

Motel Blues

Bombay Bicycle Club

In this town television shuts off at two
What can a lonely rock & roller do
Oh the bed's so big and the sheets are clean
and your girlfriend said that you were nineteen

The styrofoam icebucket is full of ice
Come up to my motelroom treat me nice
I don't wanna make no late night New York calls
and I don't wanna stare at them ugly grassmatt walls

Chronologically I know you're young
but when you kissed me in the club you bit my tongue
I'll write you a song, I'll put it on my next L.P
Come up to my motelroom and sleep with me !

There's a Bible in the drawer don't be afraid
I'll put up the sign to warn the cleanup maid
Yeah there's lots of soap and there's lots of towels
never mind those desk clerk's scowls

I'll buy you breakfast, they'll think you're my wife
Oh come up to my motelroom, save my life
Come up to my motelroom, save my life