

# Phish, Bittersweet Motel

When the only tool you have is a hammer  
Everything looks like a nail  
And you're living at the bittersweet motel

When the only tool you have is a hammer  
Everything looks like a nail  
And you're living at the bittersweet motel

Half-way between Erie and Pittsburgh  
You're puttin' me through hell  
On the highway to the bittersweet motel

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