

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
At Findlay's Motel

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 someone 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