

Motorway Man

Sleeper

Met a man
A motorway man
Met a man

He really makes me wonder
Slow faced worn and weary
One race left and then
Fall over
And I see him every single day
And I see him everywhere driving
Past me sunlight
On the bonnet so bright
Everyone is cracking
Slow face on the shoulder
Still straight but everything is lacking
Floating in and fading out
It seems anyway he waves at me
Through the sunbeams

Met a man
A motorway man
Met a man

He really drags me under
Sixteen miles an hour
Sixteen miles an hour
Baby do you laugh at me
I think you do and you know
That all of us are right behind you
And now I want to go home
But it's too late
How much further to go
Before the home
Straight wave me by and gently sigh
A smile just starts to break
You've got a funny face