

Swervedriver, Expressway

Like summer's death throes London's arms around me
The world ends in West End sirens screaming unseen
The river frozen and the lions asleep
Up on the Westway watching people as sheep

It's a long way away from it all
In my corner I sometimes feel nothing at all
It's the best way when the snow starts to fall

Confetti falling down the drains of your dreams
Life in the fast lane never quite what it seems
You're full-on baby with your full-on beams

On an expressway through the heart of it all
In my corner I can walk cannot crawl
It's the best way when the snow starts to fall

Like summer's death throes London armed surrounds me
I'm up EC1 rusted fountains drown me
This frozen river and these lions that breathe
On an expressway
Is this the best way

Like summer's death throes London's arms around me
I'm up the West End shooting what I can see
The river frozen and the lions asleep