

Super 8

The Dirty Nil

Lying on a mattress in another fucking cheap motel
Thinking about the last time I saw you and felt compelled
To have some drinks and tell you things
Like how my life without you stings
Like Arizona in the summer
Constantly melting my ice cream, bummer

The things I don't wanna say
Are just a nine digit call away
You're never gonna hear 'em, no
But I'll tell 'em to you, though

I'm halfway to hell
It's called Super 8 Motel
And no I cannot tell
I'm sure you're doing well

If you ever think of me, I just hope that you can maybe see
Some charm within the trash pile, it's hard enough

I see your face in everything I'm drink and write
Honestly I'm happy, but you know very well

I'm halfway to hell
It's called Super 8 Motel
And no I cannot tell
I'm sure you're doing well

Sure you're doing well
Sure you're doing well
I'm sure you're doing well