Like a Motorway (Alternate Version)

Saint Etienne

Transcribed by mark dorsetHe's gone, / he's gone. /She wears sad jeans / torn at the waistband. /
Her pretty face / is stained with tears. /
And in her right hand / she clasps a letter; /
I know this means / that he has gone. /And in this town / of mis-guided tourists, /
She never thought / she'd fall in love. /
It was a few days / after her birthday, /
The thrill hostess / gave her first kiss. /He said her skin / smelled just like petals, /
Said stupid things / he knew she'd like. /
She said her life / was like a motorway: /
Dull, grey, and long / 'til he came along. /He's gone, / he's gone. /I said "how could / he ever leave you? /
You two were good, / you were so right." /
She said "I wish / that he just left me; /
He'd be alive, / alive tonight." /He's gone, / he's gone. /
He's gone, / he's gone. /
He's gone, / he's gone.

Songwriters
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