

## Pickwick

### "Hacienda Motel"

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That whore she left you bloody, on the hotel lobby floor  
Even though she took your money, oh you know she needed more  
What was she thinking?  
"I'll just take what I can get  
I've got him where I want him, or should I place a bigger bet?"  
All the clean lines that she told herself, getting ready for that night  
All the strings they kept on pulling  
Until she couldn't feel how tight-all the mixing and the meddling  
As the shit was going down  
Theĩ»¿ naked man was singing  
But he didn't make a sound  
At last we have the casket  
The widowĩ»¿ hides her face  
Your head was off your body, and your nose all beaten down  
As the preacher bowed his head, two men hardly make a sound  
Now they have the city and a change us coming down.  
"Lady you shot me, the river's running out  
The tent is falling down  
My brother knocked me down, I knew it couldn't last for long!"

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