

# Mary Gauthier, Camelot Motel

(Mary Gauthier/Keri Powers)

He's lying on the double bed acting self-assured  
In his T-shirt and his underwear he's barely said a word  
She pours a cup of coffee lights the day's first cigarette  
Picks up the phone and call her kids from the motel kitchenette

There's two guys moving slowly in the room across the hall  
Both their heads are pounding from last night's alcohol  
They met in a chat room then they took it here  
They both go by pseudonyms and soon they'll disappear

Cheaters, liars, outlaws, and fallen angels  
Come looking for the grace from which they fell  
They hold on to each other in the darkness  
The morning light is hell at the Camelot Motel

He met her at the pool hall the guys told him she was touched  
Now she's ranting and she's raving about the Devil, Christ and such  
He's thinking about the highway and the way she begged last night  
He's wishing he had blown this dump before the morning light

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Lancelot and Guenivere bang their bedpost in my ear  
Neon lights the castle walls bug lights in the entry halls  
I lie awake with a troubled mind thinking 'bout what I left behind  
Me and the royal denizens got damn good reasons for our sins

There's a couple counting money in room 124  
They're wrapping 10's and 20's throwing 1's down on the floor  
They're strung out and nervous, they jump at every little sound  
He keeps picking up his pistol then putting his pistol down

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