

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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