what you gave

Four words written in shaky faded ink
I bet the drapes were pink
In that old motel room
Four words written where I aint supposed to see
And all my friends agree
You must be the devil!

Justify this geography
Show me where we went wrong on the map
Cuz I try to stand tall
I try to think of anything else at all
But it's hard to move on with this knife in my back
It's hard to move on with this knife in my back

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