

Separated By Motorways

The Long Blondes

In the pub where we learnt how to talk about bands
You stand all dressed up with your vodka in hand
Oh girl, you're waiting for a pitiful man
In the pub, at the bar with the old men I am
Alone with a pint of bitter in my hand
For a girl this is not an acceptable plan
Wipe your eyes darling, it's OK
Meet me on the dual carriage way
Separated by motorways
The A14 and the A1 (so long)
Separated by motorways
Two lonely girls go on the run
I heard from the boys you were down on your knees last night
They were worried you were looking a sight
Oh girl you're too wonderful
At work locked away in the north
I can't escape from the people and the records I hate
No wonder I'm always 15 minutes late
Wipe your eyes darling, it's OK
Meet me on the dual carriage way
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