

## Super 8

Jason Isbell

Don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel  
Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well  
If I ever get back to Bristol  
I'm better off sleeping in the county jail  
Don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel

Having such a sweet night audience was just right drinking like  
a pirate do  
Don't wanna sleep yet buddy, it's a good bet, I'll raise more hell  
than you  
Do a couple rails and chase your own tail and talk about the bad  
ole days  
Tremor in a tee shirt telling me her heart hurt honey, let me count  
the ways  
Then a big boy busted in, screaming at his girlfriend, waving 'round  
a fungo bat  
Bass player stepping up brandishing a coffee cup he took it in  
the baby fat

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Well I finally got the room clear bleeding from my left ear feeling  
pretty bad for the maid  
Lost a couple drinks and my dinner in the sink and I woke up with  
the bed still made  
Wasn't quite morning I wasn't quite breathing my heart, way up  
in my throat  
Girl starts screaming and the maid starts screaming and it looks  
like it's all she wrote  
Well, they slapped me back to life and they telephoned my wife  
and they filled me full of Pedialyte  
Saw my guts, saw my glory it would make a great story if I ever  
could remember it right

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