

Airways Motel

Jack Ingram

I found myself down at the Airways Motel
Drunk and half hearted again
Alone with a woman who's not gonna tell
What I've been doin' and where I have been

It seems Sunday mornings, they come without warning
I'm never ready for the way that I feel
So sick of lying, I know that I'm dying
From all of these secrets that I can't reveal

But I can still sing along with the choir
While I fight through my own private hell
Caught between heaven and all my desire
For the girl at the Airways Motel

When I promised forever, the night that I married
I meant every word that I said
But a couple years later, I stand here a liar
Next to the woman I know, I've mislead

Looking around at this whole congregation
Too tired to listen, I play with my ring
I wonder who all of us think that we're fooling
Hiding from someone who sees everything

But I can stil sing along with the choir
While I fight through my own private hell
Caught between heaven and all my desire
For the girl at the Airways Motel

Somewhere between heaven and all my desire
For the girl at the Airways Motel