Like a Motorway

Saint Etienne

He's gone
He's goneShe 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 goneAnd in this town of misguided tourists
She never thought she'd fall in love
It was a few days after her birthday
The thrill hostess gave her first kissHe said her skin smelled just like petals
Said stupid things he knew she'd like
She said her life was like a motorway
Dull, gray and long 'til he came alongHe's gone
He's goneI 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
...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/