

# Super 8

## Jason Isbell

Don't want to 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 a county jail  
Don't want to die in a super 8 Motel Having such a sweet night  
Audience is just right  
Drinking like a pirate do  
Don't want to 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 old days  
Trimmer in a t-shirt  
Telling me her heart hurt  
Honey let me count the ways  
Then a big boy busted in  
Screaming at his girlfriend  
Waving around a Fungo bat  
Bass player stepping up  
Brandishing a coffee cup  
Took it in the baby fat  
I don't want to 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 a county jail  
I don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel Well I finally got the room clear  
Bleeding from the left ear  
Feeling pretty bad for the maid  
Lost a couple drinks and my dinners in a sink  
Woke up with the bed still made  
Wasn't quite morning and I wasn't quite breathing  
My heart way up in my throat  
The 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  
Some are guts some are glory  
And it would make a great story  
If I ever could remember it right  
I don't want to 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 a county jail  
I don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel  
I don't want to die in a Super 8 Motel

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>