

# Walkabouts, Findlay's Motel

Findlay was on his last legs  
But he made the rules  
Said suffer fools gladly  
But never end up as the sufferin' fool

He shook me down  
Though it was my first week on the job  
Said travellers will trick you  
But you will find out all them things for yourself  
Yes you will

Findlay he threw me the keys  
As he walked outside  
And he turned on the big neon sign  
But only half of it burned

And I was there fightin' off dreams  
When she pulled in the drive  
The sound of her wheels woke me up  
And there she was, standin' inside

By the stretch  
Of a pine barren road  
Where the night  
Never did what was told  
(I never did what was told)  
Rooms for the night  
Room for your rest  
Rooms for the night  
At Findlay's Motel

She looked like she had come down  
From the rattlesnake hills  
And she pushed the gun to my jaw  
And told me to clean out the till

As I handed her over the cash  
Findlay limped in  
The old man he reached for her gun  
But she was stronger than him  
Yes she was

By the stretch  
Of a pine barren road  
Where the night  
Never did what was told  
(I never did what was told)  
Rooms for the night  
Room for your rest  
Rooms for the night  
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Now bullets don't care what they hit  
And Findlay went down  
And she dropped the gun to the floor  
And said, you best call somone now

But my eyes they were fixed on the door  
And I walked straight outside  
Said suffer fools gladly  
As long as this sufferin' keeps you alive  
For a spell