

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

Picking for the wait staff again, baring my soul up on stage  
Where my guitar's my only friend  
Slurring the words to a hit song from a bottle that never ends  
Mama says, Roy, get home, boy, before the devil does ya in  
Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel  
Gideon's Bible on the nightstand  
Can't save me from the gates of hell  
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, you're playing the devils game  
Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel  
Gideon's Bible on the nightstand  
Can't save me from the gates of hell  
Nothing more to offer, no more soul to sell  
Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel  
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, you're playing in the devil's band  
Lord, don't let me die in a cheap motel  
Gideon's Bible on the nightstand  
Can't save me from the gates of hell  
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