

# Saint Etienne, Like A Motorway (Demo)

Transcribed by Mark Dorset

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 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.