Met Him in a Motel Room

Trisha Yearwood

She met Him in a motel room In the shady part of town With a set of satin sheets pulled back And the window shades pulled down Like a cotton dress she let her fears Fall down to the ground With a do not disturb sign on the door She whispered, I've never done this before

Some people meet Him in a church At a service on Sunday As the preacher says the perfect words They bow their heads to pray And the choir sings a sweet forgiveness tune She met Him in a motel room

With a bottle full of sleeping pills And a long, long list of sins She'd already planned on checking out Before she checked in She was gonna leave a goodbye note Just needed paper and a pen And with the vacancy light blinking red She found that bible in the drawer Beside the bed

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Some people meet Him in a church At a service on Sunday As the preacher says the perfect words They bow their heads to pray No choir sang a sweet forgiveness tune No that's no the way That they were introduced She met Him in a motel room She met Him in a motel room