

Pixies, Motorway To Roswell

Last night he could not make it
He tried hard but could not make it
Last night he could not make it

On a holiday
So many miles
Looking for a place to stay
Near some friendly star
He found this mote
Now we wonder where we are
How could this so great
Turned so shitty
He ended up in army crates
And photographs in files
His tiny boat
Sparked as he turned to grazed
Our city
I started driving on the motorway
I was feeling down

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Sparked as he grazed it

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He started heading for the motorway
And he came right now.