

Like a Motorway

Saint Etienne

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.