

Motorway To Roswell.

Pixies

Last night he could not make it
He tried hard but could not make it
Last night he could not make it
 On a holiday
 For many miles
Looking for a place to stay
 Near some friendly star
 He found this mote
And now we wonder where we are
 How could this so great
 Turn so shitty
He ended up in army crates
 And photographs in files
 His tiny boat
Sparked as he turned to grazed our city
I started driving on the motorway
 I was feeling down
Last night he could not make it
Last night he could not make it
He tried hard but he could not make it
Last night he could not make it
 On a holiday
 So many miles
Looking for a place to stay
 Near some friendly star
 He found this mote
And now we wonder
 How could this so great
 Turn so shit
He ended up in army crates
 And photographs in files
 His tiny boat
Sparked as he grazed it
He started heading for the motorway
And he came right now.

Songwriters

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