

Like a Motorway

Saint Etienne

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 misguided 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, gray 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
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