

Tracy Byrd, Cheapest Motel

The glasses were all plastic;
Little balls of no-name soap;
No cable on the TV;
The ice-machine was broke.
Well, I guess that's what you get,
For nineteen bucks an' some change.
But the cheapest motel in town,
Cost him everything.

They used the Bible for a coaster,
An' it never crossed their mind:
Maybe they should've opened it,
Instead of that high-dollar wine.
It was just their little secret,
A hideaway out West Main,
But the cheapest motel in town,
Cost him everything.

He went from home in the suburbs,
To an apartment in town.
From bein' met at the door by two little kids,
To a stray dog he'd found.
He paid the price for pleasure,

Now he can't afford the pain.
An' the cheapest motel in town,
Cost him everything.

They thought no-one would find 'em,
But it isn't hard to spot,
A brand-new black Mercedes-Benz,
In that gravel parkin' lot.
He fooled his wife till one night,
She saw something he couldn't explain,
An' the cheapest motel in town,
Cost him everything.

He went from home in the suburbs,
To an apartment in town.
From bein' met at the door by two little kids,
To a stray dog he'd found.
He paid the price for pleasure,
Now he can't afford the pain.
Yeah, the cheapest motel in town,
Cost him everything;
It cost him everything;
Cost him everything.