

Banjo & Sullivan, Lord, Don't Let Me Die In A Cheap Motel

Picking for the waitstaff again. Baring my soul up on stage, where my guitars my only friend
Slurring the words to a hit song, from a bottle that never ends
Mama says Roy, before the devil does ya in
Lord don't let me die in a cheap motel, Gideon's bible on the nightstand cant save me from the gate
Nothing more to offer no more soul to sell, lord don't let me die in a cheap motel

Took em from their homes when they were young
Five times I married, had kids with every one
Never raised a hand in anger, scarred em just the same
Mama said Roy, get home boy, your playing the devils game

Washed in the blood of the lamb
Laying in the bathtub, with a pistol in my hand.
Waiting on the reaper, to make my final stand.
Mama said Roy; get after boy, your playing in the devil's band