

Like a Motorway (Alternate Version)

Saint Etienne

Transcribed by mark dorset He'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

STANLEY, BOB/WIGGS, PETER STEWART Published by

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