

Tarnation, Big O Motel

Down the road sits the Big O Motel,
Where people tell lies in their own private cell.
With cast down eyes and a packaged surprise,
I come and I go we plan it just so.

At the Big O Motel, on the vibrating bed,
Cologne drenched curtains of velour red.
In the smoky glass mirror I look at my face,
But, on the bed beside me someone has taken your place.
By the Big O mOtel, there's a drive through bar,
They'll make you a daiquiri in a mason jar.
The man at the window with the receding hair line,
Looks away from me but says "same place, same time".
At the Big O Motel, on the vibrating bed,
Cologne drenched curtains of velour red.
In the smoky glass mirror I look at my face,
But, on the bed beside me someone has taken your place.
The man on the corner with sausage shaped fingers,
After he's gone, his cigar smoke lingers.
After he's gone I take a shower,
I watch the clock's hands passing the hours.