

Motel, Motel, Motel

Don Henry / Gary Nicholson

After too many margaritas he left that roadside bar
And found a pretty señorita there in his company car
When down the highway there appeared from nowhere
A flashing neon sign - Motel, Motel, Motel

She unlocked the door and he just ignored that still small voice in his head
She broke the silence with broken English dancing him to the bed
Amid the passion the sign kept flashing
Upon the paneled walls - Motel, Motel, Motel

He fell asleep dreaming of his trusting wife
His precious wide-eyed children and his perfect life
He could see that little house so clear
Voices singing "Daddy's here!"
The table's set for Father's Day
And holding hands they bow their heads to pray

Electric humming, blinking and buzzing shook that dream from his mind
Suddenly sober he rolled over to hide his eyes from the sign
But when he turned he saw that word flashing on her skin
Motel, Motel, Motel - Motel, Motel, Motel

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