

# Jill Sobule, Loveless Motel

It used to be a motel  
Now they serve biscuits and t-shirts  
I bring my own tea bag  
I don't trust the coffee  
But the biscuits are delicious  
They come eight to a plate with a big block of butter  
and homemade peach preserves

And I wish you were here, my arrogant lover  
I'd make you eat grits and the red-eyed gravy  
I'd make you sit down with the southern ladies and  
their blue pantsuits  
I'd talk about Jesus  
Talk about the weather  
Watch you squirm as I told them we were married with two girls

I'd say you were in trucking  
And I was a teacher  
In a Christian school where the kids are good  
And they don't do drugs and they save themselves  
before they're married  
I wouldn't tell them you had a wife  
That wasn't me and we just had sex  
And they wouldn't be impressed if I told them you knew Lou Reed

And the stars upon the walls look down at me like gods  
There's Ernest Borgnine and Billy Ray Cyrus and my favorite Minnie Pearl

So I go for the coffee  
It's not bad just a little weak  
And I ask the waitress for another plate of the famous biscuits  
She said you must have a bottomless pit  
I said you don't know the half of it  
Lately I've been so hungry

And the stars upon the wall look down at me like gods  
Minnie she just shakes her head  
She said "Girl get your heart out of the frying pan"

It used to be a motel  
Now they serve biscuits and smoked ham  
I write you a postcard from the loveless motel