

## Strung Out "Lost Motel"

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A picture on the wall, like a postcard with a better view  
of,  
all things absent from Room 209.  
Diana sips from an empty glass of hope she poured  
last night,  
The clouds above reflect the shape of all she's gotta  
leave behind.  
We always think there's something better in the place  
we are not,  
In dreams the reality of it all,  
Nobody's happy where they're at and we all wanna be  
somebody else  
Another scribbled stationary book of lies,  
another staged confession that just goes unheard,  
Harry Detroit in 304 made one last promise now,  
I'm going out without a trace a vanishing act before  
your eyes  
Nobody wants what they have got and what they got is  
not enough,  
in dreams the reality of it all,  
a lighter shade of green the grass maybe if I believe it  
so, then I'll be home.  
Here I go uncertain that if what I find is what I want,  
the best for me is everything,  
I reach for the same as what I'm running from,  
I guess I'll never know  
Is it the struggle that we live for,  
is it keeping us alive to breathe to want, to know, to  
love Just one more day,  
Just one more way  
So here I go.....I'm half the way to home.....

Thanks to **Keith (ss\_bad\_religion@hotmail.com)**  
for these lyrics

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