

Sugar, Panama City Motel

Don't you know I need a place to stay
It's only fifteen bucks a day
I didn't want to end up here
But now I guess I need to stay

River red, runs like lead
And the smell of kerosene in my head
Stuck in here in this shithole
Reading foreign magazines instead

"But seor, I only have ten dollars
Can't you give me a room for the night?"
We argue about currency and then
He says I can stay for the night

In this Panama City motel
I am out on the freeway again

A woman approaches in Barcelona
Walking down the Diagonalia
Spaghetti concrete overpasses
I keep grasping for something familiar