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 manIn 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 planWipe your eyes darling, it's OK
Meet me on the dual carriage waySeparated by motorways
The A14 and the A1 (so long)
Separated by motorways
Two lonely girls go on the runI 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 wonderfulAt 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 lateWipe your eyes darling, it's OK
Meet me on the dual carriage waySeparated by motorways
The A14 and the A1 (so long)
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Two lonely girls go on the runSeparated by motorways
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