

# Sleeper, Motorway Man

met a man  
a motorway man  
he really makes me wonder  
slow faced worn and weary  
one race left and then  
fall over and I see him  
every single 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