

# 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

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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

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