

Saint Etienne, Hit The Brakes

Transcribed by Jamie Fletcher and Jason Flynn

She's waking up,
the mirror says
that her hairs
getting far too long.

A coffee cup,
to start the day,
better make sure
it's good and strong.

To get her through.
Got things to do.
And now that the clock says eight,
can't be late,
so hit the brakes.

Lost all your friends
they'd had enough,
couldn't watch
while you killed yourself.
And you pretend
you gave them up,
for a lifetime of cars and wealth

Misunderstood.
Don't feel so good.
Another the clock says eight,
can't be late
so hit the brakes.
I said hit the brakes.

Composition:
Cracknell
Stanley
Wiggs