Lady Low

Teleman

Driving, lost on the motorway, lady
In the Mercedes is smiling,
what can she see through her dirty windows?Low land, spires of the churches enchant me,
girls on their bicycles pass me,
making their way through their lives to quietly,And oh now it's late in the evening I'm drowning,
Visions of you all around me,
Probably best if I don't stay home again tonight,Lady your trying to get to me slowly,
chipping away like the sculptor,
and I am a block of your cold, cold marbleTell me, when will the spell take effect then?
What can I learn to expect, oh
I'm happy to be in the time so slowly,Lady look at the way that you left me,
forgetting to kill me completely,
Stumbling round with my shoelaces untied.(interlude)Driving lost on the motorway, Lady
Sitting beside me still smiling
Come to the surface and float so quietly,But lady, it's probably best if you leave me,
Dragging us both into the deep sea,
What would I see through your eyes if I could get inside?

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